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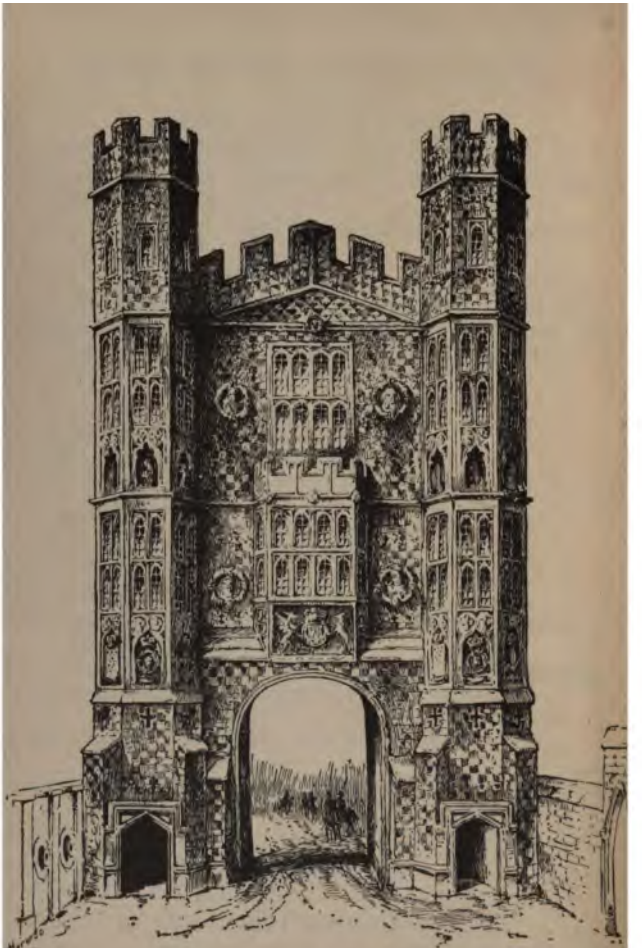

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WESTMINSTER

BY

WALTER BESANT

AUTHOR OF

'LONDON' 'SOUTH LONDON' 'EAST LONDON' ETC.

FINE PAPER EDITION

WITH A FRONTISPIECE

LONDON

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TO

MRS WILLIAM PATTEN

IN MEMORY OF HER

WANDERINGS IN WESTMINSTER WITH HER HUSBAND

WHILE HE WAS ADORNING THESE PAGES

AND IN MEMORY OF

Y IN ENGLAND FAR TOO SHORT FOR HER MANY FRIENDS

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

BY ONE OF THOSE FRIENDS

THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND EDITION

In sending forth this new edition of my book on Westminster I have to express my sense of the reception which it has met with at the hands of critics and readers both here and in the United States. It was with some diffidence that I advanced my theory as to the origin and first history of the Isle of Bramble. Subsequent considerations have convinced me that in the main this theory is absolutely correct. *Before London existed, Westminster was a place of resort and traffic.* I am now disposed to go further still and to hold that the beginning of London was not, as is commonly believed, a Port. Long before the mouth of the Walbrook or the Fleet became the first Port of London, the twin hillocks overhanging the river on either side of the Walbrook were, I believe, covered with huts. Why were these hillocks a place of early settlement? For this reason. Since the Isle of Bramble was a halting-place on the high road of all the trade of Britain; since it was

covered with taverns and places of rest and enterta
ment; the Isle must needs be supplied with food of
kinds. Look down the river: on either side there
marsh: these marshes are planted here and there w
tiny islets covered with water at springtides: th
islets are the homes of innumerable wild fowl: t
river itself swarms with fish of all kinds, from the hu
porpoise down to the tiny whitebait. Far down t
river the marshes extend: the first places where fis
and hunter folk could settle were the hills beside t
Walbrook. Bramble Island must have food: the fi
settlers on the site of London were those who p
vided, for this busy town, the fish of the river: the w
fowl of the marshes: and the wild beasts from t
woods and moors stretching away north of the river
the bear; the wild bull; the boar; the badger. Th
hunted and trapped them in the forests where t
beavers built among the brooks and the wild bees stor
their honey.

Since the first edition of 'Westminster' appeare
I have added a good deal to my information concerni
many points treated there. But to alter the text
order to admit these additions would be equivalent
rewriting the book and making it three times the si
I hope to give to the world in another place and
another time some of these new facts. For instanc
the subject of anchorites deserves fuller treatmer
I have visited a great many churches with the view
finding traces of the anchorite's cell. It is strange th
not a single cell survives: on the other hand, it is equal
strange that there are so few hermitages. The anchori
had his cell in the churchyard, close to the wall, in whi
was a 'squint' for him to assist at Mass: they natural
cleared away the cell when its purpose existed no longe

On the other hand, the hermitage, where it was cut in the rock, as at Warkworth and at Royston, could not be cleared away without a great deal of trouble. It therefore remained. Many of the so-called 'Lepers' Squints' belonged, I believe, to an anchorite's cell.

WALTER BESANT.

UNITED UNIVERSITY CLUB:
September 1897

PREFACE

TO

THE FIRST EDITION

THESE papers in their original form first appeared in the *Mall Mall Magazine.* Additions have been made in ome of the chapters, especially in the three chapters ntitled 'The Abbey.' As in the book entitled London,' of which this is the successor, I do not pre- end to offer a History of Westminster. The story of he Abbey Buildings; of the Great Functions held in he Abbey; of the Monuments in the Abbey; may be ound in the pages of Stanley, Loftie, Dart, and Wid- nore. The History of the Houses of Parliament elongs to the history of the country, not to that of Westminster It has been my endeavour, in these ages, (1) to show, contrary to received opinion, that he Isle of Bramble was a busy place of trade long before London existed at all. (2) To restore the vanished Palaces of Westminster and Whitehall. (3) To portray the life of the Abbey, with its Services, its Rule, ts Anchorites, and its Sanctuary (4) To show the

connection of Westminster with the first of Engli printers. And, lastly, to present the place as a tow and borough, with its streets and its people.

I hope that, with those who have made my 'Londor a companion, my 'Westminster' may be so fortuna as to find equal favour.

I must not omit my acknowledgments to the Edito of the *Pall Mall Magazine* for the costly manner which they presented these pages. Nor must I forget record my sense of the pains and thoroughness brought the work of the illustration of the Library Edition by m friend Mr. William Patten ; nor my sense of the assistan rendered me by Mr. Loftie in many consultations ar suggestions ; nor my thanks to the Benedictine Fathe of Downside, near Bath, who kindly received Mr. Patt and myself as their guests and showed us what a mode Benedictine House really means, and how the House Westminster may have been during its five centuri of existence, even such as their own, a Home of Religi and Learning.

W. B.

United University Club :
September 1895

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WESTMINSTER

CHAPTER I

THE BEGINNINGS

He who considers the history of Westminster presently observes with surprise that he is reading about a city which has no citizens. In this respect Westminster is alone among cities and towns of the English-speaking race: she has had no citizens. Residents she has had —tenants, lodgers, subjects, sojourners within her boundaries—but no citizens. The sister city within sight, and almost within hearing, can show an unequalled roll of civic worthies, animated from the beginning by an unparalleled tenacity of purpose, clearly seeing and understanding what they wanted and why, and how they could obtain their desire. This knowledge had been handed down from father to son. Freedom, self-government, corporations, guilds, brotherhoods, privileges, safety, and order—all have been achieved and assured by means of this tenacity and this clear understanding of what was wanted. Westminster has never possessed any of these things. For the City of London these achievements were rendered possible by the existence of one single institution: the Folk's Mote —the Parliament of the People. Westminster never possessed that institution. The history of London is a long and dramatic panorama, full of *tableaux*, animated scenes, dramatic episodes, tragedies, and victories. In

WESTMINSTER

CHAPTER I

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and dramatic panorama, full of *tableaux*, animated
dramatic episodes, tragedies, and victories. In

every generation there stands out one great citiz
strong and clear-eyed, whom the people follow: h
a picturesque figure, lifted high above the roar
turbulent, surging crowd, whom he alone can gov
In Westminster there is no such citizen, and there is
such crowd. Only once in its history, until the ei
teenth century, do we light upon the Westminster f
Perhaps there have been, here and there, among th
some mute inglorious Whittington—some unkn
Gresham. Alas! there was no Folk's Mote—with
a Folk's Mote nothing could be done—and so t
possible leaders sank into the grave in silence
oblivion. Why was there no Folk's Mote? Beca
the land on which Westminster stood, the land
around, north, west, south—how broad a domain
shall presently discover—belonged to the Church,
was ruled by the Abbot. Where the Abbot was k
there was no room for the rule of the people.

Nor could there be any demand in Westminster
free institutions, because there were no trades and
industries. A wool staple there was, certainly, wh
fluctuated in importance, but was never to be compa
with any of the great City trades. And Westmin
was not a port, she had no quays or warehouses: nei
exports nor imports—save only the wool—pas
through her hands. There was no necessity at
time for the people who might at that time be her tena
to demand corporate action. Westminster has ne
attracted or invited immigrants or settlers.

Again, a considerable portion of those who live
Westminster were criminals or debtors taking advan
of sanctuary. The privilege of sanctuary plays an
portant part in the history of Westminster. It is
however, from sanctuary birds that one would ex
a desire for order and free institutions. Better the
of the Abbot with safety than freedom of governm
and the certainty of gallows and whipping-post th
with.

We may consider that for five hundred years
Court and the Church, the Palace and the Ab

divided between them the whole of Thorney Island. Until, therefore, the swamps were drained, there was no place—or a very narrow place—for houses and inhabitants on the south and west. Towards the north, between New Palace Yard and Charing Cross, houses began and grew, but quite slowly. Even so recently as the year 1755 the parish of St. Margaret's had extended westward no farther than to include the streets called Pye Street, Orchard Street, Tothill Street, and Petty France, now York Street. King Street was the main street connecting Westminster with London by way of Charing Cross; and east and west of King Street, at the Westminster or southern end, was a network of narrow streets, courts, and slums, a few of which still exist to show what Westminster of the Tudors and the Stuarts used to be.

After the Dissolution—though the Dean succeeded the Abbot—there was some concession in the direction of popular government. The Dean still continued to be the over-lord. He appointed a High Sheriff, who in his turn appointed a Deputy; the city was divided into wards, in imitation of London, with a burgess to represent each ward. The court thus formed possessed considerable powers of police; but neither in authority, nor in power, nor in dignity, could such a chamber be compared with the Court of Aldermen of London. Edward VI. granted two members of Parliament to the City of Westminster.

Another reason which hindered the advance of the city in the last century was that the Dean and Chapter would neither sell their lands nor grant long leases. Therefore no one would build good houses, and the vicinity of the Abbey remained covered with mean tenements and populated by the scum and refuse.

For these reasons Westminster has had residents of all conditions—from king and noble to criminal and debtor. But it has had no citizens, no corporate life, no united action, no purpose. The City of London is a living whole: one would call its history the life of a man—the progress of a soul; the multitudinous crowd

of separate lives rolls together and forms but one as
corporation grows greater, stronger, more free, w
every century. But Westminster is an inert, life
form. Round the stately Abbey, below the noble ha
the people lie like sheep—but sheep without a lea
They have no voice; if they suffer, they have no c
they have no aims; they have no ambition; with
crafts, trades, mysteries, enterprise, distinctions, p
of honour, times of danger, liberties to defend, privile
to maintain, there may be thousands of men living
a collection of houses, but they are not citizens. In
pages that follow, therefore, we shall have little to
with the people of Westminster.

The following is Bardwell's account of the orig
site of Westminster ('Westminster Improvemen
p. 8):

'Thorney Island is about 470 yards long and
yards broad, washed on the east side by the Than
on the south by a rivulet running down College-str
on the north by another stream wending its way to
Thames down Gardener's-lane: this and the Colle
street rivulet were joined by a moat called Long-dit
forming the western boundary of Thorney Island, al
the present line of Prince's and De la Hay streets. T
Island was the Abbey and Palace precinct, which,
addition to the water surrounding it, was further
fended by lofty stone walls (part of which still rem
in the Abbey gardens); in these walls were four no
gates, one in King-street, one near New Palace-y
(the foundations of which I observed in this mon
Dec. 1838, in excavating for a new sewer), one open
into Tothill, or as it was called by William the F
Touthull-street, and one at the mill by College-str
The precinct was entered by a bridge, erected by
Empress Maud, at the end of Gardener's-lane in Ki
street, and by another bridge, still existing, though d
below the present pavement, at the east end of Colle
street.'

The beginning of city and abbey is an oft-told t
but, as I shall try to show, a tale never truly and prop

told. Antiquaries, or rather historians who have to depend on antiquaries, are apt to follow each other blindly. Thus, we are informed by every one who has treated of this beginning, that the place on which Westminster Abbey stands was chosen deliberately as a fitting place for a monastic foundation, because of its seclusion, silence, and remoteness. 'This spot,' writes the most illustrious among all the historians of the Abbey, when he has described the position of Thorney, 'thus entrenched, marsh within marsh, forest within forest, was indeed *locus terribilis*—the terrible place, as it was called, in the first notices of its existence; yet, even thus early, it presented several points of attraction to the founder of whatever was the original building which was to redeem it from the wilderness. It had the advantages of a Thebaid as contrasted with the stir and tumult of the neighbouring forest of London.'[1] And the same theory is adopted by Freeman, when he speaks of the site as 'so near to the great city, and yet removed from its immediate throng and turmoil.' There is no doubt as to the meaning of both writers. The idea in their minds was of a place deliberately chosen by the founders of the first abbey, and adopted by Edward the Confessor as a wild, deserted, secluded place, difficult of access, remote from the ways of men, where in silence and peace the holy men might work and meditate. Let us examine into this assumption. The result, I venture to think, will upset many cherished opinions.

In the examination of ancient sites there are five principal things to ascertain before any conclusion is attempted—that is to say, before we attempt to restore the place as it was, or to identify it. The method which I began to learn twenty years ago, while following day by day Major Conder's Survey of Palestine, and studying day by day his plans and drawings, his arguments and identifications, of a land which is one great field of ruins, I propose to apply to Thorney Island and the site of

[1] Stanley, *Westminster Abbey*, p. 7.

Westminster Abbey. These five points are: evidence of situation; (2) the evidence of excav (3) the evidence of ancient monuments, ruins, dations, fragments; (4) the evidence of traditio (5) the evidence of history.

Let us take these several points in order.

1. *Evidence of Situation.*

The river Thames, which narrowed at I Bridge, began to widen out west of the mouth stream called the Fleet. There was a cliff or risin along the Strand, which confined the stream north bank as far as Charing. At this village the of the river turned south, and, after half a mile, west. Here it formerly broadened into a vast or lagoon, quite shallow to east and west, in par covered with water at high tide, and in parts above even the highest tides. This great marsh c all the land known later as St. James's Park, Fields, the Five Fields, Victoria, Earl's Court, ar of Chelsea: on the other bank the marsh ex from Rotherhithe over Bermondsey, Southwark beth, Vauxhall, and part of Battersea. The which here and there rose above the reach of floo called islands: Bermond's-ea—the Isle of Ber Chels-ea—the Isle of Shingle (Chesil); Thorn-e Isle of Bramble; Batters-ea—the Isle of Peter may find little islands (eyots—aits) just like these up the river, such as Monkey Island, Eelpie Islar so many others. No doubt, in very remote times little river islets were secluded places indeed; people lived upon them, they lived like the lake d of Glastonbury, each family in its cottage plante in the sedge and mud of the foreshore, resting o with its floor of hard clay pressed down on tim walls of clay and wattle, its roof of rushes, it floating before the door. They trapped elk an and boar, they shot the wild fowl with their sling caught the salmon that swarmed in the river. Tl then, the site of the future abbey, the Isle of Br was an islet entirely surrounded by the water

broad and shallow river. It was so broad that th backwater extended as far as the present site of Buck ingham Palace. It was so shallow that at low tide man would wade across from the rising ground of th west to the island and from the island to the opposit shore, where is now St. Thomas's Hospital.

This is the evidence of the natural situation, and s far all would be agreed.

2. *Evidence of Excavation.*

The kindly earth covers up and preserves man precious secrets—'underground,' says Rabelais, 'ar all great treasures and wonderful things'—to be re vealed at some fitting time, when men's minds shall b prepared to receive them. The earth preserves, fo instance, the history of the ancient world—witness th revelations in our own time of the cuneiform tablet and the vast extension of the historic age: the arts o the ancient world, and their houses, and their manne of life—witness the revelations of Pompeii. Applie to Thorney, excavation has shown—what we certainl never could have known otherwise—that here, of a places in the world, in this little secluded islet in th midst of marshes (this most unlikely spot, one woul think, in the whole of Britannia), there was a Roma station, and one of considerable importance. Th first hint of this fact was suggested when there was du up in the North Green of the Abbey, in the year 186 a fine Roman sarcophagus inscribed with the name o Valerius Amandinus. The lid has a cross upon it, fro which it has been conjectured that the sarcophagu was used twice, its second occupant having been Christian. What reason, however, is there for sup posing that Valerius Amandinus himself was not Christian?—for at least a century before the with drawing of the Legions Roman Britain was wholl Christian. For more than two centuries Christian had been numerous. During the fourth century th country was covered with monastic foundations fo monks and nuns. Christian or not, there stands th sarcophagus of Valerius Amandinus, for all the worl

to see, at the entrance of the Chapter-house ; and why a Roman cemetery should be established in Thorney no one could guess. But some ten years ago there was a second discovery. In digging a grave under the pavement of the nave, there was found a mosaic floor in very fair condition. This must have belonged to a Roman villa. But, if one villa, why not more? The question has been settled by the discovery, of late years, wherever the ground on Thorney has been opened, of Roman bricks and fragments of Roman buildings. It is now impossible to doubt the existence here of a Roman station.

That is, so far, the (unfinished) evidence of excavation.

But why did the Romans place a station, an important station, on this bit of a bramble-covered eyot, with a shallow river in front and a marshy backwater behind? What strategic importance could be attached to such a spot? The next branch of evidence will serve to answer the question.

3. *Evidence of Ancient Monuments.*

There are here none of those shapeless mounds of ancient ruins which are found elsewhere—as in Egypt. Nor are there any foundations above ground, as at Silchester. Yet there is one fact of capital importance, which not only serves to explain why the Romans established a station on Thorney, but also illustrates, as we shall see, many other facts in the history of the island. It is this.

The river from Thorney to the opposite shore, as we have seen, was fordable at low tide. The marsh from Thorney to the rising ground on the west was fordable probably at all tides—certainly at low tide.

This ford, the only one across the river for many miles up stream, belonged from time immemorial to the highway, a road or beaten track leading from the north of England to the south, and 'tapping' the midland country on the way. The road which the Saxons called Watling Street, when it reached this neighbourhood, ran straight down Park Lane, or Tyburn Lane as it was

formerly called, to the edge of the marsh. There it ended abruptly. If you will draw this line on any map, you will find that it ended at the western extremity of St. James's Park, just about Buckingham Palace, where the marsh began. At this point the traveller plunged into the shallow waters, and, guided by stakes, waded—at low tide there were, haply, stepping-stones —across the swamp to Thorney. Here, if the tide served, he again trusted himself to the guidance of stakes ; and so, breast high, it may be, waded through the river till he reached the opposite shore, where another high road, ' Dover Street,' which also broke off abruptly at this point, awaited him. Later on, when London Bridge was built, Watling Street was diverted at the spot where now stands the Marble Arch, was carried along the present Oxford Street and Holborn, and passed through the City to the Bridge. This alternative route probably took away a great deal of the traffic : but for those who had business in the south or the south-west, or for those who were bound for the port of Dover, the ford was still preferred as the shorter way. A bridge was convenient, but the traveller of the fourth century was accustomed to a ford. Those who had no business in London were not likely to be turned out of their way by another ford, after they had crossed so many.

The high road between the north and the south, the great highway into which were poured streams from all the other ways, passed through this double ford, and over the Isle of Bramble. This was not a highway passing through a wild and savage country ; on the contrary, Britain was a country, in the two latter centuries of the Roman occupation, thickly populated, covered with great cities and busy towns. No one who has stood within the walls of Silchester, and has marked the foundations of its great hall, larger than West-minster Abbey, the remains of its corridors and courts and shops, the indications of wealth and luxury fur-nished by its villas, the extent of its walls, can fail to understand that the vanished civilisation of Roman Britain was very far superior to anything that followed

for a good deal more than a thousand years. It was more artistic, more luxurious, than the Saxon or the Norman life. But it was essentially Roman. Civilised Rome could not be understood by Western Europe until the fifteenth century. Roman Britain is only beginning to be understood by ourselves. We have not as yet realised how much was swept away and lost when, after two centuries of fighting, the Britons were driven to their mountains, with the loss of the old arts and learning. All over the country were the great houses, the stately villas, of a rich, cultured, and artistic class; all over the country were rich cities, filled with people who desired, and had, all the things that made life tolerable in Rome herself. The condition of Bordeaux in the fourth century, her schools, her professors, her poets, her orators, her lawyers, may suggest the condition of London, and in a less degree that of many smaller cities.

If we bear these things in mind, I think we shall understand that the roads must have been everywhere crowded and thronged by the long processions of pack-horses and mules engaged in supplying the various wants of this people, bringing food supplies to the cities, wines and foreign luxuries to the unwarlike people who were doomed before long to fall before the ruder and stronger folk of the Frisian speech. For our purpose it is sufficient to note that it was a country where the wants of the better sort created, by themselves, a vast trade, where, in addition, the exports were large and valuable, and where the traffic of the highways was very great and never-ending.

In other words, this wild and desolate spot, chosen, we are told, as a fitting site for a monastery because of its remoteness and its seclusion, was, long before a monastery was built here, the scene of a continual procession of those who journeyed south and those wh journeyed north. It was a halting- and resting-pl for a stream of travellers who never stopped all the round. By way of Thorney passed the mercha with their hides bestowed upon their packhorses, g to embark them at Dover: London had not yet gath

in all the trade of the country. By way of Thorney they drove the long strings of slaves to be sold in Gaul. By way of Thorney passed the legions on their way north; craftsmen, traders, mimes, actors, musicians, dancers, jugglers, on their way to the towns of Glevum, Corinium, Eboracum, and the rest. Always, day after day, even night after night, there was the clamour of those who came and those who went: such a clamour as used to belong, for instance, to the courtyard of an old-fashioned inn, in and out of which there lumbered the loaded waggon, grinding heavily over the stones; the stage-coach, the post-chaise, the merchant's rider on his nag—all with noise. The Isle of Bramble was like that courtyard: outside the Abbey it was a great inn, a halting-place, a bustling, noisy, frequented place; the centre, before London, the mart of Britannia; no 'Thebaid' at all; no quiet, secluded, desolate place, but the centre of the traffic of the whole island. And it remained a busy place long after London Bridge was built, long after the Port of London had swallowed up all the other ports in the country. When the river, by means of embankments, was forced into narrower and deeper channels, the ford disappeared.

By this time the backwater and the marsh had been dried, and the traveller could walk dry-shod from the end of Watling Street to the Isle of Bramble. Perhaps, it may be objected, solitude descended upon the island, and the silence of desertion, with the deepening of the channel. Not so; for now another highway had been created—the highway up the river. The growth of London created the necessity for this highway. From the western country all the exports came down the river to the Port of London: from the Port of London all the import trade went up the river to the west of England. At the flow of the tide the deeply-laden barges, like our own, but narrower, went up the river; at the ebb they went down. Going up, the barges carried spices, wines, silks, glass, candles, lamps, hangings, pictures, statuary, books, church furniture, and all the foreign luxuries that were now necessary in the British city: going down

they were laden with pelts and wool. The slav
formed so large a part of British export, no
this period, but later, under the Saxons, were
along the highway. There were also the bar
with fruit, vegetables, grain, poultry, wild birds
for that wide London mouth which continually
and daily called for more. And there were t
men casting their nets for the salmon in th
and for the other fish with which the river, i
clean and wholesome, teemed all the year rou
and various was the life upon the river. Alw
was traffic, always movement, always activ
always noise—much noise. A great noise
boatmen are there is always noise; they excl
joke Fescennine, they laugh, they quarrel, th
they sing. To the Benedictine monks the r
sented the spectacle of a procession as nois
animated as that which in the old days had
stepping-stone of the island from one ford to t
In short, there was never any time, from the
of the Roman occupation to the present da
the Isle of Bramble was a quiet, secluded, deso
Always crowded, bustling, and noisy. Why sh
a Benedictine monastery be planted in the mi
people? The Rule of Benedict was not the
Robert of Citeaux. Two hundred years later,
Priory of the Holy Trinity was founded, did t
the monastery in the wilds of Sheppey, or in th
of the Isle of Dogs, or on lonely Canvey? N
they placed it within London Wall—at Ald
busiest place in the City. And the Francisca
they exiled to some remote quarter? Not at
were established within the walls. So were th
Friars and the Crutched Friars; while Whi
and Black Friars were close to the City wa
even the austere Carthusians were within heari
horse fairs, the races, the tournaments, and t
of the citizens upon the field called Smooth.
it ever appear that the monks were dissatis
their position, and craved for solitude: they

ıe din and roar of the noisiest city in the habitable orld.

So that, by the evidence of natural situation, by the ridence of excavation, and by the evidence of ancient onuments, we understand that the Isle of Bramble as a Roman station, the point where the highway the north met the highway of the south—the very eart of Britannia, the centre of all internal communica- on, the place by which, until London gathered all into er lap, the whole traffic of the island must pass. Before ondon existed, Thorney had become a place of the reatest importance; long after London had become rich and busy port, Thorney, the stepping-stone in ıe middle of the ford, continued its old importance and s activity. Never a place of trade, but always a place f passing traffic, its population was great, but as phemeral as the May-fly: its people came, rested a ight, a day, an hour, and were gone again.

4. We have next the *Evidence of Tradition.*

According to this authority we learn that the first hristian king was one Lucius, who in the year 178 ddressed a letter to the then Pope, Eleutherius, begging r missionaries to instruct his people and himself in the hristian faith. The Pope sent two priests named fagan and Dyfan, who converted the whole island. ede tells this story; the old Welsh chroniclers also ll it, giving the British name of the king, Lleurwg p Coel ap Cyllin. He it was who erected a church n the Isle of Bramble, in place of a temple of Apollo rmerly standing there. We remember also that St. aul's was said to have been built on the site of a temple f Diana.

This church continued in prosperity until the arrival, wo hundred and fifty years later, of the murderous axons. First, news came up the river that the invader as on the Isle of Rum, which we call Thanet; next, hat he held the river—that he had overrun Essex—hat he had overrun Kent. And then the procession f merchandise stopped suddenly. The ports of Kent ere in the hands of the enemy. There was no more

traffic on Watling Street. The travellers grew fewer daily; till one day a troop of wild Saxons came across the ford, surprised the priests and the fisher-folk who remained, and left the island as desolate and silent as could be desired for the meditation of holy men. This done, the Saxons went on their way. They overran the midland country; they drove the Britons back—still farther back—till they reached the mountains. No more news came to Thorney, for, though the ford continued, the island, like so many of the Roman stations, remained a waste Chester.

In fulness of time the Saxon king himself settled down, became a man of peace, obeyed the order of the convert king to be baptized and to enter the Christian faith; and when King Sebert had been persuaded to build a church to St. Paul on the highest ground of London, he was further convinced that it was his duty to restore the ruined church of St. Peter on the Isle of Thorney beside the ford. Scandal indeed would it be, were the throng that daily passed through the ford and over the island to see in a Christian country, the neglected ruins of this Christian church. Accordingly the builders soon set to work, and before long the church rose tall and stately. The Miracle of the Hallowing, often told, may be repeated here. On the eve of the day fixed by the Bishop of London for the hallowing and dedication of the new St. Peter's, one Edric, a fisherman, who lived in Thorney, was awakened by a loud voice calling him by name. It was midnight. He arose and went forth. The voice called him again from the opposite side of the river, which is now Lambeth, bidding him put out his boat to ferry a man across the river. He obeyed. He found on the shore a venerable person whose face and habiliments he knew not. The stranger bore in his hands certain vessels which Edric knew could only be intended for church purposes. However, he said nothing, but received this mysterious visitor into his boat and rowed him across the river. Arrived in Thorney, the stranger directed his steps to the church, and entered the portal. Straight-

way—lo ! a marvel !—the church was lit up as by a thousand wax tapers, and voices arose chanting psalms —sweet voices such as no man, save this rude fisherman, had ever heard before. He stood and listened. The voices, he perceived, could be none other than those of angels come down from heaven itself to sing the first service in the new church. Then the voices fell, and he heard one voice loud and solemn : and then the heavenly choir uplifted their voices again. Presently all was still : the service was over, the lights went out as suddenly as they had appeared, and the stranger came forth.

'Know, O Edric,' he said, while the fisherman's heart glowed within him, 'know that I am Peter. I have hallowed the church myself. To-morrow I charge thee that thou tell these things to the Bishop, who will find a sign and token in the church of my hallowing. And for another token, put forth again upon the river, cast thy nets, and thou shalt receive so great a draught of fishes that there will be no doubt left in thy mind. But give one-tenth to this my holy church.'

So he vanished ; and the fisherman was left alone upon the river bank. But he put forth as directed, and cast his net, and presently brought ashore a draught miraculous.

In the morning the Bishop with his clergy, and the King with his following, came up from London in their ships to hallow the church. They were received by Edric, who told them this strange story. And within the church the Bishop found the lingering fragrance of incense far more precious than any that he could offer ; on the altar were the drippings of wax candles (long preserved as holy relics, being none other than the wax candles of heaven), and written in the dust certain words in Greek character. He doubted no longer. He proclaimed the joyous news, he held a service of thanksgiving instead of a hallowing. Who would not hold a service of praise and humble gratitude for such a mark of heavenly favour ? And after service they returned

to London and held a banquet, with Edric
salmon lying on a lordly dish in the midst.

How it was that Peter, who came from
direct, could not cross the river except in a b
never explained or asked. Perhaps we hav
little confusion between Rome and Heaven.
Street, we know, broke off at the edge of th
and Dover Street led to Dover, and Dover to R

5. We are now prepared for the *Evidence of*
which is not perhaps so interesting as that of t
Clio, it must be confessed, is sometimes du
misses the imagination and the daring flight
sister, the tenth Muse—the Muse of Fictio
earliest document which refers to the Abbey i
veyance by Offa, King of Mercia, of a manc
Aldenham, to 'St. Peter and the people of t
dwelling in Thorney, that "terrible"—i.e.
place which is called at Westminster.' The dat
ancient document is A.D. 785; but Bede, who
736, does not mention the foundation. Eithe
fore, Bede passed it over purposely, or it
thought of importance enough to be mentior
does relate the building of St. Paul's; but, on t
hand, he does not mention the hundreds of
which sprang up all over the country. So
need not attach any importance to the omissi
own opinion is that the church—a rude country
perhaps—a building like that of Greenstead, E
walls of split trees and the roof of rushes, was
early in the seventh century, and that it did
an earlier church still. The traditional conne
King Sebert with the church is as ancient as
we know about it, and the legend of Lucius
church is at least supported by the recent di
of Roman remains and the certainty that t
was always of the greatest importance.

There is another argument—or an illustra
favour of the antiquity of some church, rude
upon this place. I advance it as an illustration
to myself it appears to be an argument: I n

long list of relics possessed by the Abbey at the Dedication of the year 1065. We are not concerned with the question whether the relics were genuine or not, but merely with the fact that they were preserved by the monks as having been the gifts of various benefactors—Sebert, Offa, Athelstan, Edgar, Ethelred, Cnut, Queen Emma, and Edward himself. A church of small importance and of recent building would not dare to parade such pretensions. It takes time even for forgeries to gain credence and for legends to grow. The relics ascribed to Sebert and Offa could easily have been carried away on occasion of attack. As for the nature of these sacred fragments, it is pleasant to read of sand and earth brought from Mounts Sinai and Olivet, of the beam which supported the holy manger, of a piece of the holy manger, of frankincense presented by the Magi, of the seat on which our Lord was presented at the Temple, of portions of the holy cross presented by four kings at different times, of bones and vestments belonging to apostles and martyrs and the Virgin Mary and saints without number, whose very names are now forgotten. In the cathedral of Aix you may see just such a collection as that which the monks of St. Peter displayed before the reverent eyes of the Confessor. We may remember that in the ninth and tenth centuries the rage for pilgrimising extended over the whole of Western Europe: pilgrims crowded every road, they marched in armies, and they returned laden with treasures—water from the Jordan, sand from Sinai, clods of earth from Gethsemane, and bones and bits of sacred wood without number. When Peter the Hermit arose to preach it was but putting a match to a pile ready to be fired. But for such a list as that preserved by history, there was need of time as well as credulity.

Then the same thing happened to the Saxon church which had been done by Saxon arms to the British church. It was destroyed, or at least plundered, by the Danes. The priests, who perhaps took refuge in London, saved their relics. After a hundred years of

fighting, the Dane, too, came into the Christian fold. As soon as circumstances permitted, King Edgar, stimulated by Dunstan, rebuilt or restored the church and brought twelve monks from Glastonbury. He also erected the monastic buildings after the Benedictine Rule; and, as Stanley has pointed out, since in the monastery the church or chapel is built for the monks, the monastic buildings would be finished before the church.

Next, Edgar gave the monks a charter in which these lands are described and the boundaries laid down. You shall see what a goodly foundation—on paper—was this Abbey of St. Peter when it left the King's hands. Take the map of London: run a line from Marble Arch along Oxford Street and Holborn—the line of the new Watling Street—till you reach the church of St. Andrew's, Holborn; then follow the Fleet river to its mouth—you have the north and east boundaries. The Thames is a third boundary. For the fourth, draw a line from the spot where the Tyburn falls into the Thames, to Victoria Station—thence to Buckingham Palace—thence north to Marble Arch. The whole of the land included belonged to the Abbey. A little later the Abbey acquired the greater part of Chelsea, the manor of Paddington, the manor of Kilburn, including Hampstead and Battersea,—in fact, what is now the wealthier half of modern London formerly belonged to the Benedictines of Westminster. At the time of Edgar's charter, however, they had the area marked out above. More than half of it was marsh land. In Doomsday Book there are but twenty-five houses on the whole estate. Waste land, lying in shallow ponds, sometimes flooded by high tides, only the rising ground between what is now St. James's Park and Oxford Street could then be farmed. The ground was reclaimed and settled very slowly; still more slowly was it built upon. Almost within the memory of man snipe were shot over South Kensington: a hundred years ago the whole of that thickly populated district west and south-west of Mayfair was a land of open fields.

So that, notwithstanding the great extent of their possessions, the monks were by no means rich, nor were Edgar's buildings, one imagines, very stately. Yet the later buildings replaced the older on the same sites. A plan of the Abbey of Edgar and Dunstan would show the Chapter-house and the Church where they are now; the common dormitory over the common hall, as it was afterwards; the refectory where it was afterwards; the cloisters, without which no Benedictine monastery was complete, also where are those of Henry III. But the buildings were insignificant compared with what followed.

Roman Britain, we have said, was Christian for at least a hundred and fifty years; the country was also covered with monasteries and nunneries. Therefore it would be nothing out of the way or unusual to find monastic buildings on Thorney in the fourth century. There was as yet no Benedictine Rule. St. Martin of Tours introduced the Egyptian Rule into Gaul—whence it was taken over to England and to Ireland. It was a simple Rule, resembling that of the Essenes. No one had any property; all things were in common; the only art allowed to be practised was that of writing; the older monks devoted their whole time to prayer; they took their meals together—bread and herbs, with salt—and, except for common prayer and common meals, they rarely left their cells: these were at first simple huts constructed of clay and bunches of reeds; their churches were of wood; they shaved their heads to the line of the ears; they wore leather jerkins, probably because these lasted longer than cloth of any kind; many of them wore hair shirts. The wooden church became a stone church; the huts became cells built about a cloister; the cells themselves were abolished, and a common dormitory was substituted. Then came the Saxons, and the monks were dispersed or fled into Wales, where they formed immense monasteries, as that of Bangor, with its three thousand monks. All had to be done over again, from the beginning. But monasticism, once introduced, flourished exceedingly

among the Saxons, until the long war with the Danes destroyed the safety of the convent and demanded the service of every man able to carry a sword, and there were no more monks left in the land. All of which is necessary to explain why Dunstan had to people his Abbey with monks brought from Glastonbury. For Glastonbury and Abingdon, into which the Benedictine Rule had been introduced, were then the only monasteries surviving the long Danish troubles.

These are the beginnings of the Abbey and the Church, and of life upon the Island of Bramble. This is the foundation of the history that follows. A busy place before London Bridge was built; a place of throng and turmoil far back in the centuries before the coming of the Roman; a church built in the midst of the throng; monks in leather jerkins living beside the church; a ruined church, lying in ruins for two hundred years while the Saxon infidel daily passed beside it across the double ford; then a rebuilding—why not by Sebert? Another destruction, and another rebuilding.

This view is also taken by Loftie in his 'Westminster Abbey.' He does not, however, defend it and insist upon it so strongly. He says, to quote his exact words: 'The hillock on which we stand is called Thorn-Ey. There are some Roman remains on it, and there may have been the ruins of a little monastery and chapel, of which floating traditions were afterwards gathered and exaggerated. The paved causeway to the westward is the Watling Street. On both sides of it runs the Tyburn, of which Thorn-Ey is a kind of delta. The road rises to Tot Hill, which is a conspicuous landmark here, and goes straight on over the "Bulunga Fen" till it reaches another, the "road to Reading," which has just crossed the Tyburn at Cowford, where Brick Street is now in Piccadilly. From Thorney, the looking northward and westward, we see what remai of the great Middlesex forest, if the Danes have n burnt it all, and the paved Watling Street run straight on toward the distant Chester, keeping left of the lofty hill which is now crowned by the

Hampstead. It is interesting to trace this ancient
d through the modern streets, the more so as its
stence determined the site and early importance of
stminster. When it emerged from the wild woods
northern Middlesex and came down towards the
d of the Thames, it followed what we call the Edge-
re Road, Edgeware being the name of the first
pping place on the road, near the edge of the forest.
ssing down the Edgeware Road in a straight line it
interrupted at the Marble Arch by a corner of the
rk, which crosses the direct road towards West-
nster. We know, however, that this corner is a
nparatively recent addition to the Park, and the
tling Street soon resumes its course in Park Lane,
ich, keeping well on the high ground above the brook,
vertheless derived the name it was known by for
ny centuries from the Tyburn. Tyburn Lane
ched the road to Reading at what we call Hyde
rk Corner, and then ran straight through what was
e called "Brookshott"—a little wood, where now
the Green Park and the gardens of Buckingham
lace—and on, right through the site of the palace
elf, where the brook approached it very closely. So
descended to Tothill, the name of which has been
usibly explained to mean a place where the traveller
outed" for a guide or a boat, as the case might be,
the dangerous ford of the Thames below. This is
her conjectural, but is not to be rejected until a better
planation has been offered. One thing more has to
stated about this ancient highway—the Watling
reet. How is it that we find the same name in the
y? To answer this question we must look back to
period so remote that we cannot accurately date it,
t so definite, in one way, that there can be no mistake
out it. This is the time at which London Bridge
s built. When that great event took place Watling
reet was diverted from Tyburn Lane, and instead of
ing to Westminster in order to ford the Thames, it
rned to the left, along the modern Oxford Street and
olborn, and, entering the City at Newgate, went on

to the bridge. Only a small part of the road still bears the ancient name, but that ny of it does so is a most interesting and significant fact.

'We may conclude, therefore, if we wish to do so, that in a sense Westminster is older than London itself. What name it was called by we know not; but the Romans certainly had a station here, as I have said, and the importance of the place before the making of London Bridge may have been considerable.'

In course of time the river was embanked, and ran in a deeper channel; then the ford, as has been stated above, vanished, and the marshes were partly reclaimed, only pools remaining on both sides of the river—the Southwark pools remained till the beginning of this century. But Thorney after the drying of the marsh continued to be an island. On the north, the west, and the south sides it was bounded by streams; on the east by the Thames. If you will take the map, and draw a line through Gardener's Lane across King Street to the river, you will be tracing the exact course of the rivulet which ran into the Thames and formed the northern boundary of the island; another line, down Great College Street, marks the course of a second stream; while a third line, down De la Hay and Princes Streets, joining the other two, marks the lie of a connecting canal called Long Ditch. It is interesting to walk along the narrow Gardener's Lane, one of the few remaining old streets of Westminster [in 1895], and to mark how the road presents a certain unmistakable look of having been the bed of a stream: it bends and curves exactly like a stream. The same thing may be imagined—by a person of imagination—concerning Great College Street.

The island thus formed covered an area of four hundred and seventy yards long from north to south, and three hundred and seventy yards broad from east to west. At some time or other—after the disappearance of the ford—the Abbey precinct was surrounded by a wall. In the same way St. Paul's, in the midst of the City, was surrounded by a wall with embattled

gates. A portion of this wall is perhaps still standing. The wall was pierced by four gates. One of these was in King Street, where the rivulet crossed; one was at the east end of Tothill Street; a third was in Great College Street, and its modern successor still stands on the spot with no ancient work in it; the last was in New Palace Yard. In front of the riverside wall lived the population of Thorney—the town of Westminster, such as it was—decayed indeed since the deepening of the river: fisher-folk mostly, who plied their trade on the river. But of town or village, in the time of Edward the Confessor, there was little or none.

When the old palace of Westminster was founded another wall was erected round its buildings. Then the island was completely surrounded by a fortification; the fisher-folk removed northward and settled somewhere lower down the river, where afterwards arose the New Palace and Whitehall: not higher up, where the ground continued to be a marsh for many centuries to come. We have seen the beginnings of the Church and of the Abbey. What were the beginnings of the Palace? When did a king begin to live on Thorney Island? And why?

Since neither tradition nor history speaks to the contrary, we may suppose that Cnut was the first to build some kind of palace or residence in this place. His buildings are said to have been burned in the time of Edward; therefore he must have built something. His residence on Thorney was neither continuous nor at any time of long duration. The court of the kings for many generations to come was a Court Itinerant. King Cnut travelled perpetually from place to place, followed by his regiment of house carles, though one knows not how many accompanied him. He stayed at Thorney because he loved the conversation of the Abbot Wolfstan. It was at Thorney that, according to the familiar story, he rebuked the courtiers in the matter of the rising tide; and it was in the concluding years of his reign, when that marvellous change, graphically described by Freeman, fell upon him, and

he became exactly the opposite of what he had before shown himself; when he founded and endowed and augmented churches and monasteries. His heart was changed: the stately services of the minster, the rolling of the organ, the chanting of the monks, the splendour of the altar, the story of the Gospel, the legends and the acts of the Saints, the pilgrimage to Rome—these things pleased him more than the clash of steel on shield, the war cry, and the glorious madness of the fight. The beginner of the old Palace was the great King Cnut the Dane.

We write under the shadow of the Abbey: the bells peal out over our heads; the organ swells and dies; within the walls are the coffins and the bones of dead kings and princes and nobles. The air is ecclesiastic; we may talk of changed hearts and repentant age. The age of civil wars, intestine wars—the worst wars of all, the wars of those who speak the same language—lasted for five hundred years after the death of King Cnut. We who belong to a generation which has learned some self-control, cannot realise the intensity, the strength of the passions which devoured and maddened the kings of old. The things which make history dreadful: the murders, the cry to arms at the least provocation; the cruel disregard of innocent suffering; the wasting, pillaging, destroying of lands and fields, and villages and towns, in blind revenge; the blinding and torturing and maiming of which every page is full—these things mean the rage of kings, the revenge of kings upon their enemies. Cnut in his last years had no enemies; he had killed them all. Then there were no more rages; he suffered his head to dwell upon nobler things: in modern language, he 'got religion.' And so, at the end of this Prologue to the Westminster Play, we see the King taking off his blood-stained ermine, laying down the sword which has set free so many unwilling souls, and walking, in meditation and godly discourse, under the quiet cloisters of the Abbey. Outside, the noisy court and camp; within the calm and peace of the religious life. The pictur

strikes a note of what is to follow when we pass into the period of history written from day to day, and draw up the curtain for the Pageant, Mystery, or Play of Westminster.

CHAPTER II

THE KING'S PALACE OF WESTMINSTER

THE kings of England held their Court in the Old Palace, the Palace of Westminster, for five hundred years. Of all the buildings which formed that Palace, there remain now nothing but a Hall greatly altered, a Crypt, and a single Tower. Sixty years ago [1895], before the last of the many fires which attacked the Palace, there was left, much disfigured, a single group of buildings which formerly contained the heart of the Palace, the king's House. This group, however, was so much shut in and surrounded with modern houses, courts, offices, taverns, and stores, that the ancient parts could be with difficulty detached. Fortunately this task was accomplished before the fire: one can therefore restore one part, at least, of the Palace.

In considering the Palace of Westminster, we have the choice, as regards time, of any year we please between the accession of Edward the Confessor and the removal of Henry VIII. to York House. Let us take the close of the fourteenth century: let us attempt to restore the Palace as it was in the reign of Richard II. It was a time when that shadowy, intangible force called Chivalry was most active. Yet at best it was never stronger than its successor, which we now call Honour. Chivalry taught loyalty, even unto death; protection of the weak; respect for women; fidelity in love; mercy to the conquered; charity to the poor; obedience to the Church; fidelity to the spoken word: you may find these teachings in the pages of Froissart. Knights who obey these precepts are greatly extolled by poets; yet the opposites of these things are

continually reported by historians. I think tha
roughly, but certainly, ascertain the chief bese
of any age by looking for the contraries, w
be the things which preachers and poets d
extol.

It has been remarked that antiquaries a
to fall into the incurable vice of looking at
through the wrong end of the telescope. Th
from constantly endeavouring to reconstruct
out of an insufficient number of fragments.
the result is that everything is reduced in size
many antiquaries, being afflicted with this
have found themselves unable to see anythi
collection of miserable hovels in that Londo
fourteenth century which was a city of nobles'
merchants' stately houses, splendid churches,
buildings, beautiful and lofty, side by side wi
houses, wharves, ships riding at anchor, crowde
and rich shops. No antiquary, however, is
showing that Westminster was, at this time,
more than a City—as yet not called a City—
round the Church and the Court. To th
journeyed thither from London by the river
a line of noble houses faced the river, each
stairs, its barges, and its water gate. Thus
boat at Queenhithe, the traveller passed, amon
Baynard's Castle, Blackfriars' Abbey, Bridewel
Whitefriars, the Temple, Durham House, th
York House, before he reached the King's
Westminster. At the back of these houses,
now Fleet Street and the Strand, there were n
in the fourteenth century, except just outside
As late as 1543, according to the map of
van den Wyngaerde, the houses of Westmin
all gathered together in that little triangle
Westminster Hall, whose northern boundary
stream running down Gardener's Lane and c
Thorney. All beyond was open country lying
and meadows.

It is impossible to ascertain what, and of w

e the buildings of Edward the Confessor: tradition ays assigned to him the Painted Chamber and the up of buildings which survived to the year 1835. us, however, consider what were the actual re- rements of a Royal Palace under the Plantagenets. will be seen very soon that this group of buildings ld have formed only a very small portion of the whole ace. It will also be found that the Palace grows in mind as we consider it. At first the Court was erant. Edward the Confessor was constantly travel- into different parts of his realm: he kept every istmas, except his last, at Gloucester; his Easter he t at Winchester; he resided a good deal at West- ster; we hear of him at Worcester; at Sandwich; he ted in Wiltshire. Henry II., whose actual itinerary been recovered and published, seldom remained e than a few days in one place; he was sometimes rance for three or four years at a time; during the le of his long reign he was only in Westminster on nteen occasions, and then often for a night or two . Until the Tudors began a stationary Court, the s of England travelled a great deal, and, in case of always went out with the army. Whether they elled or whether they stayed in one place, there was ys with them a following greater than that of any n. Warwick rode into London with seven hundred hts and men at arms; that was but a slender force pared with the company which rode after the king. , who perhaps began this first standing army, had e thousand 'huscarles'; Richard II. had four sand archers always with him.

irst, then, for the people, the service, the officers ssary for the Court. There were, to begin with, the cers and craftsmen. Everything wanted for the t had to be done or made within the precincts of alace. There were no Court tradesmen; no outside s. The king's craftsmen were the king's servants; had quarters of some kind, houses or chambers, ted to them in the Palace; they received wages, ns, and liveries. Thus, in Richard II.'s Palace of

Westminster there were retained for the king's serv
a little army of three hundred and forty-six artificer
viz., carpenters, coopers, blacksmiths, whitesmit
goldsmiths, jewellers, 'engineers,' pavilioners, armour
'artillers,' gunners, masons, tilers, bowyers and fletche
furriers, 'heaumers,' spurriers, brewers, every k
of 'making' trade: everything that was wanted for
king's service was made in the king's Palace—except,
course, the fruits and harvest of the year, the wi
spices, and silks, and costly things that came from
far East through the markets of Bruges and Ghe
These craftsmen were all married—we are not, rememb
in a monastery. Give them an average of each
children, and we have, to begin with, a little populat
of about two thousand five hundred. Take next
commissariat branch: one begins already to realise
stupendous task of feeding so many, and the or
and system which must have grown up to meet th
wants with certainty and regularity. Thus we
that every branch of the commissariat had its officer
clerks, ushers, and serjeants—a responsible serv
with individual and clearly defined duties—for pant
buttery, spicery, bakehouse, chandlery, brewery, cell
and kitchen. Of these officers there were two hund
and ten. How many servants they had it is impossi
to tell. But if we multiply the number of officers
three only for the servants, we get a total of six hundr
If these men were also married, they with their wi
and children would give us another company of
thousand. But some of the servants in the kitc
might be women. Then we have the gardeners,
barbers, who were also blood-letters, the boneset
(a very necessary body), the trumpeters, messeng
bedesmen, grooms and stable-boys—no one can rec
up their number. Add to these the lavenders
laundry-women: the women who embroidered, did
needlework, made and mended, weaved and spa
many of these were doubtless the wives and daugh
of the servants. A step higher brings us to the chapla

College of St. Stephen, the minstrels, the clerks and untants, the scribes and illuminators, the heralds and uivants. Another step, and we come to the judges the head officers, with all their staff, clerks and nts. Next the archbishops, bishops and abbots, of whom were always with the king. Then we to the great officers of state: viz., the Grand schal *Dapifer Angliæ* or Lord High Steward, who head and chief of every department, next to the : the High Justiciary or Lord Chief Justice; the schal, *Dapifer Regis*, or Steward of the Household : Constable, the Marshal, the Chamberlain, the Chan- r, and the Treasurer.[1] Lastly, there was the royal ehold with its officers: the Clerks of the Wardrobe, King's Remembrancer, the Keeper of the Palace, the n's Treasurer, the Maids of Honour (*domicellæ*), Gentlemen Ushers and the pages, and (which we must n set down) the King's regiment of four thousand ers.

think it is now made plain that the people attached stationary Court numbered not hundreds, but many sands; it is not too much to estimate the number habitants within the walls of Westminster Palace in reign of Richard II. at twenty thousand—all of m had 'bouche of court' (i.e. rations, pay, arms, ing and living). It was, therefore, a crowded city, plete in itself, though it produced nothing and ied on no trade; there were workshops and forges and hammering of armourers and blacksmiths, but there no stalls, no chepe, no clamour of those who shouted goods and invited the passengers to 'buy, buy, ' This city produced nothing for the country; ceived and devoured everything: it was not an idle because the people earned their daily bread; for all their labour they never increased the wealth

[1] Edward the Confessor's officers were named respectively the hal; the Stallere (*Comes stabuli*, or Constable); the Bower-Thane nberlain); the Dish-Thane (Seneschal); the Hordere (Treasurer); of lower rank, Carver, Cup-bearer, Butler, Seal-bearer, Ward- Thane, Harper, and Headsman.

of the country. Listen to the voice of the poet—it is Harding who speaks of King Richard's Court :

Truly I herd Robert Ireliffe say,
Clerk of the Green Cloth, that to the household
Came every daye, for moost partie alwaye,
Ten thousand folke by his messe is told,
That followed the hous, aye, as thei would ;
And in the kechin three hundred servitours,
And in eche office many occupiours.
And ladies faire, with their gentilwomen,
Chamberers also and lavenders,
Three hundred of them were occupied there :
Ther was greate pride among the officers,
And of all menne far passing their compeers
Of riche arraye, and muche more costious
Than was before or sith, and more precious.

The ten thousand do not include the women and children.

We have ceased to desire a Court magnificent with outward splendour and lavish expenditure. There has been, in fact, no such Court among us since that of Charles II. ; and the splendour of his Court was but a poor thing compared with the splendour of the Third Edward, who was magnificent—or of Richard II., who was profuse. Let us remember that in our time we cannot make any show, or festival, or pageant—we have lost the art of pageantry—which can compare with the shows which our forefathers saw daily : the shows of magnificent trains, queens and princesses in such raiment as the greatest lady of these times would be afraid to put on, lords and knights and gentlemen of the livery, streets with their gabled houses hung with crimson and scarlet cloth ; minstrels and music everywhere ; mysteries and pageants and allegories, with fair maidens and giants, angels and devils ; lavish feasts at which conduits ran with wine for long hours and all the world could get drunk if it pleased. And there was never anything more splendid than Richard II. himself. The time of great shows vanished, like the spirit of Chivalry, during the Wars of the Roses.

What kind of quarters were given to the king's courtiers and his army and his servants? This is a question to which one can give no satisfactory answer. We hear of many rooms and buildings, but there does not exist any description or plan of the Palace as it was. It must certainly have contained a vast number of buildings for the accommodation of so many thousands. The fact that these buildings existed was proved after the fire of 1834, when a most extensive range of cellars and vaults was found to exist under the burned buildings round St. Stephen's. The old buildings had long before been destroyed and modern houses had taken their places; but the vaults and cellars remained, showing by their strength and solidity the importance of the halls and chambers that had been built upon them.

It was the first duty of the mediæval builder to provide a wall of defence. This was done at Westminster: the wall, as shown on some plans, entirely surrounded the Palace; it was provided with a water gate at the King's Bridge or King's Stairs; a postern at the Queen's Stairs; a gate leading into the Abbey precinct east of St. Margaret's Church; a subway by which the king could enter the Abbey, at Poets' Corner; and a gate opposite the Great Hall leading into the Wool Staple.

Thus fortified the Palace assumed something of the usual plan of a Norman castle. The Outer Bailly was represented by the New Palace Yard, with its Clock Tower and place for martial exercises, ridings and tournaments; Westminster Hall faced the Outer Bailly; to right and to left, to east and to west, stood buildings; on the south were other buildings which enclosed the Inner Bailly, now Old Palace Yard; south of these were gardens and stables with less important houses, offices and barracks. The great mass of the Palace buildings was between Westminster Hall and the River.

Of the old Palace there survived, long after the removal of the Court to Whitehall, and until the fatal fire over sixty years ago, a group of its most interesting and most historical buildings. Changes had been

made in them ; their roofs were taken down and replace
their windows were altered, the very walls in so
had been rebuilt ; yet they were the rooms in whi
Edward the Confessor and all the kings and queens
England lived up to the time of the Eighth Hen
Beneath them the solid substructures of the Confes
remained after the fire, and, for all I know, remain
this day.

Old plans show the position of these buildin
Beginning with the south, there is first of all the Princ
Chamber, afterwards the Robing Room of the old Ho
of Lords. It was forty-five feet long and twenty fe
wide ; it ran east and west. The chamber had fi
beautiful lancet windows on the south side and th
each on the east and west. On the north side it open
into the old House of Lords. It was in this room th
Queen Elizabeth hung up the tapestry celebrating t
defeat of the Spanish Armada. This excellent piece
work was afterwards transferred to the Court of R
quests, where it was burned in the last fire.

The hall adjoining the old House of Lords forme
with the Painted Chamber and the Court of Reques
Edward the Confessor's living-rooms. Under the Ho
of Lords was the King's kitchen, afterwards the cel
where Guy Fawkes and his friends placed the barrels
gunpowder. After the Lords removed to the Court
Requests this room was called the Royal Gallery.

The third room, perhaps the most beautiful, was t
Painted Chamber. This hall, certainly that in whi
the Confessor breathed his last, was eighty feet lo
twenty broad and fifty high—a lofty and narrow roo
perhaps too narrow for its length. The meaning of
name had long been forgotten until the year 18
when, on taking down the tapestry, which had hung th
for centuries, the walls were found to be covered w
paintings, representing on one side of the room the w
of the Maccabees, and on the other side scenes from t
life of Edward the Confessor. It was then remember
or discovered, that in an itinerary of two Francisc
pilgrims in the year 1322, preserved among the ma

scripts of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, these paintings are mentioned. In the year 1477 the hall was called St. Edward's Chamber; Sir Edward Coke calls it the Chamber Depeint or St. Edward's Chamber.

The fourth of these groups of ancient buildings was the Council Room of King Edward, called afterwards the Whitehall, the Little Hall, the Court of Requests, and the House of Lords.

In the midst of this stately group of noble buildings rose the most stately and most noble chapel of St. Stephen. It was founded, according to tradition, by King Stephen, on the site, it has been sometimes said, of the Confessor's oratory; but this seems not true, for the oratory was on the east of the Painted Chamber. The chapel was rebuilt as a thank-offering for his victories by Edward I., who then endowed it with large revenues. His foundation was large enough to maintain a college, consisting of dean, twelve secular canons, and twelve vicars; it was, in fact, a rich foundation planted in the middle of the Palace, over against the Abbey. Was there any desire on the part of the King to separate the Court from the Abbey? Perhaps not; but there arose perpetual quarrels between the College and the Abbey. The masses said in St. Stephen's for the past and present kings might just as well have been said, one supposes, in the Abbey. So rich was the foundation that at the Dissolution its revenues were a third of those of St. Peter's. By that time the College buildings contained residences or chambers for thirty-eight persons. These buildings consisted, first, of the exquisite Chapel, which afterwards became the House of Commons; the Chapel of our Lady de la Pieu, standing somewhere to the south of St. Stephen's in this Chapel Richard heard mass before going out to meet Wat Tyler); the Crypt, which happily still remains; the exquisite cloisters long since vanished; with the Chantry Chapel, and the said residences of the dean, canons, and vicars, and King Richard's Belfry. The Chapel was smaller than some other royal Chapels—Windsor, for instance, and King's, Cambridge—but it

was beautiful exceedingly, and in its carved w decorations perhaps more finished than an Church or Chapel in the country. Details Chapel have been preserved for us by J. T. ('Antiquities of Westminster'), and by Brayl Britton's 'Houses of Parliament.' The beauty cloisters of the Chantry Chapel, and of the Chap makes the fire of 1834 on this account alone national disaster. Such work can never a equalled. At the same time, the Chapel had much altered and cut about for the accommod the Commons that it was irretrievably spoiled.

The next of this group of ancient buildi Westminster Hall. On this monument and its h associations many have enlarged. Let it suffice place to remind ourselves that William Rufus Richard II. enlarged it and strengthened it, a George IV. repaired and new-fronted it.

On the east side of the Hall was the Court chequer, built by Edward II. This hall was s four feet long and forty-five broad. The tradi the chamber are full of curious stories. It breakfast-room, it was said (one knows not w Queen Elizabeth: a chamber adjoining was h chamber. She at least reformed the Court of Exc There were two cellars under the Court of Exc called 'Hell' and 'Purgatory.' As their names they were prisons. The former name was also to a tavern in the Palace precinct.

The notorious Star Chamber was on the e of New Palace Yard. The room was probably in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It was used aft as the Lottery office.

One more 'bit' of the Palace still remains. turn to the left on reaching the eastern end o College Street, after passing through stab mews, you will light upon a most venerable old hidden away in this corner. It is the last many Towers which formed part of the West Palace. It was always ascribed to the Conf

of his Abbey buildings. When antiquaries first ıered it, they found that Edward I. bought the of ground on which it stands of the Abbey; so it concluded that he bought the Tower upon the ıd. Later antiquaries, however, on fresh investiıs, made up their minds that there was no Tower Edward took the ground; therefore—the logic e antiquary is never his strongest point—Edward this Tower. Again, other antiquaries examined er: and they have now decided that the Tower ıuilt by Richard II. One would have preferred the ssor as architect, but the end of the fourteenth ıry gives us a respectable antiquity.

ertain accounts of repairs—carpenters', masons', ers' work—still preserved enable us to get a er understanding of the buildings that, in addition e central group, which can be so exactly described figured, made up the old Palace of Westminster. must have been work for builders going on conlly, but in the years 1307 to 1310 there were very sive repairs, in consequence of a fire; the bills hese repairs have been preserved. They speak e following buildings: of the Little Hall, of which ion has been already made; of the water-conduit pipes of which were repaired or restored; of the n's Hall; the Nursery; the Mayden Hall, the te hall of the *domicellæ*, maids of honour,—all halls had their chambers, wardrobes, and galleries; e chambers and cloisters round the Inner Hall—his the old House of Lords?—of the King's Ward-: of Marculf's Chamber; of the Chandlery; of the Edmund's Palace; of the Almonry; of the Gaol; e houses and chambers of the chaplains, clerks, ɔfficers of Court and Palace; of houses standing Inner Bailly—i.e. Old Palace Yard; of herbaries, ies, gardens, galleries, aqueducts, and stew ponds. is impossible to assign these buildings and places eir original site. Take the plan of Thorney, with ılace, Abbey, and City. Remember that there was ɔen space for the Inner Bailly—Old Palace Yard;

and another for the Outer Bailly—New Palace
In this respect the Palace followed the practice of
castle and great house in the country—even in a
the first court is a survival of the Outer Bailly.
also, an open space east of the wall from the Jewel
to the outer wall for the gardens and herbaries—pe
like the Abbey, the Palace had gardens in the recl
meadows outside. Then fill in the area betwee
King's House and the river with other halls, h
offices, galleries, wardrobes, and cloisters. Let bar
stables, shops of all kinds run under the river wa
there be narrow lanes winding about among
courts, connecting one with the other and all wi
Inner and the Outer Bailly and the Palace stairs.
done, you will begin to understand something
extent and nature of the King's Palace in the four
century. Add to this that the buildings were
nitely more picturesque than anything we can sh
our own design, our own construction, our
grouping. The gabled houses turned to the
and lanes their carved timber and plaster fronts
cloisters glowed in the sunshine with their lac
tracery and the gold and crimson of their painted
and walls; grey old towers looked down upo
clustered and crowded little city; everywhere there
stately halls, lofty roofs, tourelles with rich carvi
gables, painted windows, windows of tracery
beautiful, archways, gates, battlements; gran
storehouses, barns, chantry chapels, oratories, cou
justice, and interiors bright with splendid tap
the colours of which had not yet faded, with canop
scarlet and cloth of gold, and the sunlight reflected
many a shining helm and breastplate, from ma
jewelled hilt and golden scabbard, from many a t
hanging on the walls, from many a coat of arms
with colour—azure, or, gules, and argent. It i
colour in everything that makes the time so pictur
and bright. We see how small their chambers
how narrow were the lanes, how close the houses s
but we forget the bright colours of everything

angings and the arras, the painted shields, the robes nd dresses, the windows and the walls, the chambers, alls and refectories, the galleries and the cloisters. When Time brings in another age of colour—it is surely ue—we shall understand better the centuries of the lantagenets.

When the fire destroyed these buildings how much e lost that connected us with the past! True it is hat in Westminster Abbey and in Westminster Hall we eem to stand face to face with the history of the country. n the Hall were done such and such things; before us ies the effigy of a king to remind us that he was a living eality—to most of us the past is as unreal as the future; ve need these reminders lest the voice of our ancestors hould fall upon our ears with no more meaning than he lapping of the tide or the babble of the brook or the whisper of the stream among the rushes. But we ave nothing to remind us of the Palace where the Princes lived; the things that were done in them are ot in the Book of Kings, but in that of the Things Left out—the Book of Chronicles—mostly as yet medited.

Princes were born here, and played here, and grew ere to the age when they could ride the great horse nd practise exercises in the New Palace Yard. Kings' aughters were born here, and were kept here till they ere sent away to marry: strange lot of the King's aughter, that she never knew until she married what r country was to be! Queens prayed here for the fety of their husbands and their sons; here was all e home life, the private life of the Kings and Queens; these chambers were held the King's feasts; here received ambassadors; here he held his council; re he looked on with the Queen at the mummeries d masques; here he held Christmas revelry; here he eived and entertained—or else admonished—my rd Mayor and Aldermen of London; here were his rliaments; here were executed many nobles; here d Himself was invited to give judgment on the leal of battle. In the Painted Chamber, for instance,

died King Edward the Confessor ; this was the
chamber of the Normans ; here Edward III. r
the embassy of Pope Benedict XII. ; here C
judges signed his death warrant ; here Chatham
state. In the Court of Requests, close by, Ric
heard cases as a judge ; here Edward IV. k
Christmas in 1472, and entertained the May
Aldermen. In the old House of Lords Bac
sentenced and disgraced, Somers was acquitted, C
was struck down. Under this hall the conspir
the Gunpowder Plot piled the barrels which
destroy the Lords sitting in council. In Old
Yard died Raleigh ; on the north side of Old
Yard lived Geoffrey Chaucer, clerk of the works.
the Confessor and Harold through five hundre
of kings and princes, for the whole history of En
Parliament, for the whole history of English l
justice, the things that belonged to these ch
passed in this succession of halls and chambers.

Thus, then, presented to you, was the Palace
have restored the Palace of Westminster. It
before you, plain and clear. But as yet it is
city—a city of the cold daybreak, a city of the s
Fill it again with the living multitude—the th
who thronged its courts—when it was the Palac
Second Richard. Look : the men-at-arms and
and knights bear the cognisance—a fatal cog
it proved to many—of the White Hart. It
Palace of the Second Richard, whose court
most splendid and his expenditure the most
that the country had ever witnessed.

It is the third day of May, 1389. The s
before five and the day breaks at three at this
long before sunrise, before daybreak, the silenc
night is broken by the rolling of the organ and th
of the monks at Lauds ; long before sunrise,
early as this, there are signs of life about the
Stable-boys and grooms are up already, carrying
of water ; dogs are leaping and barking ; when
lifts his head above the low Surrey hills and fa

he wall and towers of the Palace, the narrow lanes re full of men slowly addressing themselves to the ork of the day. Clear and bright against the sky tand the buildings; huddled together they are, cer-ainly: it is not yet a time for architectural grouping, xcept in the design of an abbey, which is generally laced where there is room enough and to spare. Where here is the King there is an army; there is also a place vhich may be attacked: therefore the smaller the ircumference of the wall, the better for the defence. Besides, a Palace is like a walled city; it grows, but t cannot spread; it fills up. This hall needs another beside it; that chamber must have a gallery; this chapel must have cloisters; here let us put up a clock tower; if there are council chambers, there must also be guest chambers; the Court becomes more splendid, the Palace precinct becomes more crowded.

The place is more like a camp than a Palace. The grooms lead out the horses—there are thousands of horses in the place; in both Outer and Inner Bailly the pages—wards of the King—boys of eight or nine to sixteen, are exercising already, riding, leaping, fencing, running. In the long chambers where the archers lie upon beds of rushes and of straw the men are gathered about the doors passing round the blackjack with the morning draught. At the water gate are crowding already the boats laden with fish caught in the river and brought here daily. The servants are running to and fro; the fires are lit in kitchen and in bakery; the clerks, pen in hand and ink-bottle hanging from their belts, go round to the offices. Listen to the baying of the hounds; see the falconers bringing out their birds; here are the chained bears rolling on the ground; there go the young nobles hasting to the King's chamber,—it is the time of gorgeous raiment: half a manor is in the blue silk jacket of that young lord, one of the King's favourites. There is already, from this side or that, the tinkling of a mandoline, the scraping of a crowd; yonder fantastic group, the first to enter when the Palace gates are thrown open, are mummers, jugglers,

and minstrels, who come to make sport for the archer and for the Court if the King's Highness or the Queen most excellent Grace so wills. These people can pla a mystery if needs be; or they can dress like fearfu wild beasts, or dance like wild men of the woods; the have songs from France—love songs, songs for ladies— rougher songs in English for the soldiers; they can danc upon the tight-rope; they can eat fire: they can juggl and play strange tricks which they have brought hithe all the way from Constantinople—at sight of them yo cross yourself and whisper that it is sorcery. As for th music of the King's chamber, that is made by the King' minstrels, who wear his colours and have bouche c court. See yonder gaily dressed young man: he i a minstrel; none other can touch the harp and sing wit skill so sweet; he looks on with contempt at the fantasti crew as they sweep past to the soldiers' quarters; they too, carry their minstrel instruments with them, bu their music is not his music. In the evening th minstrel will join in the crowd to see the dancing of th girls—the almond-eyed, dark-skinned girls of Syria— who follow the fortunes of the mummers and toss thei round arms as they dance with strange gestures an wanton looks, at sight of which the senses swim and th brain reels and the soul yearns for things impossible.

The noise of the Palace grows; it is wide awake: th day has begun.

Outside the Palace, the road—there is now a roa where there was once a marsh or shallow with a ford— is covered with an endless procession of those who mak their way to the Palace and the Abbey with supplie Here are drivers with herds of cattle and flocks of sheep here are long lines of packhorses laden with things here are men-at-arms, the following of some great lord this is a procession which never ceases all the yea round. And on the river barges are coming dow with the stream piled up, laden to the level of the wate with farm produce; and at flood-tide barges com up the stream from the Port of London, sent by th merchants whom the King despoils—yet they have thei

revenge—boats laden with the things for which this magnificent Court is insatiable—cloth of gold, velvet and silk; wines of France and Spain and Cyprus and Gaza; spices, perfumes, inlaid armour and arms, jewels and glass and plate, and wares ecclesiastic for the outer glory of St. Peter and St. Stephen—golden cross and chalice silver gilt, and vestments such as can only be matched in the Church of St. Peter at Rome.

Also, along the Dover road, and up and down the road called Watling, and up the river and down the river, there ride day and night the King's messengers. Was there a special service of messengers? I think not: men were despatched with letters and enjoined to ride swiftly. There were neither telegraphs nor railways nor postal service, yet was the Court of every great king fully supplied with news. If it came a month after the event, so it came to all. We of to-day act on news of the moment: the statesmen of old acted on news of yesterday or yesterday fortnight. But communications with the outer world never ceased; news poured in daily from all quarters: from the Low Countries; from France and Spain; from Rome; from the Holy Land. Whatever happened was carried swiftly over Western Europe. If the king of Scotland crossed the border, in three days it was known in Westminster; if there was a rebellion in Ireland, four days brought the news to Westminster; if the Welsh harried the March, three days sufficed to bring the news to Westminster. Besides the messengers and bearers of despatches there were pilgrims who learned and carried about a vast quantity of information; there were the merchants whose ships arrived every day from Antwerp and from Sluys; and there were the foreign ships which came to London Port from the Levant and the Mediterranean.

The messengers as they arrived at the Palace of Westminster carried their letters, not to the King, but to the Archbishop of Canterbury and to the Duke of Gloucester, the King's uncle.

As for what follows, it is related by Francis de

Winchelsea, scribe or clerk to the King's Council, the same who went always limp or halt by reason of a knee stiffened by kneeling at his work; for before the Council the clerk who writes what he is commanded must neither sit nor stand. He kneels on his left knee and writes on the other knee. Many things were secretly written by Francis which are kept in the Abbey hard by, not to see the light for many years—perhaps never—because things said and done in secret council must not be spread abroad, as the cleric Froissart spread abroad all he knew and could learn, to the injury of many reputations. Thus sayeth Francis :—

'On the morning of that day—the Induction of the Cross—it chanced that I was standing in the Cloisters of Saint Stephen, whither I often repaired for meditation. The King came forth, and with him one—I name him not—who was his companion and friend. They walked in the cloisters, I retiring to a far corner; they were deep in conversation, and they marked me not. They talked in whispers for half an hour. Then the King said aloud, "Have no fear: this day will I reward my friends."

'"Beau Sire," replied the other, "your friends have mostly lost their heads thus far. Yet to die as your Highness's friend should be reward enough."

'"Thou shalt not die. By St. Edward's bones—when it comes to dying—— But wait."

'Then I knew that something great was going to happen. And since whatever happens to Princes affects their subjects, I began to tremble. "This day," said the King. Now, there was not any Prince in the world more comely to look upon than King Richard. Since the time of David there had never been a Prince of more lovely aspect. He was then in early manhood: his chin and cheek were lightly fringed with down rather than with a beard; his face was long; his flowing hair was of a light brown; his eyes were large—I have noticed that the eyes of those who sit apart and dream are often large—yet could the King's eyes become suddenly and swiftly terrible to meet: never yet was English King who was not terrible in his wrath. His

nose was long and thin, his mouth was small and delicately shaped, his chin was not long, but round and firm ; his shoulders were sloping, his fingers were long. He loved, as no other great Lord ever loved, rich apparel : he commonly wore a doublet or jerkin of green embroidered with flowers, crowns, and the letters of his name. He was already twenty-three years of age, yet he took no part in the affairs of his own kingdom, which was managed by his uncles, the Dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester ; so that, if it be permitted thus to speak of a King, he was fast falling into contempt as a Roy Fainéant, one who would do nothing ; and there were whispers, even in the Palace, that a king who can do nothing must, soon or late, give place to one who can. Yet I marked that the King looked ever to his archers, of whom he had four thousand, and that he entertained them royally and kept them to their loyalty. Doubtless Richard remembered the fate of his great-grandfather, Edward the Second.

'At the hour of nine, mass said and breakfast despatched, the King's Council met in Marculf's Chamber. There were present the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Hereford, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Earl of Arundel. And I also was there, on my knee, pen in hand, ready to write.

'My Lords of the Council discoursed pleasantly of this and of that : they had no suspicion of what would happen. Nor had I guessed the King's purpose. Now learn what the Roy Fainéant did.

'While the Archbishop was speaking, without a word of warning the council door was suddenly flung open wide and the usher called out, "My Lords—the King!"

'Then Richard stood in the doorway : upon his head he wore a crown ; in his hand he carried his sceptre ; on his shoulders hung the mantle of ermine, borne below by two pages ; and through the door I saw a throng of armed men and heard the clink of steel. Then I understood what was about to happen.

'The Council rose and stood up. White were their cheeks and astonied were their faces.

'"Good my Lord," began the Duke of Glouces

'The King strode across the room and too seat upon the throne. Let no one say that Rich eyes were soft. This morning they were like the of a falcon; and the look which he cast upon his betrayed the hatred in his heart and foretold the re that he would take. Afterwards, when I heard c King's visit to Pleshy, I remembered that look.

'"Fair uncle," he said: "tell me how old am I

'"Your Highness," replied the Duke, "is nc your twenty-fourth year."

'"Say you so? Then, fair uncle, I am nov enough to manage mine own affairs."

'So saying, he took the Great Seal from the bishop, and the keys of the Exchequer from the B of Hereford; from the Duke of Gloucester he too office; he appointed new Judges; he created a Council.

'Look you,' said Francis of Winchelsea, 'how s are the counsels of the mighty! They keep designs secret because they cannot trust their cou The King made no sign when his uncles took the ma ment of the realm into their own hands; he was nc strong enough: he amused himself. They drove his favourites and beheaded them; the King still no sign: he amused himself. When the moment he sprang up and delivered his blow. 'Twas a g Prince. Alas! that he was not always strong. he compassed the death of the Duke of Gloucest one doubts; but then the Duke had compasse death of his friends. Twice in his life Richard strong: on that day and another; twice was he st

'That night there was high revelry in the Palace mummers and the minstrels and the music mad Court merry; and the dancing girls moved the h of the young men. And the King's Fool mad courtiers laugh when he jested about the Duke's ar ment and the Archbishop's discomfiture. And a me, plain Francis the scribe, I am inclined, seein miseries that have since fallen upon that most pui

Prince and upon this country, to humble myself and to acknowledge the mercy of Heaven in refusing me a higher place than this of scribe. The Kings succeed; the council changes; the axe and the block are always doing their work; but the scribe remains, and were it not for the stiffness of this right knee and a growing deafness, I should have but little cause for complaint.'

Here ends the manuscript of Francis de Winchelsea.

When the King's House was removed from Westminster to Whitehall the importance of the old Palace suffered little diminution. St. Stephen's was dissolved, but the chapel was not destroyed nor were the cloisters broken down. The Commons came across the road, leaving the Chapter House and exchanging one lovely building for another. They proceeded so to alter and to rebuild and add and subtract that by the time of the Fire there was not much left of the old St. Stephen's. The other buildings of the Palace were gradually modernised, so that in the end little was left of the old Palace except the nest of chambers that belonged in the first instance to Edward the Confessor, with the Hall of Rufus. As for this mediæval Palace with its narrow lanes, its close courts, its corridors and cloisters, its lancet windows, its tourelles, its carved work—all that was gone, never to be replaced. But a good deal of history, a great many events, had to take place on this site before the building of the present House of Parliament, which is the greatest change of all. I set out in these chapters with the desire not to repeat, more than was necessary, stories that have been told over and over again. It is not always possible to avoid this repetition, since things must be related if only to avoid a probable charge of ignorance. Some things can be avoided as belonging rather to the History of the Nation than the History of Westminster. Among such things are the rise and development of the House of Commons. Some things again may be avoided as having been told so often that no one is ignorant of them; such as the death of Henry IV. in the Jerusalem Chamber. In what follows, chiefly concerning the

Palace after its desertion by the King, there will be found some things well known to everybody, some things half known, some things not known at all.

In the Old Palace Yard, the open court belonging to the first Palace, many functions took place : tournaments, executions, trials by battle. At one of these tournaments, that of 1348, two Scottish knights, the Earl Douglas and Sir William Douglas, prisoners of war, acquitted themselves so valiantly that the King sent them home free. Of executions in Old Palace Yard there is recorded the hanging of a man for slaying another within the Palace ; his body, for an example, remained hanging for two days. Of trial by battle, many are recorded in Tothill Fields and elsewhere, and those of Old Palace Yard. One of these was held in the presence of King Edward III., between Thomas de la Marche and John de Visconti, to prove that the former had not been guilty of treachery against the King of Sicily. De la Marche unhorsed his opponent and struck him in the face as he fell. It is not stated what became of the wounded man.

On the south side of the Old Palace Yard were certain fish ponds or stew ponds which were kept stocked with eels and pike. On the east side Geoffrey Chaucer for a very short time—less than a year—occupied a house. It stood nigh to the White Rose tavern abutting on the old Lady Chapel. King Henry VII.'s Chapel now occupies the site. And there was a gateway or passage from the Abbey churchyard to Old Palace Yard over which was a house sacred to the memory of Ben Jonson who lived there.

In the south-east corner of Old Palace Yard stood the house which was hired by Percy, one of the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot, through which the barrels of powder were conveyed to the vaults. In Palace Yard four of the conspirators, Guy Fawkes, Thomas Winter, Ambrose Rokewood, and Robert Keyes, were executed. Fifteen years later, to the shame and dishonour of the English nation, Raleigh was brought to Old Palace Yard to die. The day chosen for his

execution was Lord Mayor's Day, so that the crowd should be drawn to the pageant rather than the execution. It is curious to read how Lady Raleigh attended at the execution and carried away the head in a bag. She kept it during the rest of her life, and after her death it was kept by her son Carew. The body lies buried in the Chancel of St. Margaret's.

The memory of these great mobs closes the history of Old Palace Yard. One of these was in 1641, when 6,000 citizens, armed with swords and clubs, seized on the entrance to the House of Lords and called for justice against Lord Strafford. The second in 1773, when the Sheriff and Aldermen and Common Council of London in a procession of two hundred carriages, attended by a huge mob, went to Westminster to petition against the Excise scheme of Sir Robert Walpole. The third is the mob that followed Lord George Gordon. On this occasion both Lords and Commons found it necessary to adjourn.

New Palace Yard has been the scene of many eventful episodes in history. Take, for instance, the history of the fight between the men of London and the men of Westminster. From this story may be learned the difficulty of controlling a mob, and that a London mob—and a mob fired with a sense of wrong—that kind of wrong that always fires an Englishman's blood—where the game is played against the rules. Sport of all kinds must be played by rule. Here were the men of Westminster fairly and honestly beaten. That they should seek to revenge themselves in so mean and treacherous a fashion—oh! it was intolerable! How would the men of Yorkshire be fired with rage if, after a football match, the conquerors should be treacherously assailed and murdered? Yet this is exactly what happened. Let Stow tell the tale.

On Saint Iames **day, the Citizens of** *London* **kept games of defence and wrestling, neere vnto the Hospital of** Matild, **where they got the**

maisterie of the menne of the Suburbes.
Baylife of *Westminster* deuising to be reuen
proclaymed a game to be at *Westminster* vp
Lammas daye, wherevnto the Citizens of *Lo*
repayred, and when they had played a while
Baylie with the men of the suburbs harn
themselues and fell to fighting, that the Citi
being foully wounded, were forced to runne
the Citie, where they rang the common Bel,
assembled the Citizens in gret number,
when the matter was declared, euery
wished to reuenge the fact. The Maior of
Citie being a wise man and a quiet, willed t
firste to moue the Abbot of *Westminster* of
matter, and if he wold promise to see amen
made, it were sufficient: but a certaine Cit
named Constantine Fitz Arnulfe, willed that
houses of the Abbot and Baylie should
pulled downe, whiche word being once spoken,
common people issued out of the Citie with
anye order, and fought a ciuil battaile: for C
stantine the firste pulled downe many hou
and ofttimes with a loude voyce cryed in pra
of the sayd Constantine, the iope of the mo
taine, the ioy of the mountaine, God helpe
the Lord Lodowike.

A fewe dayes after this tumult, the Ab
of *Westminster* came to *London* to Ph
Dawbney, one of the kings counsel, to compl
of the iniuries done to him, which the *Londo*
perceiuing, beset the house aboute, and to
by violence twelue of the Abbots horsses ab

cruelly beating of his men, &c. But whiles the foresayde Daubney, laboured to pacifie the vprore, the Abbot gotte out at a backe dore of the house, and so by a boate on the *Thamis* hardlye escaped, the Citizens throwing stones after him in great aboundāce. These things being thus done, Hubert de Burgo, Justiciar of *England*, with a great armye of men came to the Tower of *London*, and sent for the Maior and Aldermē, of whom he enquired for the principal aucthours of this faction. Then Constantine, who was constaunt in the sedition, was more constante in the aunsweare, affirming, that he had done it, and that he hadde done muche lesse than he ought to haue done. The Justiciar tooke him and two other with him, and in ỹ morning earely sent them to Falcatius by water, with a gret number of armed men, who brought Constantine to the gallowes, and when he sawe the rope about his necke, he offered for his life 15000. marks, but that would not saue him: so he was hanged with Constantine his nephew, & Galfride, that proclaymed his proclamation on the sixteenth of August.

Then the Justiciar entring the City with a great armye, caused to be apprehended as many as he coulde learne to be culpable, whose feet and hands he caused to be cut off, which crueltie caused many to flee the Citie.

The King toke of the Citizens 60 pledges, which he sēt to diuers Castelles: he deposed the Maior appointing a Gardien or keeper ouer

the Citie, and caused a greate gybet to be and after heauie threatnings, the Citizens reconciled, paying to the king manye thou markes.

The bawling for the Lord Lodowicke was foolish thing to do. It showed, first, that the Lor associated the men of Westminster with the Co showed also that the memory of Prince Louis of who had taken up his residence for a time in L still survived. But it was ill advised because it King against the citizens.

The pillory of New Palace Yard has held notable persons in its embrace: Perkin Warbe instance, who had to read his own confession same ceremony was performed in Cheapside 'with a curse and much wondering,' says Stow. pillory stood Alexander Leighton for a fanatica Here stood William Prynne for writing the 'Mastix.' Here stood Titus Oates, and here st printer of Wilkes's famous 'No. 45.'

New Palace Yard was formerly an enclose surrounded by buildings picturesquely grouped not think we have anything to show more pict than New Palace Yard in the fifteenth century. North side stood the Clock Tower, just where ment Street now begins. It was a very ha Clock Tower, erected against his will by Chief Ralph Hingham in the reign of Edward I. amerced in the sum of 800 marks for altering roll in favour of a poor man. His charity c dear. There was a warden of the Clochier, and t called Tom, was the heaviest in London. In t 1698 the Clock Tower was given to the Vestry Margaret's. They proceeded to pull it dow knows not why: the materials were sold for the bell for 385*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*: it weighed 82 cwt 21 lbs. The bell was recast and taken to St. Pa

On either side of the Clock Tower ran

belonging to the merchants of the Wool Staple, the market place of which was at the back of the houses: an archway opened into King Street at the north-west corner: the west side was occupied by houses, the gate into the Abbey and St. Margaret's: on the south side was Westminster Hall with the Courts of the Exchequer: on the east was the Star Chamber ending in what was called the Bridge, and a pier running out into the river. Under the Courts of the Exchequer were two prisons called 'Hell' and 'Purgatory'—there was also 'Heaven'—and all these places became taverns.

When one speaks of Westminster Hall it seems as if the whole of English history rolls through that ancient and venerable building. Historians have exhausted their eloquence in speaking of these grey old walls. What things have they not seen? The coronation banquets: the entertainments of kings: the proclamations: the solemn oaths: the State trials:—we cannot if we would keep out of Westminster Hall. It was once the High Court of Justice: three Judges sat here in different parts of the Hall, hearing as many cases.

The State trials may be left to Macaulay and the historians. I think that we are here most concerned in that curious trial of the 'prentices which followed 'Evil May Day,' 1517.

Everybody knows that the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft is so called because a tall May-pole, the highest in London, was laid along, under a pentise, the side of the church and a row of houses called Shaft Alley. Every May Day the pole was taken off its iron hooks and set up on the south side of the church in the street, being higher than the steeple itself. Now as to the connection of the steeple with Westminster Hall, it shall be told in the words of Maitland:—

'About two Years after this, an Accident happened, which occasioned the Epithet of *Evil* to be added to this Day of Rejoicing, and that Day was afterwards noted by the Name of *Evil May-Day*. In the ninth Year of the Reign of King *Henry* VIII. A great Heart-burning, and malicious Grudge, grew amongst the

Englishmen of the City of *London*, against Strangers; and namely, the Artificers found themselves much aggrieved, because such Number of Strangers were permitted to resort hither with their Wares, and to exercise Handicrafts, to the great Hindrance and Impoverishing of the King's Liege People: Which Malice grew to such a Point, that one *John Lincolne*, a Broker, busied himself so far in the Matter, that about *Palm-Sunday*, or the fifth of *April*, he came to one Dr. *Standish*, with these Words; "Sir, I understand that you shall preach at the *Spital* on *Monday* in *Easter* Week; and so it is, that *Englishmen*, both Merchants and others, are undone by Strangers, who have more Liberty in this Land, than they, which is against Reason, and also against the Commonweal of this Realm. I beseech you, therefore, to declare this in your Sermon, and in so doing you shall deserve great Thanks of my Lord-Mayor, and of all his Brethren." And herewith he offered unto the said Doctor a Bill containing the Matter more at large: But Doctor *Standish*, wisely considering, that there might more Inconvenience arise from it, than he would wish, if he should deal in such Sort, both refused the Bill, and told *Lincolne* plainly, that he meant not to meddle with any such Matter in his Sermon.

'Whereupon the said *Lincoln*, went unto one Dr. *Bell*, or *Bele*, a Canon of the aforesaid *Spital*, that was appointed likewise to preach upon *Tuesday* in Easter Week, at the same *Spital*, whom he persuaded to read his said Bill in his Pulpit. Which Bill contained (to effect) the Grievances that many found from Strangers, for taking the Livings away from Artificers and the Intercourse from Merchants, the Redress whereof must come from the Commons united together; for, as the Hurt touched all Men, so must all set to their helping Hands: Which Letter he read, or the chief Part thereof, comprehending much seditious Matter, and then began with this Sentence; *Cœlum Cœli Domino, Terram autem dedit Filiis Hominum*, i.e. *The Heavens to the Lord of Heaven, but the Earth he hath given to the children*

n : And upon this Text he shewed how this Land iven to *Englishmen*, and, as Birds defend their , so ought *Englishmen* to cherish and maintain elves, and to hurt and grieve Aliens for Respect ir Commonwealth : And on this Text, *Pugna pro* , i.e. *Fight for your Country*, he brought in, how od's Law) it was lawful to fight for their Country, thus he subtilly moved the People to oppose gers. By this Sermon, many a light-headed Person Courage, and spoke openly against them : And ance there had been divers ill Things of late done rangers, in and about the City of *London*, which d the People's Rancour the more furiously against

The twenty-eighth Day of *April*, divers young Men e City picked Quarrels with certain Strangers, as passed along the Streets : Some they smote and ed, and some they threw into the Channel ; for the Lord-Mayor sent some of the *Englishmen* ison, as *Stephen Studley*, Skinner, *Stevenson Betts*, thers.

Then suddenly rose a secret Rumour, and no Man tell how it began, that on *May-Day*, next follow- he City would slay all the Aliens, insomuch that Strangers fled out of the City.

This Rumour came to the Knowledge of the King's il ; whereupon the Lord Cardinal sent for the r, and other of the Council of the City, giving to understand what he had heard.

The Lord-Mayor, as one ignorant of the Matter, he Cardinal, that he doubted not so to govern ty, but that Peace should be obtained.

The Cardinal willed him so to do, and to take heed, if any riotous Attempt were intended, he should od Policy prevent it.

The Mayor coming from the Cardinal's House, four o'Clock in the Afternoon, on *May-Eve*, sent for rethren to the *Guildhall* ; yet was it almost seven k before the Assembly was set. Upon Conference f the Matter, some thought it necessary, that a

substantial Watch should be set of honest
which might withstand the Evil-Doers, if th
about any Misrule: Others were of contrary
as rather thinking it best, that every Man sl
commanded to shut up his Doors, and to
Servants within. Before eight o'Clock, the
was sent to the Cardinal with these Opinio
hearing the same, allowed the latter: And
Recorder, and Sir *Thomas More*, late Under-S
London, and of the King's Council, came ba
to the *Guildhall*, half an Hour before nine o'Cl
there shewed the Pleasure of the King's
whereupon every Alderman sent to his Ward,
Man, after nine o'Clock, should stir out of hi
but keep his Doors shut, and his Servants witl
nine o'Clock in the Morning.

'After this Command was given in the Ev
Sir *John Mundy*, Alderman, came from his
found two young Men in *Cheap*, playing at the
and a great many young Men looking on them
Command seemed to be scarcely published: He
them to leave off; and, because one of the
Why? he would have them sent to the *Comp*
the 'Prentices resisted the Alderman, taking t
Man from him, and cried, *'Prentices, 'Prentice
Clubs!* then out of every Door came Clubs, a
Weapons, so that the Alderman was put t
Then more People arose out of every Quar
forth came Serving-men, Watermen, Courti
others, so that by eleven o'Clock there were
six or seven hundred; and out of St. *Paul's*
yard came about three hundred. From a
they gathered together, and broke open the
took out the Prisoners committed thither by t
Mayor for hurting the Strangers; they went
Newgate, and took out *Studley* and *Betts*, cc
for the like Cause. The Mayor and Sheriffs were
and made Proclamation in the King's Name,
not obeyed.

'Being thus gathered in crowds, they ran

Nicholas's Shambles; and at St. *Martin's* Gate Sir *Thomas More*, and others, met them, desiring them to return to their Homes, which they had almost persuaded them to do; when some within St. *Martin's*, throwing Sticks and Stones, hurt several who were with Sir *Thomas More*, particularly one *Nicholas Dennis*, a Serjeant at Arms, who, being much wounded, cried out, *Down with them*; and then all the unruly Persons ran to the Doors and Windows of the Houses within St. *Martin's*, and spoiled all they found. After that they ran into *Cornhill*, and so on to a House East of *Leaden-hall*, called the *Green-Gate*, where dwelt one *Mewtas*, a *Picard*, or *Frenchman*, with whom dwelt several other *Frenchmen*. These they plundered; and, if they had found *Mewtas*, they would have struck off his Head.

'They ran to other Places, and broke open and plundered the Houses of Strangers, and continued thus till three o'Clock in the Morning, at which Time they began to withdraw; but by the Way they were taken by the Mayor and others, and sent to the *Tower*, *Newgate*, and the *Compters*, to the Number of three hundred.

'The Cardinal, being advertised of this by Sir *Thomas Parre*, sent him immediately to inform the King of it at *Richmond*; and he forthwith sent to learn what Condition the City was in. Sir *Roger Cholmeley*, Lieutenant of the Tower, during the Time of this Business, shot off certain Pieces of Ordnance against the City, but did no great Hurt. About five o'Clock in the Morning the Earls of *Shrewsbury* and *Surrey*, *Thomas Dockery*, Lord Prior of St. *Johns*, *George Nevil*, Lord *Abergavenny*, and others, came to *London*, with what Forces they could get together; so did the Inns of Court: But, before they came, the Business was all over.

'Then were the Prisoners examined, and the Sermon of Doctor *Bell* called in Question, and he sent to the *Tower*. A Commission of *Oyer* and *Terminer* was directed to the Duke of *Norfolk*, and other Lords, for the Punishment of this Insurrection. The second of *May*, the Commissioners, with the Lord-Mayor, Aldermen,

and Justices, went to *Guildhall*, where many of the Offenders were indicted ; whereupon they were arraigned, and pleaded *Not Guilty*, having one Day given them, 'till the fourth of *May*.

'On which Day, the Lord-Mayor, the Duke of *Norfolk*, the Earl of *Surrey*, and others, came to sit in the *Guildhall*. The Duke of *Norfolk* entered the City with one thousand three hundred Men, and the Prisoners were brought thro' the Streets tied with Ropes ; some Men, some Lads but of thirteen or fourteen Years old, to the Number of two hundred seventy-eight Persons. That Day *John Lincolne*, and divers others were indicted ; and the next Day thirteen were adjudged to be drawn, hanged and quartered ; for Execution whereof ten Pair of Gallows were set up in divers Places of the City, as at *Aldgate*, *Blanchapleton*, *Grass-Street*, *Leadenhall*, before each of the *Compters*, at *Newgate*, St. *Martin's*, at *Aldersgate*, and *Bishopsgate* : And these Gallows were set upon Wheels to be removed from Street to Street, and from Door to Door, as the Prisoners were to be executed.'

'On the seventh of *May*, *Lincolne*, *Sherwin*, and the two Brothers, named *Betts*, with several of their Confederates, were found guilty, and received Sentence as the former ; when, within a short Time after, they were drawn upon Hurdles to the Standard in Cheapside ; where *Lincolne* was first executed ; but, as the rest were about to be turned off, a Reprieve came from the King to stay the Execution ; upon which the People shouted, crying, *God save the King* ; and thereupon the Prisoners were carried back to Prison, there to attend the King's farther Pleasure.

'After this, all the Armed Men, which before had kept Watch in the City, were withdrawn ; which gave the Citizens Hope that the King's Displeasure towards them was not so great as themselves conceived : Whereupon, on the eleventh of *May*, the King residing at his Manor of *Greenwich*, the Mayor, Recorder, and divers Aldermen, went in Mourning Gowns to wait upon him ; and having Admittance to the *Privy-Chamber* Door, after they had attended there for some Time, the King,

attended with several of his Nobles, came forth; whereupon they falling upon their Knees, the Recorder in the Name of the rest spake as followeth:

'"Most Natural, Benign, and our Sovereign Lord, We well know that your Grace is highly displeased with us of your City of *London*, for the great Riot done and committed there; wherefore we assure your Grace, that none of us, nor no honest Person, were condescending to that Enormity; yet we, our Wives and Children, every Hour lament that your Favour should be taken from us; and forasmuch as light and idle Persons were the Doers of the same, we most humbly beseech your Grace to have Mercy on us for our Negligence, and Compassion on the Offenders for their Offences and Trespasses."

'To which the King replied; "Truly you have highly displeased and offended us, and therefore you ought to wail and be sorry for the same; and whereas you say that *you the substantial Citizens were not consenting to what happened*, it appeareth to the contrary; for you never moved to let them, nor stirred to fight with those whom you say were so small a Number of light Persons; wherefore we must think, and you cannot deny, but that you did wink at the Matter: Therefore at this Time we will neither grant you our Favour nor Goodwill, nor to the Offenders Mercy; but resort to our Lord *Chancellor*, and he shall make you an Answer, and declare to you our Pleasure."

'At this Speech of the King's, the Citizens departed very sorrowful; but, having Notice that the King intended to be at his Palace of *Westminster* on the twenty-second of *May*, they resolved to repair thither, which they did accordingly, though not without the Appointment of Cardinal *Wolsey*, who was then Lord *Chancellor*; when as a Cloth of Estate being placed at the upper End of *Westminster-Hall*, the King took his Place, and after him the Cardinal, the Dukes of *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*, the Earls of *Wiltshire*, *Surry*, *Shrewsbury*, and *Essex*, with several others; the Lord-Mayor, Recorder, and Aldermen, together with many of the

Commons, attending in their Liveries; when, about nin o'Clock, Order was given for the bringing forth th Prisoners, which was accordingly done; so that in the came in their Shirts, bound together with Ropes, an Halters about their Necks, to the Number of fou hundred Men, and eleven Women, one after another which Sight so moved several of the Nobility, tha they became earnest Intercessors to the King for the Pardon.

'When Silence was made, and they were all com into the King's Presence, the Cardinal sharply rebuke the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty, for the negligence; and then, addressing his Speech to th Prisoners, he told them, That for their Offences agains the Laws of the Realm, and against his Majesty' Crown and Dignity, they had deserved Death: Where upon they all set up a piteous Cry, saying, *Mercy Gracious Lord, Mercy*; which so moved the King, that at the earnest Intreaty of the Lords, he pronounce them pardoned; upon which giving a great Shout they threw up their Halters towards the Roof of th Hall, crying, *God save the King*. When this news wa bruited abroad, several that had been in the Insurrection and had escaped, came in upon their own accords wit Ropes about their Necks, and received the Benefit o the King's Pardon; after which the Cardinal gav them several good Exhortations tending to Loyalt and Obedience; and so dismissed them, to their no sma Joy; and within a while after the Gallowses that wer set in the several Parts of the City, were taken down which so far pleased the Citizens, that they expresse infinite Thanks to the King for his Clemency.

'This Company was called the *Black Waggon*; an the Day whereon this Riot and Insurrection happened bears the Name of *Evil May*-Day to these our presen Times. And thus have you heard how the Citizen escaped the King's Displeasure, and were again receive into Favour; though, as it is thought, not withou paying a considerable Sum of Money to the Cardina

to stand their Friend, for at that Time he was in such Power, that he did all with the King.

'These great *Mayings* and *May-Games*, with the triumphant Setting-up the great Shaft, a principal May-pole in *Leadenhall-Street* before the Parish Church of St. *Andrew*, thence called *Undershaft*, were not so commonly used after this Insurrection on *May-Day*, 1517, as before.'

The story must be finished, though this part of it does not belong to Westminster, by showing the end of the shaft.

After the Evil May Day it was never raised again. This proves the growing dread, in the minds of the officials, of the mob when they came together. The after history of London is full of this dread, which experience fully justifies. The famous May-pole hung upon its hooks from the year 1517 to the year 1549, the third of Edward VI. There flourished at that time a certain person named Sir Stephen, a curate of St. Katharine Cree, a fanatic of the most abominable kind. He wanted to turn the Reformation into a Revolution: all the ancient ways were to be abandoned or turned upside down: he wanted the names of the churches to be altered: the names of the days in the week to be altered—'Saturday' is sheer pagan, and so is Friday, for we all know who Freya was: he wanted fishdays to be any days except Friday and Saturday: and Lent to be observed at any time of year except the time between Shrove Tuesday and Easter Sunday. 'I have often,' says Stow, 'seen this man forsaking the pulpit of his said parish church, preach out of a high elm tree in the midst of the churchyard, and then entering the church, forsaking the altar, to have sung his high mass in English upon a tomb of the dead towards the north.' Now on one occasion Sir Stephen preached at Paul's Cross, and he told the people that by naming the church St. Andrew Undershaft they made an idol of a May-pole. 'I heard his sermon,' says Stow, 'and I saw the effect that followed: for in the afternoon of

that present Sunday, the neighbours and tenants to the said bridge over whose doors the said shaft then leaned, after they had well dined, to make themselves strong, gathered more help and with great labour rending the shaft from the hooks, whereon it had rested two and thirty years, they sawed it in pieces, every man taking for his share so much as had lain over his door and stall, the length of his house: and they of the alley divided among them so much as had lain over their alley gate. Thus was this idol, as he, poor man, termed it, mangled and after burned.'

Many great and memorable events took place in the Hall, apart from the grand functions of State, or beside them. For instance, here began the massacre of the Jews at the coronation of Richard I. Here, in the same reign, the Archbishop and the Lords sat to pronounce sentence upon William Longbeard, who came with thousands of followers, so that they dared not pronounce sentence upon him. Here they brought the prisoners of Lincoln, a hundred and two Jews charged with crucifying a child, Hugh of Lincoln. That must have been a strange sight, this company of aliens who could never blend with the people among whom they lived: different in face, different in ideas, different in religion. They are dragged into the Hall, roped together: the prospect of death is before them: they are accused of a crime which they would not dare to commit, even at the very worst time of oppression; even when the wrongs and injustices and hatred of the people had driven them well-nigh mad. At the end of the Hall sit their judges: the men-at-arms are at their side to let none escape: the Hall is filled with people eager for their blood: the witnesses are called: they have heard this said and that said: it is all hearsay: there is nothing but hearsay: and at the close eighteen of them are sentenced to be hanged, and the rest are driven back to prison, lucky if, after many years, they live to receive the King's release.

Stalls and shops for books, ribbons, and other things, were set up along the sides of the Hall; and it

was always a great place for lawyers. Lydgate says, speaking of the Hall :—

> Within this Hall, neither riche nor yet poore,
> Wolde do for aught, althogh I sholde dye :
> Which seeing I gat me out of the doore,
> Where Flemynge on me began for to cry,
> Master, what will you require or by ?
> Fyne felt hatts or spectacles to rede,
> Lay down your sylver and here you may spede.

And so enough of Westminster Hall and the History of England.

CHAPTER III

THE ABBEY—I

I LEAVE to courtly hands, to ecclesiastics of rank, to those who understand the pomp and dignity of history, the Abbey Church, with its royal memories and national associations. It is for Deans to dwell at length upon this stately shrine of England's story. Those whose place is duly assigned and reserved for them at Coronations, Functions and Funerals in this Church—those whose office brings them into personal relations with Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses, those who belong to the Palace as much as to the Abbey—are the fittest persons to write on the events and episodes belonging to the Church, and to enumerate the chapels, altars, tombs and monuments within its walls. Again, there is the building itself : this has been described over and over again by architects and the students of architecture ; stone by stone the structure has been examined ; hardly one that has not been assigned to its builder and its date : we have been taught all that remains of Edward the Confessor ; all that Henry III. began and his son continued ; what Richard II. raised ; what is due to Henry VII., and what to Wren. We may leave aside, for the most part, the ceremonies of state, Coronations, Weddings, Funerals, the monuments,

and the architecture. Are they not written in t
of the Dean ? Some of us, when we read of the
Functions, fall into the reflection that in tha
as in this, the place of the scholar, the poet or th
teller would have been outside among the cro
man of letters would have been distinguished
expectation had he been invited to stand somew
back in the nave,—if he had secured a point of
near the North Porch, or anywhere in the Abbey
where he could stand and see the Procession swe
the Procession of Heralds, Trumpets, Knights and
and rich Lords, Bishops, and Mitred Abbots, Purs
and more Trumpets, splendid banners and c
and shields borne by Nobles, Esquires and the
Vallets : lastly, their Highnesses the King and th
themselves. If he should happily stand near the
he would hear the rolling of the organ and th
of those who sing. When the soldiers rushed
the church at William's crowning to hack a
down the people in suspicion of a tumult, the p
among them and was glad to escape with a
head ; when King Richard's men-at-arms sl
Jews, the poet who was then outside amon
thought himself happy that he was not mista
one of those unfortunates ; the poet was s
outside the Abbey Church—in a very good plac
when with Pageant, songs and flowers, the whol
turned out to welcome Good Queen Bess. A
Coronation before and since that festival he has
part of the outside throng. When the Rejoici
the Thanksgiving for the happy closing of Fift
were solemnly celebrated, in 1887, the poets
men of letters occupied their old, old place :
the kerb. All that was really noble and gr
worthy of honour in the nation was invited wit
walls. For literature was left, according to imm
custom, the usual struggle for a place upon th
The proper place for the man of letters in this
has always been, and is still, the kerb.

Here let us stand, then, happy at least in

the discourse of the people. When the Procession has been reformed and has swept past us again, we will betake ourselves to coffee-house or tavern, there to talk about it, while the great folk—the Quality—sit down to their banquet in Westminster Hall. If we take from Westminster Abbey its Kings and Princes, its Abbots, its Coronations, its Funerals, what remains? Exactly that which remains when you have taken out of history the Kings, Barons and great Lords. There remain the people—in this case the monks, with the servants of the Abbey. If we consider the daily life of one monk, we shall understand pretty well the daily life of all; and we shall presently realise that our old friend Barnaby Googe is not an authority to be altogether trusted; that the monks of Thorney were not all gross sensualists, wallowing in their animalism; and that on the other hand most of them were not, and in the nature of things could not be, followers of the austere and saintly life, great scholars or great divines. The unremembered life of Hugh de Steyninge, in Religion Brother Ambrosius, sometime monk in this Benedictine House, may be chosen to illustrate the Rule, as it was practised in the fifteenth century, just before the Dissolution.

Hugh de Steyninge was the younger son of a knightly house; the family originally, as the name shows, held lands in Steyninge, east of Chichester; at the time of his father's death—he was killed fighting for the Red Rose at Tewkesbury—there was still a small estate in Sussex, to which the eldest son succeeded; the second son was sent to London, where he was articled to Sir Ralph Jocelyne, Draper, Lord Mayor in the year 1476. (This son afterwards rose to be Sheriff, and would have been Mayor, but that he died of the sweating sickness.) A third son went abroad and entered the service of the Duke of Tuscany. What became of him is not known. Hugh, the youngest, for whom there seemed nothing but the poor lot of becoming bailiff or steward to his brother, was so fortunate as to receive admission to the most wealthy Monastery in the kingdom. He was thus assured of an easy life, with the chance of

rising, should he show ability, to a position of very co siderable dignity and authority.

It was now extremely difficult to enter one of t richer Abbeys; a lad of humble origin had no chance admission. Sometimes Founders' or Benefactors' k possessed the right of nomination: sometimes admissi was bought by money or the gift of land: sometim it was obtained by the private interest of some gr man.

At this time, however,—about the year 1472,—t monastic life, owing to many causes, had lost some its attractions. First, there was coming on a long a exhausting civil war, in which many noble houses w doomed to destruction, and the flower of English you had to perish. Men had become too valuable to shut up in a cloister. Again, the spread of Lolla opinions made all classes of people question the adva tages of the monastic life. Thirdly, the wars h greatly damaged the value of the monastic property, that an Abbey no longer supported so many monks formerly. Thus the number of monks decrea steadily: at Westminster there had been eighty: bef the Dissolution this number sank below thirty; Canterbury a hundred and fifty became fifty-four; Gloucester a hundred went down to thirty-six. P bably those who remained had no desire to return the former and longer roll, which would involve diminution in the splendour of their establishme We must remember that the external splendour of Abbey, which does not necessarily involve luxury a gluttony, was a thing always greatly regarded by Brethren: it magnified the Order; it glorified the ligious life. Even the most ascetic desired a splen service, rich robes, vessels of gold and silver, gorge tapers, a fine organ, a well-trained choir of glori voices, troops of servants, and stately buildings. that this remarkable diminution of numbers may h been due, in some measure, to the increase of this k of luxury.

However, there is no doubt that when little H

eyninge was admitted to the Abbey of St. Peter
louse was at its highest point of splendour. It
he richest of all the English Houses: its manors
artly recovered from the losses caused by the
wars; the Abbot was greater than any bishop;
ed in a palace; he entertained kings: the Brethren
surrounded by lay brothers and servants; the early
rities of the Rule had long been relaxed; the
ngs of the Abbey, Church, Cloisters, Chapter
e were more stately than those of any other
e; the situation, close to the Palace and within
reach of the Port and Markets of London, was
desirable. Nobody asked the boy if he would
o be a monk; nobody in those days ever con-
l boys on such subjects; the child was told that
uld be a monk, and he obeyed.

ney offered little Hugh in the Church as a Novice.
they cut his long curls round, offering the hair
e Abbey—an act which symbolised something, but
w not what—only a Brother learned in the Rule
interpret all the symbols in the ritual; he was
carrying in his hand the host and chalice, pre-
d to the priest at the altar. The parents, or their
sentatives, then wrapped the boy's hands in the
f the altar, and read a written promise that they
l not induce him to leave the Monastery or the
. After this the Abbot consecrated a hood for
oy and laid it upon him. He was then taken
shaved after the fashion of the Order, robed and
ght back, when he was received with prayers.
done, he was a Novice, and was supposed to
g to the House for life, provided he entered upon
ows in due course.

took many years to make a perfect monk. The
under which Hugh was now brought up were
voluminous than those of the Talmudic Law.
hours of silence, sitting with eyes downcast,
being left alone, allowed to play only once a day;
erformance of every action, even to the lifting of
o to the lips, to be done according to the Rule

the separation of the boys from each other,—all the minute regulations, all these vexatious and petty precautions, learned after frequent floggings, and fully observed only after the habit of long years, gradually transformed the boy from possible manhood to certain monkhood. Gradually the old free look vanished; he became silent, timid, obedient. The House was all the world; the things of the House were the only things of importance in the whole world. He was not cruelly treated; on the contrary, he was most kindly treated, well fed, well clothed, well cared for. He quickly understood, as children do, that these things, so irksome at first, were necessary; that all the elders, even the Abbot and the Prior, had gone through the same discipline. All the time the boy's education in other things besides the Rule was going on. He was taught a great deal,—grammar, for instance, logic, Latin, philosophy, writing and illuminating, music, singing, the history of the Order. The Benedictines always rejoiced in a liberal education. The schoolhouse was the west cloister. Here, the arches being glazed, desks were placed one behind the other, and the boys sat in this single file, with their books before them. There were rules of silence, rules of talking French only, rules how to sit, how to carry the hands, rules here and rules there, regulations everywhere. If they had been enforced, imbecility must have followed. As Hugh did not become imbecile, the regulations were certainly interpreted in a kindly spirit. The Brethren, for instance, except the teachers, were not allowed to converse with the boys; but we may be very certain that they did converse with them, and that they were kind to them, because St. Benedict could never wish to drive out of human nature that best part of it which prompts man to be tender towards the young. What happened to Hugh was that he acquired, little by little, the habit of living according to Rule, that by continual iteration he gradually learned the whole of the Litany and Psalms, and that he obtained, before he became a full monk, some knowledge of the various branches

learning in which he had been grounded at his desk in the west cloister.

I pass over the ceremony of Profession. To give it in detail would take up too much space; to quote extracts might convey a false impression. Let it suffice that nothing was wanting to make the ceremony the most solemn occasion possible. It is true that children were brought to the Abbey quite young and without regard to vocation: but might not the practice be defended on the grounds (1) that nothing, from the mediæval point of view, could be better for a man than the Benedictine Rule, so that every one, even though he might yearn for the outer world, ought to be grateful for this seclusion; and (2) that by the long years of preparation and education the calling to Religion, which ought to be in every mind, was cultivated and developed? And really, when we consider how many of our own clergy are in the same way set apart from youth, without question as to their vocation, we need not throw stones at the mediæval Benedictines.

Hugh, therefore, at the age of eighteen made his profession and became Brother Ambrosius, a Junior in the House. His was the duty of reading the Gospel and the Epistle; he carried a taper in processions; he read the martyrology in the Chapter. And he now entered upon the daily round, which was to continue until the end of his life or till old age demanded indulgence.

It consisted mainly of services. They began at 2 in the morning with Matins. These finished, the choir went back to bed; the rest remained to sing Lauds for the dead. They then went to bed again until daybreak or 5 in the morning, when they rose for Prime; at 9 a.m. there was Tierce; at 11 a.m. there was Sext; Nones were held at 2 p.m., and Vespers at 6 p.m. The day's services ended with Complines. There were thus eight stated services, requiring certainly as much as eight hours out of the twenty-four. They went to bed at 8 p.m., getting six hours of sleep before Matins and

two or three after Lauds. This accounts for
hours. Then there was the daily gathering
Chapter House, taking perhaps one hour. This
only seven hours for meals, rest, and work.
told that a Benedictine House was to be self-supp
as far as possible; everything wanted by the Br
was to be made in the place, if possible; every B
was to be working when he was not in the Chu
the Refectory, or in the Dormitory. We kno
there have been many learned works produc
Benedictines. Not, as I understand it, that le
or art or handicraft was ordered by the Founde
as a means of keeping the hands of the Brethr
of mischief. Dean Stanley wonders mildly why,
long history of Westminster Abbey, there was fo
scholar in the Brotherhood, and there was produ
learned work. One would rather be surprised
good work had been produced; nor can we
believe that good work could be produced b
wearied by seventeen hours of services and cerem

The situation of St. Peter's exposed the y
Brethren to temptations from which the monks
retired spots as Glastonbury, Tintern, or Fo
were happily free. These temptations assail
young Brother Ambrosius with great violence
the earlier years of his profession. It was, inde
account of these temptations that he was mor
once, in the Chapter House, flogged in the pres
the whole fraternity. Eight years of drill ar
cipline, although they made him a monk, had
in him the possibility of becoming a man.

Consider the dangers of the situation for a
man. On the other side of the wall which form
eastern boundary of the Abbey was the Pala
court and camp of the King, a place filled with
racketing, even uproarious life. There were
without the Palace precincts where the noise of

[1] The rules, it is true, were relaxed in the case of scholars
upon any learned work, and there must have been some such
at Westminster.

ased. There was the clashing of weapons; re the profane oaths of the soldiers; there was of trumpets; there were the pipe and tabor instrels and the jesters; the monks in their which should have been so quiet, could never e clamour of the barrack. The world, in fact, ys with these good monks: they could not ; invisible, but audible, the temptations of the e flesh, and the devil were continually pre- them through the medium of ears unwilling, rained to hear. Only a low wall between a action and the world of prayer; between a hing headlong down the flowery path, gathering h both hands, committing sins all day long, of repentance, and a world of Rule, where holy brethren had to step heedfully along the alk prescribed by the wisdom or the inspira- Benedict.

e cloisters the Brother Ambrosius sat before , eyes down-dropped. What did he read on inated page? I know not; what he heard— lled his heart with yearnings indescribable— ound of pipe and tabor, the merry squeak of d the jangled bells of tambourine; was the g trolled out by soldier; and—ah, Heaven! verything that the natural man longs for the singing, like the voice of a bird for silver —it sank into the soul, and blurred the page alter, and made him giddy—the singing to the f the mandoline—the singing of girls. All that worldly life, the life of those who feasted and ng, made love, and died on the battlefield, dlong—there was no doubt whither—might all day long in the cloister of the Abbey. Did man ever leap to his feet, tear off hood, gown, and rush out of the Abbey gate (that which King Street), and so into the outer life, there in the transitory joys of this sinful world? are no chronicles of the House left to tell if ntable lapse ever happened. So, on the other

side, did the chanting of the monks, the organ, awaken no thought of repentanc soldiers ? We know not ; for, again, no vive of the men who followed the King a of Court. In the course of time even tions ceased to assail the young monk. brosius became like his brethren ; he chanted the Psalms and the responses ; was in Refectory ; he sat in the cloisters the small talk of the day ; he went to indulgence permitted ; as for scholarshi turn for it. His whole life was worked to formula and by repetition. Just as goes forth every day with his spade for digging without a murmur or any disc Brother Ambrosius every morning rise a the many hours spent in the services of t were his work. And for the ordinary more than average intellect, it was quite for the day.

Brother Ambrosius was never advanc of honour or dignity in the House. A ce perhaps a certain dulness produced by acting on a mind of only ordinary int vented his advance. But he presently be learned in the minor points of the Rule, b stickler for forms. He knew everythir time and manner of changing clothes, pu taking knife in hand, lifting the cup to the hands in the Chapter, and other imp He knew them all : he watched his Br sisted on observance ; he was so jealous f that the Sub-Prior once rebuked him, s Rule must be obeyed indeed, but that too much of his brother's obedience in s apt to forget his own obedience in great t

Perhaps this Brother at one time ma tained ambitions. There were many off in the House. Might not he, too, aspire t would not wish to be an Abbot, and espe

bbot ? Besides ruling the House and the Brethren, e mitred Abbot had the rank of a peer : he rode road, hawk in hand, his mule equipped with cloth of ld, followed by a retinue of a hundred persons ; he eated knights ; he could coin money ; he received the ildren of noble families among his pages ; he ad- inistered enormous estates. Or, if he could not be bbot, he might be Prior. The privileges and duties id powers of the Prior are bewildering to read : to first after the Abbot ; to sit in a certain stall ; to put his hood before the others,—in the cloister as well s out, precedence was the chief thing sought. Or there as the office of Sub-Prior, who sat among the monks t meat, said grace, saw that every one behaved pro- erly, and, at five o'clock in the evening, shut up the louse.

There were next the offices of administration. The mportance of the Altarer could not be denied. He ad the care of refectory, kitchen, and cellar. The nterest naturally taken in the proper administration of itchen and cellar caused the officer exemption from at ast half the daily services. There was the Precentor *antor*), a functionary who knew the exact order of verything in church, refectory, cloister, and dormitory. le was the Director of Ceremonies : so complicated were he rules, so exact and minute were the prescribed eremonies, robes, and gestures, that no one except ose who had been brought up from childhood in the ouse could hope to learn or to remember them all. here were, besides, the Kitchener, who ordered and ranged the food, and looked after the sick in the firmary ; the Seneschal, who was a kind of bailiff id held the courts ; the Bursar, who received the nts and paid the bills and the wages ; the Sacrist, ho had charge of the Church plate and vestments id candles, and, with the sub-Sacrist, slept in the urch ; the Almoner, who did a great deal more than dminister alms, for he provided the mats and the shes for the cloister, chapter house, and dormitory, e distributed broken victuals to the poor, and he was

to seek out cases deserving of help and relief in
town or nearest villages—*e.g.*, St. Thomas's Hosp
was originally the almonry of Bermondsey Abbey,
it was in the town of Southwark that the Almo
sought for deserving cases. Next, there was the Ma
of the Novices. There were other offices; but t
were chiefly held by lay brothers and by servants
whom in Westminster Abbey there were some
hundred, following every conceivable trade that
wanted for the maintenance of the Abbey.[1]

Brother Ambrosius held no office, and presently
whatever ambitions he might have had. But the
which seems to us so monotonous, was to him fu
variety. There was always something to expect,
as children are always looking forward to holidays
a birthday, to a change. For instance, here are s
of the incidents which saved him from falling
lethargy. On certain days the Brethren shaved
other in the cloister. On an appointed day, two
before Christmas, the whole Brotherhood bathed.
Christmas Day there were rules about combing the
At the same season they celebrated the Office of
Shepherds, acted by boys for the angels and the Bret
for the shepherds. They also enacted a Feast of A
for which there was to be prepared a furnace mad
cotton and linen ready to be fired; there was a
cession of prophets, including Balaam on his ass,
angel represented by one of the boys. This dr
finished with the appearance of Nebuchadnezzar
an idol: three youths were called upon to worship
idol; they refused and were instantly thrown upon
lighted furnace, and as instantly taken out again
supposed miracle. At this juncture the Sibyl appea
but her reason for joining in the drama is not appa

At this season there was also the Liberty of

[1] Here are some of the lesser offices. Infirmarer, Porter, F
tioner, Hospitaller, Chamberlain, Keeper of the Granary, Mas
the Common House, Orcharder, Operarius, Registrar, Auditor, S
tary, Butler, Keeper of Baskets, Keeper of the Larder, Baker, Br
Carpenter, Carver, Sculptor, Bookbinder, Copyist, Conveyancer,

nber, with its Feast of Fools, the Abbot of Fools, burlesque services, the bawling, drinking, and mis-e permitted at that season.

On the Epiphany they performed another miracle-y called the Office of the Three Kings. Another ast of Asses represented the Flight into Egypt. On rove Tuesday there was feasting. At Easter there s a succession of offices, plays, shows, and proces-ns. At Whitsuntide the Descent of the Holy Spirit s represented by the flight of a white pigeon.

This multiplication of rules, this attention to trifles, se childish diversions, prove, if any proof were nted, the deadly dulness of the monastic life, unless was lit up by spiritual fervour. The ordinary mind not dwell continually upon things spiritual, yet it st be occupied with something; therefore, when the nks were not engaged in services or in the Refectory, hough they were ordered to work at some bodily or ellectual pursuit, most of them occupied themselves h trifles; they amused themselves with childish ws; they admonished and corrected each other with ish discipline. We need not ask why Westminster duced no great scholars: it was not the real business the Abbey to produce scholars, but to sanctify the of the monk, and to sing so many services a day the good of the Brethren first and of those outside rwards. Now comes the question—how much of Rule was obeyed in the latter days, just before Dissolution? The discipline varied from House to use. It is very certain that the Carthusian Rule strictly observed at the Charter House, and that Benedictine Rule was observed with laxity at the ory of the Holy Trinity. Chaucer's jolly monk has ses in the stable; he can go abroad as he pleases; is not dressed as a monk. Again, there is one of stories concerning Long Meg of Westminster which ns to show that the monks went about in the taverns side the Abbey. Yet the holding of certain offices e permission to go outside the Abbey. There is ry kind of evidence to prove that luxury and pride

and laziness had become a common charge against monks long before the Dissolution. Was there a v or a hand raised in London or Westminster to save Houses ? Why, had there been even a small minc in London by whom the Houses were respected, H had not dared to touch them. He beheaded those opposed his will. True, the great nobles he behea but not the crowd, who, had they cared for the Ho could have defended them against all the power o King. But the scanty memoir of Hugh de Steyni which has been collected painfully from various sou does not enable me to state with any exactness far the Rule was still observed.

There exists no portrait of this, or any other, Bro He lived in the Abbey, whose walls he never left ti died, full of years, and with the reputation of ha been a good monk. He was buried in the cem close to St. Margaret's Church with his brethren thousand years : of them, and of their works, the r and the memory have long since perished. Alth no portrait remains of Hugh, in Religion Bro Ambrosius, we can discern his face after the mann the photographer who produces a type by superposi There are thirty generations of Westminster m passing in procession before us. Here and there perceives the keen eye and the aquiline nose of administrator. Such a brother will become A in due course. One observes here and there the fa a scholar : such a brother is moody and irritable cannot even after forty years reconcile himself to wearisome iteration of services. Here and there observes an ascetic, thin, pale, fiery-eyed ; here there the face of a saint—the kind of face which may see on the marble tomb of Westminster's grea and noblest Dean. The rest are like our friend H de Steyninge : they are dull and heavy-eyed ; their f express the narrowness of their lives ; they are alert, like other men ; they have no craft or guile in t eyes ; in worldly things they are ignorant ; you l only to look at them to discover this. But Hugl

teyninge never became a hypocrite, nor was he ever sensualist ; at the worst he was a man checked in his rowth, stunted in mind, ignorant, incapable of the ner emotions because he was thus stunted, an imperfect ıan because he was cut off from the things which made ne real man in the Palace Yard beyond the wall : viz., ne dangers and perils and chances of life ; the struggle or life ; the natural affections ; the madness of battle, ictory or defeat. What compensation could there be or a life so stunted ? Alas ! poor Hugh ! One of his rothers, I believe, was killed in battle, and another as hanged for alleged conspiracy ; he was quite safe ll his life, his eternal future even was assured. And et—yet . . . Besides, there are sins in the cloister as ell as without. No man, even among the Trappists, an escape from himself, from the wanderings of his houghts, from his instincts and his heredities. He has uried the half of himself—is it the nobler part ? For he other half, besetting devils still contend.

Some of us can remember how under the old system t Cambridge the Senior Fellows remained in College ll their lives, their interests centred in the Society, ining in hall every day, sitting over the College port n Combination Room every day. Few among the eniors, as one remembers them, were any longer apable of intellectual work ; they had never had ny ambitions ; they played bowls in the garden ; they valked every day the customary round ; they were in Orders ; they were regular at chapel, and they led lecorous lives ; when they grew very old they fell into he hands of their bedmaker. Of other women they new little. Such as were these aged dons, so were, believe, the monks of Westminster—dull and respect- ble, decorous, obedient to so much of the Rule as hey could not escape, and stupid and ignorant—since hey had been locked up within those walls from child- ood. Just as those old dons had long since lost any nthusiasm for learning which might once have possessed hem, so our friend Hugh de Steyninge, plodding through he monotonous days, with the iteration of the same

services till he knew every line by heart, had long to connect their words with any meaning.

There is one exception to the general ch worldliness and luxury. It is an officer—ra resident—of the Abbey concerning whom his are mostly silent. Of him alone it can be said was most certainly neither luxurious nor sensua hypocrite. This man was the Solitary, the H the Anchorite or Ankret, of the Abbey.

The Ankret must not be confused with the I who was another variety of the Recluse. The chose his own place of residence: sometimes it cave, sometimes a hollow tree, sometimes a cel near a bridge, sometimes a wood; he was a himself; he owed obedience to no one; all he do was to impress the people with the belief t was a real hermit in order to live by their c The Ankret, on the other hand, was set apa consecrated by a solemn service; there was ge one at least attached to every great religious there was an Ankret or an Ankress belonging to parish churches. On the other hand, no chur allowed the distinction of a Recluse without the permission of the Bishop. Thus in 1361 the granted permission to the parish church of W to maintain two Ankresses in the churchyard two women as their servants, on an endowment pr by Henry, Duke of Lancaster. These two An were apparently immured in their cells, the atte bringing them their food. In many cases the A slept in the church, which she swept and kept This office might appear desirable for many woman, and probably such an Ankress was wanting. But to be actually immured; to sit rest of life in a narrow cell with a narrow grat light and air; without fire or candle; alone t the day and night, in good or bad weather, v hearing a voice or speaking with any one; unw uncombed, in rags and cold and misery—this never come to be regarded as a trade or call

which to make one's livelihood. Of the Ankret's sincerity we can scarcely entertain a doubt.

The following extracts from an unpublished chronicle by a nameless Brother may illustrate the Service of Consecration of an Ankret. The date appears to have been about the beginning of the reign of Henry IV. It will be observed that the practice of whispering or singing news, gossip and scandal instead of the appointed Psalms was practised at Westminster.

'After the singing of Mattins, on the morning of St. Thomas' or Mumping Day, when the Brethren began the Lauds for the Dead, it was whispered abroad that the Abbey Ankret was dead at last. Brother Innocent, my neighbour on the right, sang the news in my ear when we turned to the Altar for the *Gloria*: "Dead is our holy Ankret; he is dead; he died at midnight; the Abbot confessed him; he is dead." I for my part in like manner transmitted the news to Brother Franciscus. In this manner, though by our Rule it is a sin, do we lighten the labour of chanting and keep off the sleep which is sometimes ready to fall upon us.

'We knew that his time had come: he had reached the extremity of age allowed to man—even, it was said, his hundredth year. For sixty years he had been immured. Those who conversed with him—but of late his discourse was wild—saw through an iron grating a long, bent figure, with white hair and white beard reaching to his waist. His face was like the face of some corpse which had escaped corruption—so thin, so white, so sunken it was; but for the gleaming of his eyes one would have thought him the figure of Death as he is painted in the cloister of Paul's. He was reckoned a very holy person; the Brothers were justly proud of having an Ankret of such reputation for saintliness. Formerly, it was said, he would recount engagements with Devils, such as those which happened to St. Dunstan, our Founder, when he was a Recluse at Glastonbury, or those which happened to St. Anthony; but of late, the Devils being routed, he was left to his meditations, and his discourse consisted of pious

ejaculations, some of which have been written down b the Cancellarius; and for the last year or two, his so being rapt, his voice spoke only words uncertain. Kin Richard himself, that noble benefactor of the Hous thought it not beneath his dignity to take counsel wi the Ankret before he went forth to stay the rebellio I know not what the holy man told the young kin but all men know how the leader was killed and t rebels were scattered. Like the renowned Moth Julian of Norwich, our Ankret brought honour a offerings to the House.

'Now he was dead. After daybreak, when we m in the Common Room, the air in the Cloisters bei eager and cold, we whispered each other, "How sh we bury him? With what honours? Will he work miracle? Shall the House obtain at length a sa for itself? If so, those of St. Albans and those of t Holy Trinity of London will not hold up their hea beside us. And who—if any—who will succeed him And at this question we hung our heads and dropp our eyes, and murmured, "Nay, if one were worth but these vows are too much for me." Yet there m be found some one, because an Abbey without Ankret is like a ship without a rudder. We Mon pray for the world; the Ankret prays for the Mon Unless we know that all night long the Ankret in his c is praying for the House and ourselves, who can sle upon his bed?

'The anxiety was speedily set at rest; for it beca known that one of the Brotherhood—a most unus circumstance—the Sub-Prior—Heavens! nothing l than the Sub-Prior, who might reasonably expect to Prior, and even Abbot!—had humbly offered hims to the Abbot for this living sacrifice. Yet, when considered the matter, it seemed neither wonderful r unexpected. The Sub-Prior—Humphrey of Lambhyt —was always a silent man and zealous in his duti As one of the monitors he had been thought too zealo and many a Brother could show upon his back t marks of the zeal which had placed him on the culpr

bench in Chapter. The Sub-Prior! Perhaps he would be more free to carry on his austerities in the Ankret's cell: he cared nothing for the Refectory, and his drink was only water. Heaven would doubtless reward him, and perhaps would grant to the Brothers of lower saintliness a milder Sub-Prior. In this life compassion and indulgence are more desirable than the strict investigation of every little sin.

'That night the Sub-Prior spent alone in the Abbey Church, after confessing to the Abbot and receiving absolution from him. In the morning we set him apart and consecrated him according to the Order prescribed. And the manner of his consecration was as follows:

'The Sub-Prior, being a priest, was taken into the choir, where he prostrated himself with bare feet. The Abbot and three of the Brethren who were priests having taken their places, the Cantor began the service with the Responsory, "*Beati in melius*," after which the Abbot and assistants before the altar sang with the choir certain Psalms fourteen in number. After the Psalms followed a Litany, the choir singing after each clause, "*Ora pro eo.*" The Litany finished, the Abbot advanced towards the prostrate brother bearing a crucifix, a thurible, and holy water, and, standing over him, he thrice sprinkled him with water, censed him, and prayed over him. The Abbot then raised the candidate with his own hands, and gave him two lighted tapers, at the same time admonishing him to remain steadfast in the love of God. Then the candidate, standing, listened to the Deacon, who read first from the Prophet Isaiah, next the Gospel according to Saint Luke, as on the Festival of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary. After this the new garments which he was to put on were blessed. The candidate then took the vows, which were three only, and those the same as the vows at profession—viz., of chastity, of obedience, and of steadfastness.

'The candidate next kneeled at the altar, and, kissing it three times, repeated each time the words "*Suscipe me, Domine*," etc., the choir responding. This done, he offered the two tapers at the Altar, and

again kneeled while the Abbot removed his
frock and clothed him with the garments newl
Then followed a service of prayer. It was
Creator, with the *Pater noster* and "*Et ne no*
Abbot then, standing on the north side of t
preached to the Brethren and to the con
assembled, commending the new Recluse
prayers. The candidate then himself sang the
the Holy Ghost.

'We had now completed that part of th
cration which takes place in the church. Th
then took the new Recluse by the hand, and
down the nave of the church, followed by the
all the Brethren unto the little door leading
West Cloister. The church was filled with peo
the sight. A new Recluse is not seen every day
were the *domicellæ*, the maidens of the Queen, c
the Palace; there were knights and pages, a
men-at-arms; there were Sanctuary men, wo
children; men with hawks upon their wrists; r
dogs; merchants from the wool staple; girls o
looks from the streets and taverns beyond t
The hawks jangled their bells, the dogs bar
women chattered, the men talked loudly, the gir
at the Brothers as they passed, and whispe
laughed; and I heard one Brother say to anot
this was a thing which would make the S
return to the Monastery an he saw it. And
craned their necks to see the man who was goi
shut up in a narrow cell for the rest of his days.

'The Ankret's cell is on the south side of t
mary Cloister. It is built of stone, being tw
long, eight feet broad, and with an arched ro
ten feet high. On the side of the church there is
opening by which the occupant can hear mass
see the Elevation in the Chapel of St. Catheri
the other side is a grating by which he can re
food and converse with the world. But it is
up for him to see out of it; therefore he has no
look upon but the walls of his cell. This mor

ide had been broken down in order to remove the of the dead man and to cleanse the cell for the omer. So, while we gathered round in a circle and eople stood behind us, the Abbot entered the cell, ensed it, and sprinkled it with holy water, singing Psalms and more prayers. When he came forth Recluse himself entered, saying aloud: "*Hæc es mea in seculum seculi.*" The choir sang another i. Then the Abbot sprinkled dust upon the head e Recluse with the words beginning "*De terra asti.*"

This done, the *Operarius cum suis operariis* replaced tones and built up the wall anew. And then, ig another Psalm, we all went back to the cloister, ig the Sub-Prior to begin his lifelong imprisonment. ne bench for bed; his frock for blanket; a crucifix, o other furniture. In the cold nights that followed, in my bed in dormitory, I often bethought myself e former Sub-Prior alone in his dark cell, with s whispering temptation through the grating— s always assail every new Recluse—well-nigh n, praying with trembling lips and chattering teeth. am not worthy. Such things are too high for me. But the new Sub-Prior proved to possess a heart f compassion, and the House had rest for many years me.'

OTE ('*in another hand*'). This Recluse, formerly phrey of Lambhythe, surpassed in sanctity even redecessor. It was to him that Henry V. repaired the death of his father, as is thus recorded by nas of Elmham: 'The day of the funeral having spent in weeping and lamentation, when the es of night had fallen upon the face of the earth, earful Prince, taking advantage of the darkness, tly repaired to the Recluse of Westminster, a man rfect life, and unfolding to him the secret of his e life, being washed in the bath of true penitence, ved against the poison of his sins the antidote of ution. Thus, having put off the cloak of iniquity, turned decently garbed in the mantle of virtue.'

CHAPTER IV

THE ABBEY—II

THE Abbey must not, however, be dismissed with
some reference to its history. There is a history o
buildings and there is a history of its people.
architectural history of the Abbey has been writte
many volumes. Briefly, there was a monastery wit
church here as early as the eighth century: this
destroyed by the Danes: then a new House with
church was founded and the House was rebuilt on a s
of great magnificence by Edward the Confessor. N
Henry III. resolved to honour Edward the Confe
by pulling down his church and rebuilding it entir
This he accomplished as far as the crossing of
transepts and the nave. The great feature of the
church was now the Shrine of the Confessor, ra
high above the floor of the church by an artificial mo
of earth brought from the Holy Land. St. Pe
to whom Edward had dedicated the church, was
supplanted by St. Edward. The nave was contin
by Edward I., who built five bays, according to Gil
Scott. The chantry of Henry V., Henry VII.'s Cha
and the completion of the western towers by Wren o
his pupil Hawksmoor, have been added since the w
of King Edward.

As for the domestic buildings of the Abbey, th
are still fragments remaining of the Confessor's wo
But the buildings were in great part rebuilt by Ab
Litlington towards the end of the fourteenth centu
The Cloisters, the Jerusalem Chamber, the Chap
House, the Abbot's dining hall, still remain; wh
the Cloisters, the Refectory, the Infirmary cloisters
fragments of the Chapel of St. Catherine also sh
in ruin, more or less complete, the beauty of his wo
The history of a monastery apart from its architect
must be meagre. The more meagre it is, the m
likely, one feels, is it that the House has sustained

pristine zeal. To the Benedictine of the ancient rule, behind his walls, cut off from the outer world, there were no events : he was buried : the world did not exist for him : the small events of the Abbey, the death of one Abbot and the election of another : an unexpected legacy : the building of another chapel : the addition of new carved stalls to the Abbey church : what else was there to chronicle ?

At Westminster the monks were noted for their scriptorium. The work of copying and illuminating was one which flourished in religious Houses first because it was work which required the attention and care of men who were not bound by any consideration of time—whether a missal was completed in a year or in ten years mattered nothing : the only point worthy of consideration was the excellence of the work : next, it was just the kind of delicate artistic work, conventional in its drawing and in its colouring, which a monk of artistic tastes would like. What else did the Westminster monks do ? They taught their novices : they received the sons of noblemen as scholars and wards : they administered their very large estates : they governed the rabble of Sanctuary : they carried on a tradition of learning, but they produced no scholars : and they took part in every national and Royal Function held in the Abbey church. I think it may be conceded that, except in one deplorable case, there were few scandals attached to the Abbey of St. Peter's, Westminster. The stories connected with the poet Skelton point to a certain laxity as regards going outside the House and drinking in the Westminster taverns. Indeed, it is plain that the monks were frequently seen in the streets and in public places. But we hear little of the monks, and this fact must be placed to their credit.

Twice is the silence broken. On one occasion some prophet announced that a high tide was coming up the Thames, which would overflow the Abbey buildings and drown the monks. Then the Abbot with all the brethren betook himself to a small House at Kilburn, the Priory of St. John the Baptist, where they took shelter until

the tide was past and the prophet was covered with confusion.

The second case is that of Richard Podelicote, which deserves a longer notice.

This case occurred in the year 1303. It is certainly one of the most astonishing and daring attempts in history—only equalled by Col. Blood's attempt nearly four hundred years later. It was the Robbery of the Royal Treasury. The King's Treasure consisted of the Saxon Regalia; the jewelled crowns, swords, cups of state, and precious vessels acquired by the Norman and Plantagenet kings: and of such moneys as the King had accumulated or set apart for special purposes, or acquired by ordinary means from year to year. The Treasury was the ancient Norman Chapel of the Pyx i.e. Chapel of the Box which contained the things required for the assay and examination of new coins. In 1303 the chapel contained a far larger amount of specie than was usual. This money was lying there, ready for the use of the King in his Scottish campaign. It amounted to one hundred thousand pounds, an enormous sum, equivalent to something like a million or more of our own money.

The robbery apparently began with a raid upon the Refectory, and was not at first intended to go any farther. The robber was one Richard de Podelicote described as a merchant of some kind formerly trading in the Low Countries. We must, of course, be careful not to suppose that a so-called 'merchant' was necessarily a person with the dignity and authority of Whittington. Richard de Podelicote was probably an unsuccessful trader in foreign wares: not a craftsman but a retailer, else he would have been so described. Richard who said in his confession that he had lost the sum of *14l. 17s.* in a law-suit, was a broken man, desperate and cunning: he observed that the small gate in the wall which led from the Palace to the Abbey (at the door now by Poet's Corner) was unwatched and neglected. At this time the King himself with a great army was on his way to Scotland: the Palace was therefore deserted

All the grooms, armourers, blacksmiths, pages, and men-at-arms were with the King. A crowd of servants followed with such gear as was wanted for the cooking carrying provisions, wine and all kinds of things. There were left in the Palace only the Queen and her people, the canons, vicars, singing men, and boys of St. Stephen's; the women and the children; and some of the servants. The courts of the Palace were therefore quiet and deserted: the strictness of the rules about closing and opening gates: and about watching those who entered or went out, was relaxed. This private way from the Palace to the Abbey was hardly ever used: perhaps it was well-nigh forgotten. The thief, therefore, would have no difficulty whatever, pretending to be a workman, sent perhaps to repair the roof, in introducing by this postern a ladder into the Abbey precinct. Or indeed he might have entered boldly by any of the remaining four gates into the Abbey.

At night all the gates, except this, being locked and made fast, and all the monks, even the two guardians of the church, being asleep, the thief was perfectly safe. No one could see him. He set his ladder against one of the Chapter House windows, and so, opening a window and tying a rope round the stonework, he easily let himself down into the Chapter House and so into the Cloisters. There is mention of some kind of night-watch: there was such a watch in the church: the Sacristan is said to have been responsible for a night-watch in the Abbey: there was perhaps an irregular patrol: perhaps the Sacristan, whose guilt in what afterwards occurred is but too apparent, was already an accomplice. However that might be, there were no watchmen out on the night when Richard de Podelicote stood in the silent Cloisters and glanced hurriedly around before he forced open the lock of the Refectory door and proceeded to the job in hand. This was to fill his bag with silver cups from the aumbries or cupboards in the Refectory. Nobody disturbed him: he retreated as he had entered: he climbed up his rope: he replaced his ladder along the wall as if it had been left there by a

workman : and he passed through the postern into Palace itself. To find a place for rest and concealm in that deserted nest of houses, chambers, and offi was not difficult : to carry out his bag in the mornin his bag full of silver cups—was also easy. Perhaps happened later, the custodian of the gate was an acc plice in this job as well.

The next chapter in the story is more difficult understand. To rob the King's treasury was a more serious job than to rob the Refectory. For Treasury was a chamber with stone walls of great thi ness, cemented firmly, only to be dislodged by b taken away piecemeal with infinite labour : and to ca out whole sacks and hampers full of treasure was possible for one man unaided. There must be conf rates. There must certainly have been confeder within and without the Abbey : monks who would as in averting suspicion : people who would buy up plunder.

The story has been related by two writers from s documents as remain—one of these is Mr. Joseph Bu late Assistant Keeper of the Public Records, who c tributed a paper on the subject to Gilbert Sco 'Gleanings from Westminster Abbey,' and the othe Mr. Henry Harrod, F.S.A., in a paper printed in forty-fourth volume of 'Archæologia.' The differe between the two accounts are very slight.

Mr. Harrod, however, endeavours to prove that King's Treasury was not the Chapel of the Pyx but Crypt of the Chapter House. I cannot think tha has made out his case. It is true that the Crypt strong and massive structure perfectly well ada for such a purpose : but the tradition which attache the chapel ; the strong iron door : the provision a the keys : the nature of the things actually stored t after the regalia was removed : seem to me quite cle to prove that this place and not the Crypt was Royal Treasury.

In considering the method of the robbery it mak very great difference whether the Treasury was in

or the other place. Look at any plan of the Abbey. If the Treasury was in the Chapter House, the robber might if the postern were closed work all day at the back of this house. No one ever came into the cemetery which is now Henry VII.'s Chapel. If the Treasury was in the Chapel of the Pyx, he would have to work by night only in the passage frequented every day by the monks and leading from the Chapter House to the Cloisters.

In any case, the whole world knew the position of the King's Treasury. In the reign of Edward I., just as now, there was the massive and ponderous iron door, closely locked, which could not be broken open in a single night by a dozen men. The Abbot and the Prior were the official guardians of the Treasury: they kept the keys. A key was also kept by the Master of the King's Wardrobe.

Matthew of Westminster is deeply indignant at the suspicion that any of the monks were concerned in the robbery. But he is careful not to tell the story, which is suspicious to the highest degree. Meantime, it is perfectly certain that no one unaided could effect this work without its being discovered while incomplete. Dean Stanley (p. 369) says that Richard 'concerted with friends, partly within, partly without the Precincts.' He refers to Matthew of Westminster under the year 1303. Unfortunately, Matthew makes no reference whatever to any accomplices: he merely says 'Edward had his Treasury plundered by a single robber.' And this bald statement he repeats immediately afterwards.

The undeniable facts in the case are these—

1. At the end of April 1303, the King's Treasury at Westminster Abbey was broken open and a great quantity of treasure was stolen.

2. On June 6th, the King being then at Linlithgow, heard of the robbery and very naturally fell into a wrath more than royal. He despatched writ after writ, ordering the most searching investigation.

3. An investigation was made. In consequence of this all the monks of Westminster and forty other persons were taken to the Tower and kept there.

4. On the day of Annunciation 1306 the monks released.

The evidence, so far as it has been preserved, s how the robbery was planned and carried out.

First there is the confession of Podelicote himse

'He was a travelling merchant for wool, cheese, butter, and was arrested in Flanders for the K debts in Bruges, and there were taken from him 14*l.* for which he sued in the King's Court at Westmi at the beginning of August in the thirty-first year, then he saw the condition of the Refectory of the Ab and saw the servants bringing in and out silver and spoons, and mazers. So he thought how he n obtain some of those goods, as he was so poor on acc of his loss in Flanders, and so he spied about al parts of the Abbey. And on the day when the left the place for Barnes, on the following night, a had spied out, he found a ladder at a house which near the gate of the Palace towards the Abbey, and that ladder to a window of the Chapter House, whi opened and closed by a cord; and he entered by cord, and thence he went to the door of the Refec and found it closed with a lock, and he opened it his knife and entered, and there he found six s hanaps in an aumbry behind the door, and more thirty silver spoons in another aumbry, and the n hanaps under a bench near together: and he ca them all away, and closed the door after him wit shutting the lock. And having spent the proceed Christmas he thought how he could rob the K Treasury. And as he knew the ways of the Abbey where the Treasury was, and how he could get t he began to set about the robbery eight days b Christmas with the tools which he provided for it, two "tarrers," great and small knives and other "engines" of iron, and so was about the breaking during the night hours of eight days before Christm the quinzain of Easter, when he first had entry o night of a Wednesday, the eve of St. Mark (April and all the day of St. Mark he stayed in there

arranged what he would carry away, which he did the night after, and the night after that, and the remainder he carried away with him out of the gate behind the church of St. Margaret, and put it at the foot of the wall beyond the gate, covering it with earth, and there were there pitchers, cups with feet and covers. And also he put a great pitcher with stones and a cup in a certain tomb. Besides he put three pouches full of jewels and vessels, of which one was "hanaps" entire and in pieces. In another a great crucifix and jewels, a case of silver with gold spoons. In the third "hanaps," nine dishes and saucers, and an image of our Lady in silver-gilt, and two little pitchers of silver. Besides he took to the ditch by the mews a pot and a cup of silver. Also he took with him spoons, saucers, spice dishes of silver, a cup, rings, brooches, stones, crowns, girdles, and other jewels which were afterwards found with him. And he says that what he took out of the Treasury he took at once out of the gate near St. Margaret's Church, and left nothing behind within it.'

It will be observed that he takes the whole blame to himself and names no confederates. Was this loyalty to his friends? If so, it was loyalty of a very unusual kind. Another man, John de Rippingall, however, who also confessed, states that there were present two monks, two foresters, two knights, and about eight others.

The evidence of conspiracy was very strong. First, as regards the monks. Podelicote himself says that the work took him four months. Was there no help from within to keep this work secret? Consider: the robber was cutting through a massive stone wall: he would have to remove the stones one by one at night and replace them when he ceased at daybreak. But this kind of work cannot be done without making a considerable amount of mess. Now, the Sacrist and his officers had charge of the church and the close, and they were charged to watch 'in the cemetery.' By the cemetery is meant, I suppose, the ground lying between

the East end of the Abbey and the wall, now covered by Henry VII.'s Chapel.

Stanley, without any discoverable authority, call the cloister-garth the cemetery. During that time o four months the Sacrist's watch never once discovere this workman. I do not suppose a nightly patrol, bu any kind of watch means some kind of irregular visi here and there.

The work would involve the removal of those stone which were underground. In order to effect this th flags must be taken up every night if the passage wa paved: if it was not, the difficulty of opening an closing the cavity for working in was very greatly in creased. It seems to me, in fact, impossible that th thing could have been managed at all without con federates in the Abbey itself.

There were other reasons for suspecting the Sacrist He brought one day, before the discovery, a silver-gil cup to the Abbot: he found it, he said, outside St Margaret's Church. It was debated whether the Abbo could rightly keep the cup thus found within the pre cincts. Where did the Sacrist get that cup? Did h give it up in fear of having it discovered in his posses sion? William the Palmer, Keeper of the Palace deposed that he had seen a very unusual coming an going of the Sacrist, the Sub-Prior, and other monks carrying things—What things? Some of the thing were taken away in two great hampers by a boat fro King's Bridge, the river stairs of the Palace. Anothe monk, John de Lynton, was proved to have sown th ground in the cloister with hempseed in the winter, s that when the hemp grew up there might be a con venient and unsuspected place to hide their plunde One John Albas deposed that he was employed to mak certain tools for the use of the robbers: and tha Alexander de Pershore the monk threatened to ki him if he revealed the design: it was he who had see the said Alexander and other monks taking two larg panniers into a boat at the King's Bridge. John d Ramage, another confederate, went in and out of th

bbey a good deal at this time : he suddenly bought orses and arms and splendid attire. Where did the oney come from ? The robbers were also assisted by illiam de Paleys, who had charge of the Palace gate. e it was who passed the burglars in and let them out. nder his bed were found the richly jewelled case of ie holy Cross of Neath, with other valuable things elonging to the Treasury.

They stole the King's money, a great quantity of old and silver cups (some of these they broke up), nd many rings, jewels, and other precious things. They ad the sense to understand that the King's crown nd the greater jewels would be of no use at all to them : herefore they left these things behind : but they took ie money and they took the things they could melt own and sell for silver or for gold. A good deal was old in London, the purchasers not caring to inquire ow this valuable stuff was obtained. Some of the wels were sold by Podelicote in Northampton and olchester. This worthy was actually found to be in ossession of 2,000*l.* worth of property stolen from the reasury.

Such is the story. It does not state in what manner he fact of the robbery was discovered. It took place t the end of April or the beginning of May. The King eard of it in June. It is stated, however, by Burtt hat it was not till the 20th of June that the Master of he Wardrobe, John de Drokenesford, came with the Keeper of the Tower, the Justices, the Lord Mayor, nd the Prior of Westminster, and opened the doors of he Treasury, when he found ' the chests and coffers roken open and many goods carried away.' But the obbery was known before that date.—How ? We can- ot learn.

Many of the criminals were caught in actual possession of the spoil. Among these were Podelicote, William le Paleys, and John de Ramage. The history of this onderful case is unfortunately incomplete. The fate f the ringleaders is unknown and the particulars of heir trial have not been preserved. It is, however,

quite certain that they were all hanged, m
with the pleasing additions to hanging w
longed the ceremony and gave it greater in
In Rishanger there is a brief note on the subje
speaking of the robbery. ' Propter quod multi
et quidam insontes forte—suspensi.' All th
forty of them, were sent to the Tower : ano
pany of forty persons, not monks, were sen
well. The monks were liberated after t
imprisonment : what became of the rest I kno

The following letter from the King, enj
Justices to make speed with the trial, is inte
only because it gives the names of the monks-

Rex dilectis et fidelibus suis Rogero
Willielmo Bereford, Rogero de Higham, Ra
Sandwico et Waltero de Gloucestriâ, salutem.

Cum Walterus Abbas Westmonastriensis,

Frater	Alexander de Pershore	Frater	Johannes d
„	Rogerus de Bures	„	Willielmus
„	Radulfus de Merton		
„	Thomas de Dene	„	Robertus d
„	Adam de Warefield	„	Petrus de l
„	Johannes de Butterle	„	Henricus P
„	Johannes de Nottele	„	Henricus d
„	Robertus de Cherring	„	Philippus d
„	Johannes de Salop	„	Guido de A
„	Thomas de Lichfield	„	Willielmus
„	Simon de Henle		
„	Walterus de Arthesden	„	Thomas de
„	William de Charve	„	Willielmus
„	Robertus de Bures	„	Johannes d
„	Ricardus de Sudbury	„	Robertus V
„	Henricus atte Ry	„	Raymundu
„	Adam de Lilham		
„	Johannes de London	„	Ricardus d
„	Johannes de Wyttinge	„	Ricardus d
„	Robertus de Middleton	„	Henricus T
„	Ricardus de Cullworth	„	Henricus d
„	Rogerus de Aldenham	„	Johannes d

Commonachi ejusdem domus ;

de St. Egidio	Radulphus de Dutton
s de Presthope	Radulphus de Humenden
s de Ethelford	Johannes de Sudbury
s de Wenlok	Ricardus Burle
e Wenlock	Joceus de Cornubiâ
e Skynnere	Galfridus de Kantiâ
s Sharpe	Johannes de Oxoniâ
s Smart	Ricardus del Ewe
s de St. Albano	Johannes de Bralyn
s de Linton	Johannes de Bramfleg
s de Lalham	Robertus le Porter
s le Ken	Rogerus le Orfeuvre
s de Weston	Robertus le Bolthad
s de Bruger	Maritius Morel
de Dinglebrigge	Godinus de Lernhote
s del Coler	

ractione Thesaurariæ nostræ apud Westmonas- nuper furtive factâ et Thesauro ibidem ad n C. M. librarum capto et asportato indictati et asione in prisonâ nostrâ Turris nostræ London , asseruerunt se inde falso et malitiose indictatos et nobis attente supplicaverunt quod veritatem quiri et eis justitiam exhiberi faciamus. Assig- s vos justiciarios ad inquirendum per sacra- n tum militum quum aliorum &c. . . . de tibus Middlesex et Surrey per quos &c. super prædicto plenam veritatem et ad negotium diendum et terminandum &c., &c.

names suggest a few observations. First, the with one or two exceptions all come from country or from small country towns—one is from ld ; one from London. How are we to interpret t ? Surely by the very simple explanation that nade a member of this rich and dignified founda- as a provision for a younger son. The wars off some of the sons—elder as well as younger : service of the King or of some great Lord some employment and preferment : some were appren- n the great companies of London and perhaps of , York, and Norwich : some were put into the teries as children, and remained there all their

lives. With three exceptions, all the surnames ar territorial. The three—Payn, Vil, and Temple—ma have belonged to gentlehood, but I know not. A bo received as a novice was assured at least of a tranqui life, free from care. We are not to suppose that thes rich endowments were given to boys taken from th plough. I say that the names in this list go to prov the fact that the monasteries were filled with th children of gentlefolk. For, granting that a rustic would also be called by the name of his village, how wa a plain country lad from Pershore, Merton, Warefield Henley, Sudbury, Rye, to get himself recommended an accepted by the Abbot of Westminster?

The other names—those of the persons indicted wh were not monks—also illustrate the change and growth in the surname. There are thirty-one names—twenty one are places of birth: four signify trade: six ar names which I do not understand.

One more episode in the life of the Abbey—an episode which startled the Brotherhood in a way lon remembered. There was a Spanish prisoner in th hands of his captors, two English knights named Shackle and Hawke. The prisoner was allowed to g home in order to collect his ransom, leaving his so behind in his place. But the ransom was not sent. Then John of Gaunt, who pretended to the crown o Castile, demanded the release of the young Spaniard. This the two knights refused: they intended to secur their ransom: and according to the existing rules of th game as it was then played, they were quite right. John of Gaunt, without troubling himself about th legality of the thing, imprisoned them both in the Tower: but he could not find the young Spaniard. The knights escaped and took sanctuary at Westminster. Hither they were pursued by Alan Bloxhall, Constable of the Tower, and Sir Ralph Ferrers, with fifty armed men. It was on the 4th of August, in the forenoon, during the celebration of High Mass, that the two fugitives ran headlong into the church followed by their pursuers. Even in the rudest times such a thing

as was then done would have been regarded as monstrous and horrible. For the knights and their servants ran round and round the choir, followed by the men of the Tower, and the words of the Gospel—they were at the Gospel of the day—were drowned by the clash of nailed heels and of weapons, by the shouts and yells of the murderers and the groans of the victims. Hawke fell dead in front of the Prior's stall : one of the monks was killed, no doubt trying to stop the men : and one of Hawke's servants. Then the Constable recalled his men and they all went back to the Tower, feeling, we may imagine, rather apprehensive of the consequences. And the Spanish prisoner was not caught after all. Now, this young Spaniard seems to have been the soul of honour : for he was with the knights all the time, disguised as one of the servants : it seems as if he might have given himself up at any moment.

Naturally, the Abbot and the monks set up an outcry that was heard over all Christendom. Was the like wickedness ever heard ? Not only to break sanctuary but to commit murder—a triple murder—in the Church itself and at the celebration of High Mass ! The Abbey Church was closed for four months : Parliament—which then met in the Chapter House—was suspended : the case was brought before the King : the two chief assailants were excommunicated : and they had to pay 200*l.* to the Abbey—a fine of about 3,000*l.* of our money. Meantime, Shackle compromised the matter of the Spanish prisoner : he gave him up, but received a sum of 500 marks down and an annuity of 100 marks.

Another breaking of sanctuary took place at the time of Wat Tyler's rebellion, when the unfortunate Marshal of the Marshalsea was dragged from the Confessor's shrine and murdered. But the rebels being dispersed and their leaders hanged there was nothing more said.

Such events as these from time to time broke the monotony of the monastic life. A coronation : a Royal wedding : a great funeral : the flight of a Queen—Elizabeth Woodville—or a Duchess—as the Duchess of Gloucester—to sanctuary : the death of a King—

Henry IV. in the Abbey : these things gave the Brethren something to think about, something to quicken the slow march of Time.

There were, and are, however, other residents of the Abbey besides the monks : there are all the dead Kings and Queens and Princes : all the dead nobles and the dead ignobles : the dead men of letters and the arts who lie buried in this Campo Santo, the most sacred spot in all the Empire.

> Mortality, behold and fear!
> What a change of flesh is here!
> Think how many royal bones
> Sleep within these heaps of stones.

The verger will show us the Royal tombs and the Royal waxworks, with the shrine of the Confessor, the armour of Henry V. and all the treasures that lie behind those iron gates. We can see for ourselves the monuments of the great unknown and the great illustrious who are buried in this cemetery. We can read in the historians of the Abbey about the tombs and the statues, the sculptors and the architects, the occupants and their royal achievements.

Let us turn to the men of Letters and of Art. Here lies Chaucer : buried in the church in the year 1400, not because he was a great poet, but because he was one of the Royal household. The monument was erected in the reign of Edward VI. Next to him lies Spenser who died in King Street close by. All the poets were present at his funeral : elegies written by them for the occasion were thrown into the grave with the pens that wrote them. The Countess of Dorset erected the monument. Then come Drayton, Ben Jonson, Sir William Davenant, Abraham Cowley, John Dryden—whose monument was raised by Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham :

> This Sheffield raised : the sacred dust below
> Was Dryden s once :—the rest who does not know?

But the lines were altered, and Pope's proposed epitaph did not appear. John Milton's bust was put up in

1737: his ashes lie in St. Giles's, Cripplegate. Here are that remarkable pair Aphra Behn and Tom Brown. Here is Mrs. Steele, Dick Steele's first wife, and here lies Addison, the writer who is perhaps more loved than any other in our whole literary history. They knew how to honour so great a scholar and an essayist in the year 1719. His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber. They buried him in the dead of night—funerals in the eighteenth century were often held at midnight, when the darkness and the gleaming torches added to the impressiveness of the ceremony. Bishop Atterbury met the corpse; the choir sang a hymn, and the procession was conducted by torchlight round the Royal Tombs into Henry VII.'s Chapel. Tickell has written upon the scene:

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave?
How silent did his old companions tread
By midnight lamps the mansions of the dead;
Through breaking statues, these unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
The pealing organ and the pausing choir:
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate pay'd:
And the last words that dust to dust conveyed!

Matthew Prior and Gay followed Addison. Pope was buried at Twickenham: Gray at Stoke Pogis: Goldsmith in the Temple. Samuel Johnson lies in the Abbey—Sheridan, Cumberland, and Macpherson are buried here. And here of moderns are Macaulay, Lord Lytton, Dickens, and Tennyson. Of actors and actresses Anne Oldfield, Anna Bracegirdle, Betterton, Garrick, and John Henderson are buried here. Of musicians Purcell, John Blow, William Croft, Charles Burney, Sterndale Bennett, and Handel are buried here. Of painters there are none. This is a very remarkable omission. How did it happen? Presumably because the successive Deans and Canons have had no taste for art.

The list includes a goodly company. Whenever a great man dies, the Dean should remove a monument—one of the unknown—to make room for the new-comer: in that way the Abbey would become more and more the Holy Field of the British Empire.

One thing more before we leave the Abbey. We read of the mediæval churches, especially such churches as old St. Paul's, the Grey Friars, and Austin Friars, how they were filled from end to end with tombs of princes and noble ladies, carved and precious, with alabaster and marble: how between and among the greater tombs were the tombs of the lesser folk—but all of them, nobles and ladies and knights—the common sort lay outside—insomuch that the church was filled with their monuments. If we go into Westminster Abbey, alone of existing churches, we can understand this wealth of sepulchral monuments formerly so common.

What says Addison?

'When I am in a serious humour I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey. When the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building and the conditions of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy or rather thoughtfulness that is not disagreeable. . . . When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me: when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out: when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion: when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side; or the holy men who divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind.'

CHAPTER V

THE ABBEY—III

THE history of the successive Coronations performed in Westminster Abbey from that of the Conqueror to the present day—especially those which were picturesque—may be found in the pages of Stanley. There may be read the dramatic Coronation of William the Conqueror; the joy of the people at the Crowning of Queen Maude; the murder of the Jews at the Coronation of Richard; here will be found Walpole's account of the Coronation of George III.; and the somewhat unworthy note on the perspiring of George IV.

There are other points connected with the Coronations which may interest us. Thus, the creation of knights at every Coronation was a custom both graceful and symbolic. The candidate, after a bath, watched his arms all night: in the morning he confessed and heard mass: he thus entered upon his knightly duties cleansed and pure—body and soul: after the mass the new king conferred knighthood and presented him with robes. At the Coronation of Henry VI. there were thirty-six knights thus created: at that of Edward IV., thirty-two: at that of Charles II., sixty-eight. The part of the ceremony of a Coronation which most pleased the people was the procession from the Tower to Westminster. That of Henry IV. is thus described by Froissart:—

'The duke of Lancaster left the Tower this Sunday after dinner, on his return to Westminster: he was bare-headed, and had round his neck the order of the king of France. The prince of Wales, six dukes, six earls, eighteen barons, accompanied him; and there were, of knights and other nobility, from eight to nine hundred horse with the procession. The duke was dressed in a jacket of the German fashion, of cloth of gold, mounted on a white courser, with a blue garter on his left leg. He passed through the streets of London,

which were all handsomely decorated with tapestries and other rich hangings: there were nine fountains in Cheapside, and other streets he passed through, which perpetually ran with white and red wines. He was escorted by prodigious numbers of gentlemen, with their servants in liveries and badges; and the different companies of London were led by their wardens, clothed in their proper livery, and with ensigns of their trade. The whole cavalcade amounted to six thousand horse, which escorted the duke from the Tower to Westminster.'

Or in the words of Shakespeare :—

> Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
> Which his aspiring rider seemed to know,
> With slow but stately pace, kept on his course :
> While all tongues cried, God save thee, Bolingbroke!
> You would have thought the very windows spake,
> So many greedy looks of young and old
> Through casements darted their desiring eyes
> Upon his visage; and that all the walls
> With painted imagery had said at once
> Jesu preserve thee! welcome Bolingbroke!
> Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
> Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
> Bespoke them thus: I thank you, countrymen;
> And thus still doing, thus he passed along.[1]

Another magnificent procession was that in which Elizabeth, Henry VII.'s Queen, and in the minds of many, the lawful heiress of the Crown, received her Coronation, when the King perceived that there would be discontent until that honour was paid to her. But she was not crowned, as Mary II. was afterwards crowned, as Queen Regnant, but as the Queen Consort. This nice distinction, however, was not comprehended by the people.

The Queen came first from Greenwich to the Tower by water: 'there was attending upon her there the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen of the city, and divers and many worshipful commoners, chosen out of every craft, in their liveries, in barges freshly furnished with

[1] *King Richard II.*

ners and streamers of silk, richely beaton with the mes and bagges" of their crafts; and in especial arge called the bachelors' barge, garnished and arelled passing all other; wherein was ordeynid a t red dragon spouting flames of fire into the Thames, many other gentlemanly pageants, well and curi- y devised to do her highness sport and pleasure . And her grace, thus royally apparelled and mpanied, and also furnished in every behalf with ipets, claryons, and other mynstrelles as apper- id and was fitting to her estate Royal, came from nwich aforesaid and landed at the Tower wharf and red into the Tower.'

Next day the court went in procession from the er to Westminster. Dressed in white cloth of gold mask, with a mantle of the same furred with ermine, Queen reclined on a litter and wore her fair yellow hanging down behind her back, 'with a calle of over it.' Four knights carried over her a canopy of of gold; four peeresses rode behind her on grey eys; the streets were cleaned and swept; the es were hung with tapestry and red cloth; the crafts ondon in their liveries lined the way, and singing ren came dressed as angels, singing welcomes as Queen was borne along.

he same kind of procession was that of Henry VIII. Queen Katharine. In addition, at the end of Old ge stood virgins in white holding branches of white while priests in copes with crosses of silver censed King and Queen. Another procession much the called forth similar rejoicings when Anne Boleyn arried from the Tower to Westminster; and equal ar rejoicing was shown when Queen Mary rode gh the City to her Coronation.

t the Coronation of Elizabeth a variety of pageants exhibited: the principal one was the presentation Bible.

Between two hills, representing a flourishing and ayed commonwealth, was made artificiallie one v place or cave, with doore and locke inclosed, out

of the which, a little before the queene's hig
commyng thither, issued one personage, whose
was Time, apparalled as an old man, with a sieth
hand, havinge winges artificiallie made, leading
sonage of lesser stature than himselfe, which was
and well apparalled, all clad in white silke, and d
over her head was set her name and title in Lat
English, Temporis filia, the daughter of Time.
two, as appointed, went forwards toward the
side of the pageants, where was another, and
breast was written her proper name, which was V
Truth, who held a book in her hand, upon the
was written Verbum Veritatis, the Word of
And out of the south side of the pageant was
standing for a child, which should interpret th
pageant. Against whom when the queen's m
came, he spake vnto her grace these sweet words

This old man with a sieth
Old father Time they call,
And her his daughter Truth,
Which holdeth yonder booke:
Whome he out of his nooke
Hath brought foorth to us all,
From whence this manie yeares
She durst not once out looke.

Now sith that Time againe
His daughter Truth hath brought,
We trust, ô worthie queene,
Thou wilt this truth embrace,
And sith thou vnderstandst
The good estate and naught,
We trust wealth thou wilt plant,
And barrenesse displace.

But for to heale the sore
And cure that is not seene;
Which thing the booke of truth,
Dooth teach in writing plaine:
Shee doth present to thee
The same, ô worthie queene,
For that, that words doo flie,
But written dooth remaine.

Thus the queene's highnesse passed through the citie, which, without anie foreigne person, of itself beautified itselfe, and received her grace at all places, as hath been before mentioned, with most tender obedience and love, due to so gratious a queene and sovereigne a ladie.'

The alleged presence of Prince Charles at the Coronation feast of George III. is interesting and somewhat pathetic. Of kings in exile the chronicler of the Nineteenth Century will have a good deal to say. Volumes will be written on the shadowy Courts of Exile of our time. But the historian will find no exiled Prince more romantic in his youth, and until a life of disappointment, and with no aims or hopes, ruined him, than Prince Charles. It was fifteen years after Culloden: he was at this time perilously near forty: had he been detected one fears that even George III. could not have saved him: he came over: he entered Westminster Hall with the crowd: and he saw his rival seated where he would have been but for his grandfather's obstinacy. One gentleman recognised him and whispered, 'Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here.'

That the glove thrown by the Champion was picked up: or that a glove was thrown to the Champion from an upper seat in the Hall: was also reported; but the thing seems doubtful.

As for the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who has described it in more fitting language than Dean Stanley, afterwards her friend and most faithful servant?

'The last Coronation doubtless still lives in the recollection of all who witnessed it. They will long remember the early summer morning, when, at break of day, the streets were thronged, and the whole capital awake—the first sight of the Abbey, crowded with the mass of gorgeous spectators, themselves a pageant—the electric shock through the whole mass, when the first gun announced that the Queen was on her way—and the thrill of expectation with which the iron rails seemed to tremble in the hands of the spectators, as the long procession closed with the entrance of the small figure

marked out from all beside by the regal train
attendants, floating like a crimson and silvery cl
behind her. At the moment when she first came wi
the full view of the Abbey, and paused, as if for bre
with clasped hands—as she moved on, to her place
the altar—as, in the deep silence of the vast multitu
the tremulous voice of Archbishop Howley could
faintly heard, even to the remotest corners of
Choir, asking for the recognition—as she sate immov
on the throne, when the crown touched her h
amidst shout and trumpet and the roar of can
there must have been many who felt a hope that
loyalty which had waxed cold in the preceding re
would once more revive, in a more serious form tha
had, perhaps, ever worn before. Other solemnities t
may have seen more beautiful, or more strange, or n
touching, but none at once so gorgeous and so impress
in recollections, in actual sight, and in promise of w
was to be.'

When the Commons separated from the Lords, t
met within the walls of Westminster Abbey while
Lords took the Painted Chamber of the Palace.
two hundred years the Commons assembled in
Cloister Court or in the Refectory or in the Cha
House. They changed the Chapter House for the
less beautiful church of St. Stephen in 1547, not l
after the Dissolution of the Religious Houses. But
History of the Houses of Parliament belongs to
History of the Country.

We have now gone through the Abbey with
attempting any description of it. That has been d
over and over again ; now well, now ill. It is a treas
of architectural interest : it is crammed full of histor
associations : one may linger among its ruins, among
monuments, under its noble roof, book in hand for d
and weeks and years. I have shown you the mona
life and what it meant : I have told over again some
the stories that happened in the Abbey : I have sho
you of what kind were the pageants and processi
outside witnessed by the people belonging to the Coro

ons. Those who want the story of the Royal Tombs
d Monuments, the Functions and Ceremonies, the
nerals and Weddings that have been celebrated within
ese walls, may consult the courtly page of Stanley,
e learned page of Loftie, and the laborious page of
art.

CHAPTER VI

SANCTUARY

N the north-west corner of the Abbey precinct—that
to say, on the right hand as one entered by the High
ate from King Street, where now stands the West-
inster 'Guildhall'—the earth formerly groaned be-
ath the weight of a ponderous structure resembling
square keep, not unlike that of Colchester, but very
uch smaller. It was a building of stone; each side
as seventy-five feet in length, and it was sixty feet in
ight. On the east side was a door—the only door, a
avy oaken door covered with plates of iron—which
ve entrance to a curiously gloomy and narrow chapel,
aped as a double cross, the equal arms of which were
ly ten feet in width. Three of the four corners of this
wer square consisted of solid stone sixteen feet square;
e third corner contained a circular staircase winding
to another chapel above. This, somewhat lighter
d loftier than that below, was a plain single cross in
m; three of the angles contained rooms, in the fourth
e stairs continued to the roof. King Edward III.
ilt—or rebuilt, perhaps—on this corner a belfry,
ntaining three great bells, which were only rung at
e coronation and the death of kings. The roof was
ved with stone; there was a parapet, but not em-
ttled. On the outside—its construction dating per-
ps after King Edward built the belfry—there stood a
all circular tower containing stairs to the upper story.
e strong walls of this gloomy fortress contained only
e door and one window on the lower floor; but in the

upper story the walls were only three feet th
place was St. Peter's Sanctuary—the Westmi
of Refuge. It was made so strong that it w
any sudden attack, and give time for the
party to bethink them of the sin of sacrilege.
two chapels the refugees heard mass; within
the nobler sort of those who came here were
greater safety; round these walls gathered th
sort, in tenements forming a little colony
The building, of which there is very little me
where, was suffered to remain long after i
purpose was abolished. It was pulled down
by any who chose to take the trouble, as
wanted for other buildings; it is quite pos
some of it was used for the White Hall; but t
ing portions of it were not finally taken awa
middle of the last century; and perhaps t
tions still remain. It is strange that neither
after him, Strype, makes any mention of thi
which the former could not fail to see, fro
gloomy, as yet untouched, whenever he visi
minster; and it is still more remarkable that
these writers seems to attach much importa
ancient Sanctuary at Westminster. That of S
le-Grand, the remains of which were also visib
he describes at length.

Like every other ecclesiastical foundation
of Sanctuary was originally a beneficent
institution, designed by the Church for the
of the weak, and the prevention of revenge, w
violence and oppression. If a man, in tho
swift wrath and ready hand, should kill ano
madness of a moment; if by accident he sho
or maim another; if by the breaking of any la
incur the penalties of justice; if by any actio
incur the hostility of a stronger man; if by s
many changes and chances of fortune he sho
worldly goods and fall into debt or bankrupt
become liable to imprisonment; if he had cau
the displeasure of king, baron, or bishop,—t

Sanctuary was open to him. Once on the frith-stool, once clinging to the horns of the altar, he was as safe as an Israelite within the walls of a city of refuge: the mighty hand of the Church was over him; his enemies could not touch him, on pain of excommunication.

In theory every church was a sanctuary; but it was easy to blockade a church so that the refugee could be starved into submission. The only real safety for a fugitive from justice or revenge was in those abbeys and places which possessed special charters and immunities. Foremost among these were the Sanctuaries of Westminster and St. Martin's-le-Grand. Outside London, the principal Sanctuaries appear to have been Beverley, Hexham, Durham, and Beaulieu. But perhaps every great abbey possessed its sanctuary as a part of its reason for existence. That of Westminster was, if not founded, defined and regulated by Edward the Confessor; that of St. Martin's, the existence of which was always a scandal and an offence to the City of London, was regulated by half a dozen charters of as many kings. Its refugees were principally bankrupts, debtors, and common thieves—offenders against property, therefore specially hated by a trading community.

The privilege of Sanctuary was beautiful in theory. 'Come to me,' said the Church: 'I will keep thee in safety from the hand of violence and the arm of the law; I will give thee lodging and food; my doors shall be always open to thee, day and night; I will lead thee to repentance. Come: in safety sit down and meditate on the sins which have brought thee hither.'

The invitation was extended to all, but with certain reservations. Traitors, Jews, infidels, and those who committed sacrilege were forbidden the safety of Sanctuary. Nor was it a formal invitation: Sanctuary was sought by multitudes. In Durham Cathedral two men slept every night in the Galilee to admit any fugitive who might ring the Galilee bell or lift the Galilee knocker. Nay, Sanctuary was actually converted into a city of refuge by the setting apart of a measured space, the whole of which was to be considered Sanctuary.

At Hexham, where four roads met in the middle of the town, a cross was set up on every one of the roads to show where Sanctuary began. At Ripon and at Beverley a circle, whose radius was a mile, was the limit of Sanctuary. At St. Martin's-le-Grand the precinct was accurately laid down and jealously defended. It included many streets—the area is now almost entirely covered by the Post Office and the Telegraph Office. At Westminster the whole precinct of the Abbey—church, monastery buildings, close and cloisters and gardens—was sacred ground.

The right of Sanctuary was maintained with the greatest tenacity by the Church. When, as happened sometimes—men's passions carrying them beyond the fear of the Church—Sanctuary was violated, the Bishop or the Abbot allowed no rest or cessation from clamour, gave no relief from excommunication to the offender, until reparation and submission had been obtained. Thus, as we have seen, in the year 1378, the Constable of the Tower pursued a small company of men, fugitives, into Sanctuary, and actually had the temerity to slay two of them in the church itself, before the Prior's stall, and during the celebration of high mass. This seems to be the most flagrant case of violation on record. The Abbot closed the church for four months; the perpetrator of the murder was excommunicated; the guilty persons were very heavily fined; the Abbot protested against the deed at the next meeting of Parliament; and the ancient privileges of St. Peter's Sanctuary were confirmed. There were other violations, especially in the lawless times of civil war. For instance, in the reign of Richard II., Tressilian, Lord Chief Justice, was dragged out of Sanctuary; the Duke of York took John Holland, Duke of Exeter, out of Sanctuary. On the other hand, Henry VII. was careful to respect Sanctuary when Perkin Warbeck fled to Beaulieu Abbey. This was perhaps politic, and intended to show that he had nothing whatever to fear from that poor little Pretender.

Among the refugees of Westminster the most inter-

figure is that of Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of
'd IV., and the most pathetic scene in the history
Peter's Sanctuary is that in which the mother
leave of her boy, knowing full that she will see his
ace no more.

rice did the Queen seek Sanctuary. Once when
sband, at the lowest point of misfortune, fled the
y. Then, with her three daughters, she fled to
loomy fortress, and there gave birth to her elder
' forsaken of all her friends and in great penury.'
he laid the child in his father's arms on his return.
nd time she fled hither, when Richard had seized
own, and that boy, king for a little day, was in
ower. What would happen to him? What
ned to King Henry VI.? What happened to
ing's son, Prince Edward? What happened to
uke of York? What happened to the Duke of
r? What happened to the Duke of Clarence?
but murder could happen? Murder was every-
. The crown was made secure by murder. Every
nurdered his actual or possible rival. How could
urper reign in peace while those two boys were
? So, in trembling and in haste, she passed from
lace to the Abbey, and sat on the rushes, discon-
with her daughters and her second boy, while
rvants fetched some household gear.

tside, the King's Council deliberated. Richard
have seized the boy and dragged him out by force.
wo Archbishops stood before him. The wrath of
ter himself must be braved by him who would
e Sanctuary. But, said the casuist, Sanctuary is
e of refuge for criminals and debtors, and such as
incurred the penalties of the law. This child is
criminal: he is too young to have committed any
e—Sanctuary is not for children; therefore to take
hild is not to violate Sanctuary, and, since His
ess the King takes him only in kindness and in
nd for a companion to his brother, the wrath of
ter will not be awakened. On the other hand, the
Apostle cannot but commend the action.

The Archbishops yielded. Let us rememb the bloodstained chronicles of the time in our mi among all the nobles present at that Council, t not one who could possibly fail to understand two boys were going to be murdered. How e Richard keep the crown upon his head? Yet Archbishops yielded. They consented, therefor ing with the greatest certainty that murde follow. I think they may have argued in so way as this. 'This time is evil: the country distracted and torn to pieces by civil wars for twenty years; nearly all the noble families ha destroyed: above and before everything else rest and peace and a strong hand. A hundr ago, after the troubles in France, we had a boy with consequences that may be still rememb old men. If this boy reigns, there will be new d if his uncle reigns, there may be peace. Life children, with more civil wars, more bloody fie ruin and starvation and rapine and violence- death of two children, with peace and rest for t suffering land—which shall it be?' A terrible tive! The Archbishops sadly bowed their he stepped aside, while Richard climbed the windi and in the upper chapel of the Sanctuary dra boy from his mother's arms.

'Farewell!' she cried, her words charged anguish of her heart: 'farewell, mine own sw God send thee good keeping! Let me kiss th ere thou goest. God knoweth when we shall another again!'

The right of Sanctuary in a modified for long after the Dissolution of the Religious But when a great Abbey, as that of Beaulieu, in a retired and unfrequented place, lay desolat ruins, the right of Sanctuary was useless. No left to assert the right—no one to defend it: t neither roof nor hearth nor altar. In great was different: the Abbey might be desecrated, Sanctuary house remained. Therefore on the

St. Martin's-le-Grand, on the site of Blackfriars, and in Westminster round that old fortress-Church, still the debtors ran to escape the bailiffs, and murderers and thieves hid themselves, knowing that the law was weak indeed in the network of courts and streets which formed these retreats. Other places pretended to immunity from the sheriffs; among these were the streets on the site of Whitefriars, Salisbury Court, Ram Alley, and Mitre Court; Fulwood's Rents in Holborn, the Liberty of the Savoy, and, on the other side of the river, Deadman's Place, the Clink, the Mint, and Montagu Close. The 'privileges' of these places were finally abolished in 1697.

It was in the year of our Lord 1520, on a pleasant morning in May, that one who greatly loved to walk abroad in order to watch the ways of men and to hear them discourse stood at the entrance of King Street, where the gate called after the Cockpit hard by stood upon the bridge which spanned the little stream flowing eastwards to join the river. It was a narrow street—on either side gabled houses. Courts still narrower opened out to right and left. Lady Alley, where were almshouses for poor women; Boar's Head Court—in the years to come one Cromwell, Member of Parliament, would live here; St. Stephen's Alley; the Rhenish Wine yard; Thieven' Lane—a lane by which rogues could be taken to the Gate House Prison without passing through the Precinct and so being able to claim Sanctuary. There were taverns in it—Westminster was always full of taverns—the Bell, the Boar's Head, and the Rhenish Wine House. At the south end stood the High Gate, built by Richard II. The visitor strolled slowly down the street, looking curiously about him, as if the place was strange. This indeed it was; for he had stepped straight out of the nineteenth century into the sixteenth—out of King Street, mean and narrow, into King Street narrow indeed, but not mean. The roadway was rough and full of holes; a filthy stream ran down the middle; all kinds of refuse were

lying about; there was no footpath nor any protection by means of posts for foot passengers,—when a loaded waggon lumbered along the people took refuge in the open doorways; when a string of pack-horses plodded down the middle of the street splashing the mud of the stream about it, the people retreated farther within the door. The street was full of pack-horses, because this was one of the two highways to Westminster—Palace and Castle both. In spite of the narrowness, the mud, the dirt, and the inconvenience, the King Street which this visitor saw before him was far more picturesque than that which he had left behind. The houses rose up three and four stories high; gabled all, with projecting fronts, story above story, the timbers of the fronts painted and gilt, some of them with scutcheons hung in front, the richly blazoned arms brightening the narrow way; from a window here and there hung out a bit of coloured cloth; some of the houses bore on their fronts a wealth of carven beams—some had signs hanging out; the men who lolled about the doors of the taverns wore bright liveries—those of King, Cardinal, Abbot, or great lord; in the windows above women and girls leaned out, talking and laughing with the men below; the sun (for it was nearly noon) shone straight up the street upon the stately Gate above and the stately Gate below, and upon the gilding, carving, and painting, and windows of the houses on either side. The street was full of colour and of life: from the taverns came the tinkling of the mandoline, and now and then a lusty voice uplifted in a snatch of song,—in Westminster the drinking, gambling, singing, and revelry went on all day and sometimes all night as well. Court and Camp and Church, all collected together on the Isle of Bramble, demanded, for their following, taverns innumerable and drink in oceans.

The stranger, of whom no one took any notice, passing through the High Gate, found himself within the Abbey Precinct. 'Is this,' he asked, 'a separate city?' For before him and to the right and to the left there lay heaped together, as close as they could

and, groups and rows and streets of houses, mostly nall tenements mean and dirty in appearance. Only clear space was left for the Church of St. Margaret's id for the Porch to the Abbey Church, the north side which was hidden by houses. On the right hand—iat is, on the west side—the houses were grouped ound a great stone structure, gloomy and terrible; rther on they opened out for the Gate House, which d into the fields and so across the meadows to the eat high road; and in the middle, opposite the west id of St. Margaret's, there was a shapeless mass of ections comprising private houses and old stone uildings and chapels. On the left more houses, and nder one a postern leading into New Palace Yard eyond. The place was full of people—men, women, id children. As the visitor threaded his way among ie narrow lanes he became conscious of a curious iange. Outside, in King Street, everybody was alert, ie street was filled with the happiness of life; the ien-at-arms swaggered as they rolled along, hand on word hilt; the children ran about and laughed and ang and shrieked for mere joy of living; through open indows, down narrow courts, one could see men at ork; the girls laughed and talked as they went about he house, or leaned out of windows, or sat over their ewing; life was at full flow, like the broad river beyond. ut here—it was a City of Silence. The men stood at he doors moody and silent; the women in the house ent about their work in moody silence; the very hildren rolling in the dust of the foul lanes had forgotten ow to laugh; there were no cheerful sounds of work; here were no swash-bucklers, there were no roysterers, here were no taverns; the men carried no arms, they ore no liveries, except the Sanctuary gown with the eys of the Abbey worked in white on the left shoulder; hey were apparently plain burgesses of the humbler ort, craftsmen or keepers of shops and stalls. A trange place! A city apart; a city of melancholy; city of restlessness and discontent. For the most art the men sat or walked apart; but here and there

were groups of twos and threes who whispered with each other, and showed things secretly under cover of their gowns. Villainous faces they wore, and when they walked it was after the manner of the wild beast which slinks behind the rocks.

The visitor found himself before the great square Tower of which we have already spoken. Gloomy and threatening it looked down upon the tenements below, with its belfry in one corner, its single door, its two windows above, its stair tower beside the door, and its blackened massive walls.

As he stood there, wondering and trying to understand this strange world, the door was opened, and a man came forth.

He was dressed as an ecclesiastic, in a black gown; on his left shoulder he wore the keys in white; he was old and somewhat bent; a man of the middle height; the thin hair that showed from under the cap was white; his nose was broad and somewhat flat; his eyes were large, and when he spoke they became luminous and smiling; his voice was still young, and his laugh was ready—a thing unusual in a man when he is past fifty; but this man was close upon seventy—the allotted span. He was so near his end, and yet he laughed. It is given to few among mortals to find aught that makes for mirth after the days of boyhood. Mostly their days are full of misery: men of violence rob them; kings and barons drive them forth to war; they are flogged and set in pillory and are clapped in prison. How should they laugh, when all they desire is rest, when they rejoice exceedingly and are glad if they think the grave is near?

This man, as he came forth from the Sanctuary, espied the visitor, and greeted him.

'Sir,' he said, 'be welcome. I am John Skelton.' He drew himself up proudly. 'Johannes Skelton, Artium Magister, Laurea Ornatus. Were I free to leave this place—but my Lord the Cardinal takes care of that, so tender is he lest ill hap come to me—I could show you the cloak of white and green—the King's

rs—with the laurel wreath embroidered on the
der and the word "Calliope" in cunning device
n the wreath—here, on this spot'—he touched his
houlder—'where are now the keys that are my
'—the keys of this Abbey.'
nd wherefore, Sir John,' asked the visitor, 'art
n Sanctuary?'
ome with me, and we will talk.'
John Skelton led the way to a house of better
rance than most. It stood beside the Gate House,
was also the Abbot's prison. Over against it
he group of buildings called the Almonry, and
the windows there was a pleasant view across
rdens and the orchards of the Abbey.
ome in, sir,' said the poet. 'Let us sit down and
Truly I have much to say. A man cannot
rse with the rabble of the Sanctuary. My patron
bbot is oppressed with cares of state; the
, the good monks, the holy men,'—he smiled, he
led, he broke into a laugh,—'they have little
ng outside the Psalms which they intone so well,
r poetry they have no love, or they might sing

began to troll out, with a voice that had once
usty—

'Ye holy caterpillars,
Ye helpe your well willers
With prayers and psalmes,
To devour the almes
That Christians should give,
To meynteyne and releve
The people poore and needy;
But youe be greedy,
And so grete a number
The world ye encumber.

ynt Luke and *secundum Skeltonida*,' he con-
, with another laugh. 'Sir, let us drink before
on.'
hereupon he went out, and presently returned

carrying a black jack which held three quar
and singing—

'I care right nowghte,
I take no thowte
For clothes to keep me warme.
Have I good dryncke,
I surely thyncke
Nothing can do me harm.
For truly than
I fear no man,
Be he never so bolde,
When I am armed
And throwly warmed
With joly good ale and olde.'

So he lifted the black jack to his lips, too
draught, and handed it to his companion. 'T
October, strong and mellow.

The room was small and the furniture wa
yet with no suggestion of poverty; there was
table of oak, the legs well carven; there wa
also of good workmanship, high backed, w
and a cushion; in the fireplace were two andi
a pile of wood against the cold weather; book
the table, both printed books from the press o
hard by, and written books; there were wri
terials; there was a candlestick of latone; in t
stood a wooden coffer; there was a curtain, to
across the door in cold weather; a silver ma
on the table; a robe of perset, furred, hung
back of the chair, and another of cloth, als
but the fur much eaten of moths, hung upon
It was the room of a scholar. There was a
broad seat in the window, which was glazed ab
diamond panes and provided with a shutter
keep out rain and cold; but the day was warr
the shutter was up, and they sat down in the
sunshine—John Skelton at one end of the sea
guest at the other, and the black jack betwe
one listened while the other talked.

'It is now,' said the poet, 'five years sin

to escape the revenge of my Lord Cardinal y—Son of the Wolf, I call him. Well, he may ıss my destruction, but my verses can he not ›y, for they are imprinted, and now fly here and about the land, so that no one knows who they ıat read them; and wherever the Cardinal goeth, he may find that my verses have gotten there : him. Nay, he will die, and after death not only ord but man will sit in judgment upon him; and erses will be there for all to read. Ha! what ?—

He is set so hye
In his ierarchy
Of franticke frenesy
And folishe fantasy
That in the Chamber of Starres
All matters there he marres:
Clapping his rod on the borde,
No man dare speke a worde,
For he hath all the sayenge,
Without any renayinge.
He rolleth in his recordes;
He sayth, "How saye ye, my Lordes?"
Some say yes, and some
Syt styll as they were dumbe,
He ruleth all the roste
With braggynge and with boste,
Borne up on every syde
With pompe and with pryde.

Cardinal will not forget these lines so long as he ; nor will the world forget them, any more than ‹orld forgets the words of Ovid. When men shall : of Cardinal Wolsey, they shall say, "He it was hom Skelton—*poeta laurea donatus*—spoke when id,—

Borne up on every syde
With pompe and with pryde."

›ck's blood, proud Sir Tyrmagant, I had rather my n than thy shame!'

e paused and sighed.

I confess, good sir, that I thought not to end my

days in such a place as this. I thought to be bishop—nay, even an archbishop, if it might the Lord. All to-ragged as I am'—he was somewhat frayed in the matter of linen—'an insomuch that, unlike these losels among whom who pay to the Abbey rent and fees for pro I depend upon the bounty of the good Abbo whom may Christ and St. Peter spede. Yet, lo I am John Skelton. You know not all tha Skelton has done. In the "Garlande of Laurel may find set forth at length all that I have Since Dan Chaucer there has been no poet like u My fame hath gone forth into strange lands. *parens* was Cambridge; but at Oxford was I hc with the laurel: yea, and the ancient and ve University of Louvain did also grant me a like Had I time, I would read, gentle sir, certain nobl verses written in my honour by a scholar. " world," he truly writes,—"the woods, the fore rivers and the sea, the Loves, the Satyrs, the N the Naiades and Oceanides,—all together sing my And my fame shall be as everlasting as the stars *perennis erit.*" Thus it is that the scholars sp poets; thus are we honoured. Why, I look me and without: I am a Sanctuary man; no am I, nor chancellor,—only a Sanctuary man *fama perennis erit.* Or would you know what Er that great light of learning, said of me? Then his immortal Ode "De Laudibus Britanniæ dedication to Prince Henry. "Thou hast," h "at home Skelton, the only light and glory of letters, one who can not only inflame thee with but also fill thee with learning." Yes, I was the tutor of that young Prince, of whom I may say that, if he is—all men know that he is—beyond any prince of his ancestry, mine own han it is.'

Again he paused and sighed. Then he we 'I have not now to tell a tale of George a Gre Jack a Vale. 'Tis of John Skelton—unlucky

at I must speak. They made me Rector of Diss in y native county, and there——' He paused and bbed his chin and smiled. 'Understand, sir, we poets y for the favour of the Muse in many ways. Some us are merry when we should be grave; and we are one to fall in love despite our vows; and we love tter the company of our brothers, even in taverns d alehouses—even when they are but clowns and stics of the baser sort—than the loneliness of the iest's house; we laugh in season and out of season; we make songs we desire to sing them; the rattling pint-pots, the tinkling of mazers, is music in our ears; linger over the Psalms no longer than we must; we vent merry conceits and quips; men laugh with us: ne so popular as the poet who makes mirth for the mpany.' Here he sighed and buried his face in the ack jack. ''Tis right good ale,' he said. ''Tis lacyous ale, and from the Monastery cellar. Not ch is the small stuff doled out to the rest. Drink, od sir. Ay! tis easy to make good cheer; but one not the clown on the stage nor the fool, and they ake men laugh as well. If the jester be also a grave holar and a reverend Divine, there are presently mours of things unseemly, things unworthy, things *enda.* Add to which that the poet inclineth often to satire, like Horace and Juvenal; and those ainst whom the satire is directed are apt to chafe d even to become revengeful. Quarrels, therefore, I d with Sir Christopher Garnyshe, and with Masters rclay, Gaguin and Lily. What? I thumped them d they thumped me. And the world laughed; and one the worse. But one must not open mouth ainst the monks; and by freedom of speech I brought on me the wrath of the Dominicans. So there was monishing from the Bishop, and I left Diss, coming London, where, I hoped, Christ cross me spede and the favour of His Highness the King, once my holar apt and quick, to receive some great office.'

'Did you bring your wife with you, Sir John?'

'Ha! Sayest thou wife? How? Doth the whole

world know that I was married? Yea, I brou
with me—and my lusty boys. Sir, many there
parish priests—who are married secretly and are t
to entertain a leman. By the King was I recomm
to the Cardinal. And now, indeed, I thought n
tune made; and so paid court to that great ma
strove to please him. Yea, I wrote for him th
mirable poem, profitable to the soul, entitled
Boke of Three Fooles." And the "Garden of L
I dedicated to my Lord Cardinal's right noble Gr

Go lytell quayre, apace
In moost humble wyse,
Before his noble grace,
That caused you to devise
This lytell enterprise;
And hym most lowly pray,
In his mynde to comprise
These wordes his grace dyd saye
On an ammas gray.
Je foy enterment en sa bonne grace.'

'You fell from his good grace?'

'I did. How it boots not to relate. T
tongue! that must needs be making rhymes, w
on Cardinal or on Priest, on Lord or Varlet. H
me nothing; yet he made much of me: gave m
they call Bowge a court at his own great table, w
entertained a hundred daily. He heard my
and he smiled; yet he gave me nothing. He
my jests, and laughed; yet he gave me nothing.
fore, the Muse working powerfully within me, no
resisted, I wrote such verses as I have already to
and fled hither. And here must I remain, for t
dinal can never forgive me, seeing that I have s
him a mark that he can in no way rub off. M
hope is that, as King's favourites do fall as well
and that His Highness the King hath a temper
is like the wind in March, the great man may fall
I die—otherwise, a Sanctuary man shall I rema
the end. Drink, good sir.'

, as his visitor would take no more of the strong
e, he rose.
us sally forth,' he said, ' and I will show thee
ctuary or Common Sink of all rogues. Here,'
as he stood before the Double Chapel, ' is the
ere, morning and evening, we must hear matins
ɔers. So sayeth the Rule : but who is there
ine and find out whether the Rule be kept or
ſis a dark and gloomy place, built for the better
ion of sinners and the exhorting to repentance.
epentance is there little or none. I repent me
t I made not my verses the stronger, so that
l Cardinal should feel them, day and night,
him like a hair shirt. But these rogues are
in ; they think all day long of iniquity ; Sanc-
wasted upon them. Look now at yonder
y '—they were some of the men noticed before
ɔering to each other ; they had now got a flask
and were drinking about, but with no merri-
those are murderers, housebreakers, cutters of
ommon thieves, who come in to save their necks,
day long plot new crimes, which by night—
out privily—they commit, bringing hither their
ɔods. Then there are the unthrifts, who, when
ve spent their all, buy things for which they
ɔay, and bring them here to live merrily upon
ile they last. The wife comes here laden with
ɔand's plate, saying that the good man beats
that to live with him is intolerable. Then she
plate, and God knows what manner of life she
re. Honest work there is none ; but all alike
and unprofitable. Those who have money
lose it, paying at a monstrous rate for all things,
s are ever unreasonable askers ; those who have
g it as best they can. Sir, believe me, there is
worse for man than the idle life. St. Benedict
rdained that the hours of rest from prayer should
s of work with the hands. Alas ! In Sanctuary
le is clean forgotten.'
s discoursing, they drew near to the G

House, which opens to Tothill Street and Toth
beyond.

'Here is the Abbot's Prison,' said Skelto
prison of those who break the laws of Westn
and of debtors—and sometimes of traitors. Th
lie there like sheep; and the longer they live t
they grow, because, look you, if a man is sh
cannot work nor earn his daily bread, much le
pay his debts.' As he spoke a long pole wa
out of window with a box hanging at the end
their alms-box,' said Skelton. 'Bestow s
upon them, so that they may eat and drink.'

As we stood in the gateway, looking out
pleasant fields and green pastures beyond, th
forth from a tavern—at the sign of the *Eagl*
the like of whom I had never seen for size an
ness. She was over six feet high, and had
for breadth like those of a porter, and arms—h
rolled up—which belonged rather to a waterm
a maid. And at sight of her John Skelton
laugh, and called out, 'Meg! Long Meg! com
Let me gaze upon thee.' So the tall maid
showing by her smiles that she was willing
with the old man. 'Look at her, I say,' said
laughing. 'Saw'st ever woman so tall and
This is Long Meg. She is as lusty as she is t
her tell how she knocked over Sir James of Cas
cudgelled the robber, and fought the Vicar f
Abbey, so that he lay in the Infirmary for thre
and how she dragged the Catchpole through t
and how she bobbed Huffling Dick on the no
she is as good as she is tall and lusty. My
Meg! my merry Meg! my valiant Meg! my
Meg! Tell the gentleman, Meg.' But the g
her head modestly, and only said, 'Nay, Sir
becomes me not to tell these things.' Then
Skelton, 'I will tell him for thee. And, Meg,
come presently, in the afternoon, for a
Malmsey. Go, sweet maid: I would I we
years younger for thy sake. Stay—what w

I made upon thee when first thou didst come minster ?'

laughed, and, folding her hands behind her like at says a lesson, began :

'Domine, Domine, unde hoc ?
What is she in the gray cassock ?'

ght, Meg—right. But go on.'

'Methinks she is of a large length,
Of a tall pitch and a good strength.
With strange armes and stiff bones ;
This is a wench for the nones.
I tell thee, Hostesse, I do not mocke,
Take her in the gray cassocke.

have no gray cassock now,' Meg added, laughing. fternoon, Sir John, Will Sommers comes. There merry tales and songs. Farewell, good sir.'

with a reverence, this comely giantess, this ig, handsome wench, ran back to the tavern.

w,' said Sir John, 'we will take a walk. First, how thee where Will Caxton put up his first press, at the sign of the Red Pale. 'Tis nigh ty years since he is dead. Ha ! he printed f mine. The printed book remains ; for there dreds of each book, and the trade of the scrivener nigh gone. So much the better for the poet. n good company on the shelf with Caxton's in the company of Virgil and Ovid ; of Boethius, and Gower and Alain Chartier. I march with head in such a company. Laureate of Oxford avain, friend of these immortals. My Lord the l turns green when he thinks upon it. Next,' inued, 'we will walk about the Abbey. I can- w thee the wealth of the monks, because that l out over the whole country—here a manor and manor ; and no man, save the Abbot and the noweth how great is their wealth ; nor can I ee the learning of the monks, because no man, n the Abbot my benefactor, knoweth how sma'

that is ; nor can I show thee the piety of the Br
since that is known only to themselves ; nor
fastings and macerations, because, the better to t
themselves, they sit down every day to a table c
with rich roasts and dainty confections ; nor
show thee the monks at work at the hours whe
are not in their Church, because they work no
But I will show thee the richest monastery in E
where the Brethren toil not, nor spin, and h
cares, but that they must grow old, and so dail
nearer to the Fires of Purgatory. I will sho
gardens beautiful as the heart of man can desir
for their lodgings, the house of the Abbot is fin
the Palace of the King, and the chambers of th
and the Sub-Prior are delicate and dainty and
able. What ! think you that so great a Lord
Abbot of Westminster . . . ? '

But here the original of this interview bre
abruptly—*Explicit*—and I know not how the af
was spent, nor what jests and songs they had wi
Sommers and Long Meg.

CHAPTER VII

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED PALE

To write upon Westminster and not to speak of
would be indeed impossible. As well write of
and forget Columbus. Even at the risk of doi
again what has already been done by the antiq
Blades, or by the historian, as Charles Knigh
though one may have found little to add to
vestigations and discoveries of those who ha
before—we must still speak of Caxton, because
his agency was effected the change—that of
for manuscript—which has proved the most mon
the most far-reaching, the most fruitful of
changes and inventions and discoveries of mode

he Reformation threw open the door for freedom of ıought; the Renascence restored to the world the terature and the philosophy of the past; printing :attered broadcast the means of acquiring knowledge.

The humble beginnings of this revolution, the life nd achievements of the man by whose hands it was ffected in this country, are not so widely known that hey may be assumed as common knowledge. Let us sk, for instance, who was Caxton? How did he arrive t his printing press? What did he print? These are uestions that the ordinary reader would perhaps find t difficult to answer.

To begin with, the setting up of his printing press vas but an episode—albeit the last—in the long and)usy life of this active man: an experiment, doubtful ıt first, which presently became the serious business of ı man advanced in years, his occupation at an age vhen most men think of ease and retirement. The ıame and fame and praise of Caxton have gone forth into all lands; but it is the fame of Caxton in old age—Caxton the printer, not Caxton in early life and in full manhood, Caxton of the Mercers' Company, Caxton the Merchant Adventurer, Caxton the Rector of the English House. If you ask any person of ordinary acquirements who invented printing, he will probably tell you that it was Caxton. Yet the person of a little more than ordinary acquirements very well knows that Caxton was not the inventor at all. What he did was to bring over the art of printing from the Netherlands to this country. Not such a very great thing, perhaps: had he not done so some one else would; it was only a matter of time; the invention was already beginning to leave its cradle; other men already understood that here was a thing belonging to the whole world—a thing bound to travel over the whole world. Caxton, however, did actually give it to us; he first brought it over here; he introduced the new invention into this country. That is his great glory; for that service he will never be forgotten: he has the honour that belongs to those who understand, and advance,

and associate with their own lives and achie
things invented by others who could not, perh
their importance.

Perhaps everything that can be found ou
Caxton has been already discovered. When
sider the antecedent improbability of learning a
at all about a merchant of the fifteenth centu
a merchant of the wealthier kind, neither a Whi
nor a Gresham—we may congratulate ourselv
knowing a good deal about Caxton. To be
gives us in his prefaces many valuable facts co
himself. The learned Mr. William Blades
together in his two books on Caxton all that
self, or that others before him, had been able
cover. He has also added certain conjecture
the most important step in Caxton's life: I wi
of these conjectures presently. The result is a t
complete biography. We cannot fill up the l
after year, but in general terms we know how
spent and what things were done in the allotte
That the personality is shadowy—yet not more s
than that of Shakespeare—cannot be denied.

No one, however, can say, in these times of r
when the documents of the past are overhau
made to yield their secrets, that any point of
logical investigation is finally closed, so that
more will be discovered about it. Somewhere
are lying hidden, documents, contracts, wills,
ances, letters, reports, diaries—which may
moment yield unexpected treasures to the finde
us remember how Peter Cunningham unearth
accounts of the Revels and Masques among the
of the Audit Office; how the debates of the H
Commons in the time of Cromwell were disc
how Riley's researches in the archives of Londo
actually restored the mediæval city in every d
its multi-coloured life; how the history of Engla
been already entirely rewritten during the la
years from newly discovered documents, and r
the next fifty years be again rewritten. Remem

hese things, let us not conclude that concerning any nan, king, statesman, churchman, citizen, the last word as been spoken, the last discovery made.

For my own part, I have to contribute only those ittle discoveries—some may call them theories—which lways present themselves when another man from nother point of view approaches a certain array of acts. That is to say, I have no new fact to announce, ut I have one or two new conclusions to draw.

Let me endeavour, then, to present to you William axton as a reality, not a shadow: you shall see how nd why he became, late in life, a printer; what he as and what was his reputation before he became a rinter. And you shall see for yourselves what kind of book he produced, how he illustrated it, the kind of type he employed, and the binding of his book.

First, what manner of man was he, and of what origin?

About four miles north-east of Tunbridge, in Kent, is the village of Hadlow, part of which is covered by the manor of Causton. It is supposed, but it is by no means certain, that from this manor sprang the family whose name Causton, Cauxton or Caxton, preserves he memory of their former holding. Long before the irth of William Caxton the manor, if the family ever eld it, had passed out of their hands. He says, himelf, that he was born in the Weald of Kent. The Weald covers a large area; but he does not tell us any ore, and it is not possible to get any closer informaion. In this part of the county he was born—somehere. And in this part of the county there is a manor earing his name. Can we safely conclude that a erritorial name means that the family were once Lords f the Manor? Certainly not. There is, however, eason to believe that he came of a City family, and one ng and honourably known in the City; for the name f Caxton or Causton frequently occurs in the City ecords. In the year 1303 Aubin de Caustone, haberlasher, was appointed one of a committee to make crutiny into the manufacture of caps by methods and

of materials forbidden by law. In 1307 William d Causton is one of those who sign a letter addressed t the Bishop of Chester by the City Fathers. In 132 John de Causton, Alderman, is one of a Board o Arbitrators between certain disputing trade companies and he represented the City at the Council of North ampton in 1337, for which service he received the sun of 60*l*. In 1331 John de Caxton and Thomas de Caxto were butchers—the latter, one regrets to find, obstruct ing the street with his stall at the Poultry, for whic his meat was forfeited. In 1334 William de Causto living in the parish of St. Vedast, was an Alderma In the year 1348 there were seven of the name wh paid their fees as liverymen of the Mercers' Compan In 1364 Alice, wife of Robert de Causton, who appea to have been a vintner, was sentenced to the 'thewe for thickening the bottom of a quart pot with pitc so that he who ordered a quart of wine got sho measure. This deplorable incident is the only on which tarnishes the honour of the Caustons or Caxton In 1401 William de Causton is apprenticed to Thom Gedeney. In 1414 John Causton is a butcher. I 1424 Stevyn Causton is a liveryman of the Mercer The family of Causton or Caxton, therefore, were large engaged in various branches of trade in London duri the whole of the fourteenth century. Whether Willia Caxton's father was himself a citizen and freema and if so, how the son came to be born in the Wea of Kent, is not known. As the boy was apprenticed t the very richest merchant in the City, and admitte a member of the wealthiest company, it is quite certa that his people were of some consideration in the City to be received into the house of a great merchant as a apprentice, to be admitted into the Company of Mercer proves beyond a doubt City connections of an honou able kind. Either Caxton's father or his grandfath must have been a man of weight and distinction.

'I was born and learned my English in Kent in th Weald, where I doubt not is spoken as broad and ruc English as in any place of England.' These are his ow

ords. In another place he writes, concerning his own yle, 'whereof I humbly and with all my heart thank od, and also am bounden to pray for my father's and other's souls, that in my youth set me to school, by hich, by the sufferance of God, I got my living—I ope truly.' The Weald, in which he apparently spent s childhood, was at this time largely peopled by the escendants of the Flemish clothworkers brought over England by Edward IV. He therefore heard as a ild the Flemish language, or at least English with a rge admixture of Flemish words—a fact which perhaps ad something to do with his subsequent residence in ruges. But where he went to school, what he learned ere, and at what age he was taken from his lessons, e does not tell us.

He was born, I am sure, in the year 1424. It ems very clear that the usual age of apprenticeship as fourteen; and Caxton was certainly apprenticed in e year 1438, and since the age of admission to the ty freedom was twenty-four, ten years were passed servitude: a long time, but not too long to learn the rious branches of a merchant's work, and to acquire e habits of obedience which afterwards are transrmed into the habit of authority.

It has been said that his master was the richest erchant of his time. He was Robert Large, Mercer, arden of the Company in 1427, Sheriff in 1430, and ord Mayor in 1440. When this great man received an prentice he was receiving either the son of a personal end or of some one whom he desired to oblige. It is gnificant that at the same time Large received another prentice, the son of a brother mercer, named Harwe, and that Harrowe received as apprentice another axton—Robert, perhaps brother of William—but conrning him nothing is discoverable.

Robert Large occupied a house already historic: it as situated at the north-east corner of Old Jewry. the thirteenth century the Jews who lived in that uarter built for themselves a synagogue; in the year 262 there was a popular outbreak of hatred against

the Jews, and a terrible massacre, in the cou
which their synagogue was plundered and taken
them. In the year 1271 Henry III. gave the pl
a House to a new order of Mendicant Friars
Fratres de Pœnitentiâ Jesu, or *Fratres de Saccâ*.

This was a shortlived but extremely inte
Order growing out of the Franciscans. It was fo
in 1231 or, as is also stated, in 1241. St. Fran
we know, founded the Grey Friars, Fratres Mi
his disciple St. Clara founded the Clares or S
Minores, and the *Pœnitentiarii* or *Fratres de Pœn
Jesu* or *Fratres de Saccâ* were established shortly
wards. The Order contained both men and w
the brothers and sisters might be married: they
also hold property. They came over to England
year 1257, and very soon possessed nine House
at Lynne, where Prior was the Head of the E
Branch: at London, Canterbury, Cambridge, No
Worcester, Newcastle, Lincoln and Leicester.
Council of Lyons in 1274 passed an edict pern
only four orders of Mendicants. This edict see
have been a deathblow to the *Fratres de Pœni*
they languished and obtained little support—p
the people had no belief in friars who held pr
and were married. In 1305 Robert Fitzwalter ob
the permission of the King to assign their ho
him: which was done, and the Penitential Fria
appeared from history. A hundred years later
Large obtained the house and held his Mayoralty
as did Lord Mayor Clipton in 1492. It was afte
turned into a tavern called the Windmill.

In this house Caxton began his apprenticeshi
did not finish it here because unfortunately in th
1441 Robert Large died.

As there is no document in which a man
himself so much as in a will, wherein may be fou
religion, his superstition, his love, his hatred, his c
the whole heart and soul of a man, I transfer t
pages a part of Robert Large's will, by which yo
understand what manner of man was this rich

nt, Caxton's master, from whom he received his
is of honourable trade.

He begins, after the usual preamble, by leaving
ney to the High Altar of his Parish Church; to the
icture of the church: to buy vestments for the
rch: the endowment of a chaplain to say mass
y. He then gives money to his widow and children:
the poor of the Mercers' Company: for a vestment
he Mercers' Chapel: to the four orders of Mendi-
ts: to the Crutched Friars: for bedding in the
spitals of St. Bartholomew and St. Mary Spital: to
parish church of Shallerton, where his father was
ied: to the parish church of Alderton, where his
estors were buried: to his servants and apprentices
is of money varying from one mark to twenty
ks—there are five apprentices including William
ton, who gets the larger sum—then there are more
uests to churches. To the poor of Coleman Street
d he gives twenty pounds. His soul thus cared for
so many gifts and bequests—a thing that no one in
t age could possibly neglect: and his children and
vants remembered: the testator applies himself to
igs practical and worldly. And here we observe
it a practical citizen of the times most desired. He
e 400 marks towards the completion of an aqueduct
ly begun in the City: he gave 100 marks towards
repairs of London Bridge: he gave 300 marks to
cleansing of Walbrook: also 100 marks to ten poor
s of good character on their marriage: also 100*l.*
be divided among poor servants in Lancashire and
rwickshire: also 20*l.* to be distributed by his exe-
ors where it might be most needed: also five marks
bedding at the Hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem:
forty shillings for bedding for St. Thomas's Hospital,
six pounds for bedding at the Lepers' Houses of
ckney, St. Giles, and St. George of Southwark.
o 100 shillings for the prisoners in Newgate and
shillings for the prisoners in Ludgate.

He forgets nobody, this good citizen: he desires
d water and plentiful: he wants the Bridge to be

kept in repair—where would trade be without the Bridge: he wants cleanliness in the City—why should Walbrook be allowed to be converted into an open sewer? Hospitals for the sick: marriage portions for girls: worn-out servants: prisoners: lepers: he remembers all. Surely to have been brought up in the household of such a man, so kindly, so thoughtful, with so great a heart, must have been an education for the boy.

At this time the principal market of Western Europe was Bruges, and the centre of the trade carried on by the Merchant Adventurers—an association containing members of various companies—was that city. There stood *Domus Anglorum*, the House of the English Merchants. It was not uncommon for a young man to be sent to this House in order to learn the foreign trade before he completed his time. Thither, therefore, went Caxton, having seven years still to serve; and there he remained for thirty years.

Those who know the history of the Hanseatic Merchants and the Steelyard will understand the position and meaning of the *Domus Anglorum*. The Englishmen in Bruges, just as the Germans in London, lived separate and apart, a community by themselves, in their own house, which was surrounded by a wall, contained offices, warehouses, sleeping chambers, a common hall, and perhaps a chapel (I say perhaps because a chapel belonged to every great house). The people of the London Steelyard, whether they had a chapel or no, worshipped in the Church of All Hallows the Great, just outside their walls; and very likely the English merchants observed the same practice. They lived separate from the Flemings; they were never allowed by the citizens of Bruges to consider themselves otherwise than as strangers and foreigners; they had certain privileges and rights jealously accorded, jealously watched, by the Duke of Burgundy and by the worthy burghers of Bruges; jealously guarded and resolutely claimed by the foreign merchants themselves. In order to avoid, as much as possible, the ever present dan-

of a popular rising against strangers, the Englishmen lived by strict rule: abroad they walked with circumspection; they kept as much as possible within their own walls. It is not likely that the prejudice against foreigners was so strong in any European country as it was in England; certainly not at Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp, whither foreigners flocked from every part. At the same time, to be a foreigner anywhere invited curiosity; and mediæval curiosity was the mother of hostility; and hostility too often took a practical and an active line. The English factory, therefore, lived under rule, like the Germans of the Steelyard: they lived in a college; they observed hours of closing the gates; they had a common table; save for vows and midnight prayers the life was monastic; on no pretence were women to be admitted, and all the residents were unmarried.

These factories or foreign stations of English merchants were continued into quite modern times. In the seventeenth century, and perhaps later, there was an English factory at Aleppo; the Indian Empire sprang out of English factories; the establishment of a factory was the first step towards a footing in foreign trade.

The position of governor, or rector, of such a community was, it will be readily understood, one requiring special, rare, and valuable qualities. He must be, first of all, a man of courteous and conciliatory manners; he must know how to be firm and how to assert his rights; he must be watchful for the extension, and jealous for the observance, of privileges; he must be ready to seize every opportunity for advancing the interests of the community; he must not be afraid to stand before kings; he must be a linguist, and able to speak the language of the court and the language of the market. When we learn, therefore, that Caxton was presently raised to the very important office of Governor of all the English merchants, not only in Bruges, but in the other towns—Ghent, Antwerp, Damme, Sluys—we understand from this single fact

the manner of man he was supposed to be; when
learn in addition that he continued to hold this p
till he was forty-five years of age, we understand wh
manner of man he must have been.

There is, as one who studies this time cannot fail
remark, a special kind of dignity belonging to th
centuries; it is the dignity which springs from the kno
ledge of one's own rank or place, at a time when ra
place or station belonged to every possible occupati
in life. A bricklayer or a carpenter, as well as a merc
or a monk or a priest, belonged to a trade associatio
he was 'prentice first, full member next, officer or ev
warden in due course. The most humble employme
was dignified by the association of its members. Eve
body, from the King to the lowest craftsman, und
stood the dignity of associated labour; everybo
recognised office and authority, whether it was t
episcopal office or the presidency of a Craft Compan
You may see Caxton in every picture that presents
bourgeois of the time. He wears a long gown of r
cloth, something like a cassock, the sleeves and ne
trimmed with rich fur; round his neck hangs a go
chain; his belt is of leather gilt, and from it hangs l
purse; his hair is cut shorter than the nobles wear
and it is seen under a round cap, the sides of which a
turned up. It is a costume admitting of great splendo
in the way of material; the fur lining or trimming m
be broad and costly; the gold chain may be rich a
heavy; the belt may be embossed by an Italian artist,
all the advantages of mediæval costume are not wi
the knight and soldier. As for his face, it is grav
his eyes are serious: it is not for him that the Co
Fool plays his antics; it is not for him that the minst
strikes his mandoline: he is thinking what new co
cessions he can get from the Duke of Burgundy. Abo
all, at this moment he is troubled about the late quar
in Antwerp between certain English sailors—young h
heads—and some Flemings, in a tavern, after wh
two of the latter were found dead. And the to
without considering who began the brawl, was

course in an uproar against the accursed English. The news has been brought home by a Flemish merchant just from Antwerp: the Englishmen have taken sanctuary; there will be correspondence, excuses—fines, perhaps.

Or it is an Italian merchant—Caxton talks his language as well—who has things to propose, barter to effect. The Rector of the *Domus Anglorum* was, in fact, a kind of consul. He sent home regular reports on the state of trade, on prices and fluctuations, on supply and demand; he received English merchants, made them pay an entrance fee, instructed them in the laws and privileges of the factory, gave them interpreters, and assisted them in their buying and selling according to the customs of the town. He was also agent to the Merchant Adventurers of London.

In the archives of the town two cases are recorded in which Caxton was concerned, the first in which he had become surety to a merchant of the Staple at Calais, the second in which he consented to arbitration. In the first he is styled simply 'English Merchant.' In the second he is 'English Merchant and Governor of the English House.' As a merchant, or as Rector of the English House, Caxton did not become rich. This point seems to me abundantly proved by the facts of the case. His biographers have sometimes represented him as returning to England enriched by his calling, and setting up his press as an occupation or recreation for his old age. Let us look again at the facts. Those which bear upon the point are the following:—

1. He remained in the *Domus* for thirty years, leaving it at the age of forty-seven or thereabouts. Merchants who grow rich do not continue in the service of their company so long.

2. He married on leaving the *Domus*. Those who prosper do not continue in celibacy till they are past their prime.

3. He then remained abroad for a time, and entered the service of the Duchess of Burgundy. Wealthy

merchants do not remain in exile, nor did they at a time enter into the service of a foreign prince.

4. During the whole thirty years of Caxton's re dence abroad, his native country was torn to pieces a long and bitter civil war. It has been shown that t towns suffered comparatively little from this confli but its effect upon the Merchant Adventurers was m certainly disastrous. Where, when all the country w covered with armies and every great noble had to ta a side, was the market for imports ? Where were th to get the exports when the land was ravaged throughc its length and breadth ? The Merchant Adventur could neither sell their imports nor ship their expor The condition of London was something like that wh the Saxons overran the country on all sides ; and al like that time, the flower of the London youth w called out to fight. Of money-making there was sm thought : happy the merchant who could hold his ov 'I have known London,' Caxton writes, 'in my you age much more wealthy, prosperous, and richer than is at this day.'. While the Red and the White Roses w tearing at each other's throats one fears that t *Domus Anglorum* showed empty warehouses and a serted hall.

Lastly, if there were any doubt on the subject Caxton's comparative poverty, it should be remov by the grateful words in which he speaks of the mon given him when he entered the service of the Duch of Burgundy ; these are not the words of a prosperc man.

Caxton, therefore, one may be quite sure, left Brug as slenderly provided as regards store and treasure when he entered the city.

After this preamble, we now arrive at the inventi of printing.

The fifteenth century—the beginning of the Rena sance—was also remarkable for the production beautiful and costly books. The art of the illuminat had never been finer, the writing had never been mo beautiful, the demand for books had never been so gre

the numbers of those engaged outside the monasteries in the production of books rapidly increased. In every town they formed themselves into Guilds: thus, at Bruges, there was the Guild of St. John, in which were enrolled booksellers, painters, scriveners and copyists, illuminators, bookbinders, curriers, makers of parchment and vellum, and engravers. And they could not produce books fast enough to meet the increased demand. Now, it is perfectly certain that if the demand for anything that is made, grown or produced is increased from any cause, the methods of production of that thing will be reconsidered, and men's ingenuity will devise means of making the production easier, cheaper, and more practicable. What happened with the production of books was exactly what happened with everything else. 'Give us more books,' cried those who, a hundred years before, had wanted no books: 'Give us more books.' Those who were interested in the production pondered continually over the enormous labour and cost of copying. Could there be found any way to lessen that labour? The result was the invention of printing.

Who was the first printer?

You may read all the books, pamphlets and articles; you may consider all the arguments, and in the long run you will know no more than you knew at the beginning. Perhaps it was Coster of Haarlem, or perhaps it was Gutenberg of Mainz. No one knows, and really it matters little except for the antiquary and the historian. At this period, as we have seen, some modification in the old method of copying was certain to be invented. It was by the greatest good luck, I have always thought, that a sort of shorthand, a representation of words by little easy symbols, was not invented. For instance, supposing a separate symbol for each of the prepositions, articles and auxiliary verbs, and other separate symbols for the commoner words, there might be some thousands of symbols in all to be learned by the scribe; but his labour would be reduced to one-tenth. They might have invented some

such method. Then, satisfied with the result, we sh
have gone on for centuries, and the art of prin
would still have to be invented.

But the time was come, and the invention, hap
came with it. Had printing been invented two cent
before, it would have been neglected and spee
forgotten, because there was no demand for bo
Had it been invented two centuries later, it would
had to contend against some other contrivance
shortening labour and cheapening books. If
ingenious projector discovers some great truth o
vents some useful contrivance before or after his
he is lost—he and his discovery. Thus, in the reig
James I. a man of great ingenuity contrived a
marine boat,—he was before his age. In the mi
of the last century another ingenious person discov
a way of sending messages by electricity,—he was be
his age. In a romance, now a hundred and fifty y
old, the possibility of photography was imagined
another person before his age. Men whose ideas
much before their age receive, as their reward,
tempt, certainly ; imprisonment, probably ; and perh
death in one of its more unpleasant forms.

The generally received story, after all that has
said, is this. There was a certain Johann Gensfle
von Sorgenloch, called Zum Gutenberg, a man of n
family, who was born in Mainz somewhere about
end of the fourteenth century. He removed from
native town to Strasbourg, where he began ex
menting upon wood blocks. He then, with the
of printing clearly defined in his mind, perhaps
type already cut in wood, went back to Mainz
entered into partnership with three others, na
Riffe, Heitman and Dritzchen. Documents still
which prove this partnership, and contempo
evidence is clear and strong upon the point that
Gutenberg, and none other, was the inventor of the
The first partnership was speedily broken up. A se
was formed with Fust or Faust, a goldsmith, and
Peter Schöffer, who seems to have been the wor

partner. Certainly he improved and carried the art to a high state of perfection.

That it should spread was certain: the work was simple; the press was not a machine which could be kept secret. Before long printers were setting up their presses everywhere. At Bruges the first printer was one Colard Mansion, a native of the place. He was a member of that Fraternity or Guild of St. John already mentioned. He was himself a writer, or at least a translator, as well as a printer. Caxton followed him in this respect. He printed and published twenty-two works, of which one, called 'The Garden of Devotion,' was in Latin, the others were all in French except two, which were in English. These two were printed for Caxton. The use of French shows that the court and the nobles did not use Flemish. One of his books, the cost of which seems to have ruined the unfortunate printer, was a splendid edition in folio of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' translated into French and illustrated with numerous woodcuts. It is worthy of note that Colard's workshop was the chamber over the north porch of the Church of St. Donatus. The first 'chapel' of printers may have been begun in the modest room over a church porch. When troubles fell upon poor Colard he was fain to run away; he left the city, and—he disappeared. History knows nothing more about Colard Mansion.

That he printed these two books for Caxton there seems no reason to doubt. Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton's successor, certainly says that they were printed at Cologne; but contemporary evidence is not always to be trusted. The character of the type alone is held to prove that they are the work of Colard.

These are the earliest English-printed books. The first is a 'Recuyell of the Historyes of Troie'; the second is 'The Game and Playe of the Chesse.' The second is dedicated to the unfortunate Duke of Clarence: 'To the righte noble, righte excellent and vertuous Prince George, Duc of Clarence, Earle of Warwicke and of Salisburye, Grete Chamberlayne of Englonde and Lieutenant of Ireland, Oldest Brother of Kynge

Edwarde, by the Grace of God Kynge of Englonc
of France, your most humble servant William C
amonge other of youre servantes sendes unto you
Helthe, Joye and Victorye upon your Enemies.'

The 'Recuyell,' a translation, was complet
1471. It was not printed until 1474. The conc
is that Caxton found so great a demand for it tl
could not get the book copied quickly enough tc
the demand; that his attention was drawn to the
invented art, and that he perceived something
enormous possibilities which it presented. Abou
time he resigned the post he had held so long; h
the claustral *Domus* over which he had preside
married a wife, and he entered into the service
Duchess of Burgundy. It has been asked in
capacity he served. In no capacity at all: he w
of the 'following'; he wore the livery of the Du
he was attached to the court; he had rooms and r
and some allowance of money; he was in the s
and at the orders of the Duchess; he was a sec
or an interpreter; he swelled the pageant by hi
sence; he conducted the Duchess's trade venture
was Usher of the White Rod, Chamberlain, Gentl
in-waiting—anything. Do not let us be deceiv
the word 'service' and its modern meaning.

This 'service' lasted a very short time. He le
court—one knows not why—and he returned, afte
long absence, to his native land. Then began the
the last, the most important chapter of his life.
was in the year 1476. He brought over his presse
his workmen with him. And he settled in Westmi

Why did he choose Westminster?

This point is elaborately discussed by Blades.
suggests that Caxton went to Westminster on ac
of the Wool Staple, with which he may have had
spondence while at Bruges. He *may* have had: pe
he did have—though it is not at all likely, becaus
is most certain, he was in constant correspondence
the Merchant Adventurers of London, and with his
company of Mercers, whose representative he

and it is also certain that, as a citizen of London, he could not regard the Staple of Westminster with any favour. That reason, therefore, may be disregarded.

Or, Blades suggests, the Mercers rented of the Abbey a tavern called the 'Greyhound,' where they feasted once a year, and where they did business with the merchants of the Wool Staple. *Therefore* Caxton came here. This, again, is a reason that is no reason; for, surely, the fact that there was this tavern in Westminster could not influence Caxton in the least. One might as well make him go to Gravesend because the Mercers had a farm not far from the town.

There are, however, two reasons which seem to me very plain and sufficient. The first shows why he did not set up his press in the City of London. The next shows why he did set it up in the town—not yet a city—of Westminster. The first reason is that he did not take a workshop in London because he could not. The thing was impossible; he would not be allowed to work under the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor. By this time every trade or craft carried on in the City had been formed into a company or attached to some company; every craftsman belonged to a company; every merchant and every retailer belonged to a company. There was, however, no trade of printing; therefore no company: therefore, as yet, and until the point was raised and settled, no power of settling within the City.

Where, then, could he find a proper place? Southwark was within the City jurisdiction. Without the walls there were hardly any suburbs. The Strand, which might be considered a suburb, was a long line of palaces built upon the river bank, noble of aspect from the river; on the other side their gates opened upon a muddy road, on the north side of which were fields. Caxton wanted, however, not a suburb, but a town; he wanted, also, patrons and customers for the new trade. Westminster was, in fact, the only place to which he could go. Doubtless he bore letters and recommendations from the Duchess of Burgundy to her brother Edward IV. He wanted court favour,

a thing which everybody wanted at that time wanted the patronage of great lords and ladies ; ar wanted to attract the attention of colleges, monast and places where they wanted books and used b In short, like every man in trade, Caxton want place which would be convenient for advertising, s ing, and proclaiming his business. For all pur Westminster was admirably suited for the setting his press.

Where was his house ?

Long afterwards, until about the year 1845, it fell down, there was shown a house traditio assigned to Caxton. The representation cert indicates a later origin, but there may have been a tions. There have been discussions and disputes the site of the first printing press : it has been p on the site of Henry VII.'s Chapel ; one is told tha monument in front of St. Margaret's stands on the For my own part I cannot understand how there c any doubt at all. Stow, writing a hundred years states with the greatest clearness where the house s He says, speaking of the 'Gate House'—that is gate at the east end of Tothill Street—'On the S side of this Gate King Henry VII. founded an A house for thirteen poor men . . . near unto this h westward was an old chapel of St. Anne, over ag which the Lady Margaret, mother to King Henry erected an almshouse for poor women, which is turned into lodgings for the singing men of the Col The place wherein this Chapel and Almshouse s was called the Eleemosynary or Almonry ; now, ruptly, the Ambry ; for that the alms of the Abbey here distributed to the poor.

'And therein Islip, Abbot of Westminster, practised and erected the first press of Book prin that ever was in England about the year of Christ 1 W. Caxton, Citizen of London, Mercer, brought it England, and was the first that practised it in the Abbey.'

Islip was not Abbot at that time, but Prior and a

wards Abbot. As Prior, the details of the government of the Abbey were in his hands. If now we look at a map we shall see that the place corresponds with what was called the Great Almonry until a few years ago, when Victoria Street was cut through the slums of Westminster, and the Westminster Palace Hotel was built, either covering the site or effectually hiding it. The thing does not seem to admit of doubt or dispute. Observe that Stow speaks of the 'Ambry' as being 'in' the Abbey, though it was outside the gate. So Caxton speaks of his presses as set up 'in' the Abbey—an expression which has led many to think that he carried on his work within the church. The mistake was natural so long as men had forgotten the meaning of the word 'Abbey,' and thought that Westminster Abbey meant the Church of St. Peter. How many are there, even now, who have examined the remains lying south of the church, and who understand that these were buildings which, with the church, constituted the Abbey?

The house was known by the sign of the Red Pale. It was a common sign among printers in Holland, some of whom, however, had a Black Pale.

It is not necessary to enumerate the books which Caxton printed; and the questions of type, process, binding and illustrating must be left for the biographer. But about the trade of printer and publisher? On this point hear Caxton himself. He speaks in a Prologue (hitherto undiscovered).

'When,' he says, 'I resolved upon setting up a press in Westminster, I knew full well that it was an enterprise full of danger. For I had seen my friend Colard, printer of Bruges, fain to fly from the city in poverty and debt; and I had seen Melchior of Augsburg dying a bankrupt; and I had heard how Sweynheim and Pannarts in Rome had petitioned the Pope for help. Yet I hoped, by the favour and countenance of His Highness the King, to succeed. This have I done: yet not as I hoped to do. For I thought that the quick production and the cheapness of books would cause many to buy them who hitherto had been content to

live without the solace of poetry and romance, a
without the instruction of Cato and Boethius. Agai
I thought that there are schools and colleges whe
books must be studied, and I hoped that they wou
find it better to print than to copy. And there a
Religious Houses where they are for ever engaged
copying Psalters and Service Books. Surely, I though
it will be better for the good Monks to print than
copy. I forgot, moreover, that there was a great sto
in hand of written books; in every Monastery a sto
which must first be used up, and in every College the
were written books for the student which must first
worn out before there would be question of replaci
them with printed books. Also I forgot the gre
company of copyists, illuminators, limners, and tho
who make and sell vellum and fine parchment for t
copyists. And I found, moreover, to my surprise, th
there were many, great lords to wit, who cared nothi
for cheapness, and who scoffed at my woodcuts co
pared with the illuminations in red and blue and go
which adorned their written books. He who wou
embark upon a new trade must reckon with those w
make their livelihood in the old trade. Wherefore m
Art of Printing had many enemies at the outset, and fe
friends. So that the demand for my books has not y
been found equal to the number which I have p
forth, and I should have been ruined like Colard a
bankrupt like Melchior were it not for the help of m
Lord of Arundel and others, who protected me again
the certain loss which threatened.'

There are many points connected with the fir
English printing press on which one would like
dwell: the mechanism of it, the forms of type, th
paper used, the binding, the price. These things belon
to a biography, and not to a chapter. It must suffic
here to say that the form of the press was simple, bein
little more than such a screw press as is used now fo
copying letters.

As to the books themselves, Caxton, in the true spir
of trade, gave the world not what he himself may hav

anted, but what the world wanted. Books of romance, ivalry and great achievements were demanded by e knights and nobles. Books of service were wanted y the Church. Caxton provided these. These things ustrate the character of the man—cautious, business-ke, anxious to run his press at a profit, so that he tried o experiments, and was content to be a servant rather an a teacher.

Those who will take the trouble to visit the British useum and there examine for themselves the treasures hich the nation possesses of early printing—the case ll of Caxtons in the King's Library, the shelf filled ith Caxtons in the vast Library which the general visitor not allowed to see—will be astonished to observe the pid advances already made in the Art of Printing hen Caxton undertook its practice. Printing was st invented some time in the first half of the fifteenth ntury.[1] The type is clear and strong—clearer type e have never made since ; the ink is perfectly black to is day ; the lines are even and in perfect order ; the nding, when an ancient binding has been preserved, like any binding of later times. But the shape of the ook was not newly invented, nor the binding, nor the rm of the type ; in these matters the printer followed e copyist. In the earlier examples the illuminator as called in to adorn the book, copy by copy, with his t-initials, coloured letters, pictures delicately and autifully drawn, coloured and gilt in the printed page. he illuminator, however, very soon gave way to the graver. The wood engravings of the late fifteenth ntury, rough though they are, and coarse in drawing d outline, are yet vigorous and direct ; they illustrate hat they desire to illustrate. One can believe that ose who could afford the illuminations continued to der and to buy the manuscripts, for the sake of their licacy and beauty. But the printed book, with its

[1] See Lacroix, *Les Arts au Moyen Age*, for a sensible *résumé* whole question.

rough engraving, was within the reach of st priest, and squire, to whose slender means the i nated work was forbidden.

The more one considers this figure of the fift century workman, the more clearly he stands out us, grave, anxious, resolute of face—the mor becomes admirable and wonderful. For thirty engaged in protecting English interests in the N lands—patient, tenacious, conciliatory; the frien servant of the most powerful lady in Europe; the of all those at home who regarded literature: h a lover of poetry and of romance, and at the n age of sixty-five engaged in translating the l a good linguist; a good scholar; and, most cert one who could look into the future, and could f something of the influence which the press was de to have upon the world. And all this in a s liveryman of the Mercers' Company, without edu other than that enjoyed by all lads of his po without wealth and without family influence than that derived from the long connection wit City in various trades of his kith and kin. Adm and wonderful is the life of this great man; adm and wonderful are his achievements.

He died in harness. Thus sayeth Wynky Worde in the 'Vitæ Patrum': 'Thus endyth the vertuouse hystorye of the devoute and righte ren lyves of holy faders lyuynge in deserte, wort remembrance to all wel dysposed persons, whic ben translated oute of French into Englishe by W Caxton of Westmynstre late deed and fynysh the laste daye of hys lyff.' He died in the year and was buried at St. Margaret's, where his wife, and perhaps his father, were also buried. He l child, a daughter. He left a will, which is los one clause was a bequest of fifteen copies of the ' Legend' to the parish church. These were afte sold at prices varying from 5*s.* 4*d.* to 6*s.* 8*d.* If was then worth eight times its present value, understand that books, although they were

cheapened by being printed instead of written, had not yet become cheap.

Many of the books which he published were romances, as has been said, and tales of chivalry. He loved these tales himself, as much as the noble ladies and gallant knights for whom he published them. Let us end this notice with his own words on the excellence and the usefulness of romance. He is speaking of the 'History of King Blanchardine and Queen Eglantine his Wife,' translated by order of the Lady Margaret.

'I know full well that the story of it was honest and joyful to all virtuous young noble gentlemen and women for to read therein as for their pastime. For under correction, in my judgment, the stories of noble feats and valiant acts of arms and war . . . which have been actioned in old time by many noble princes, lords and knights, are as well for to see and know their valiantness, for to stand in the special grace and love of their ladies, and in like wise for gentle young ladies and demoiselles for to learn to be steadfast and constant in their part to them, that they once have promised and agreed to such as have put their lives oft in jeopardy for to please them to stand in grace, as it is to occupy the ken and study overmuch in books of contemplation.'

CHAPTER VIII

THE VANISHED PALACE

WESTMINSTER is the City of King's Houses. It contains, or has contained, five of them. Of these we have already considered one—the earliest and the most interesting. Of the four others, Buckingham Palace belongs to the present; it is, in a way, part of ourselves, since it is the House of the Sovereign. Therefore we need not dwell upon it. There remain the Houses of Whitehall, of St. James's, and of Kensington. Of

these three the two latter Palaces have apparently failed to impress the popular imagination with any sense of royal splendour or mystery. This sense belongs both to Westminster and to Whitehall; but not to St. James's, or to Kensington. It is hard to say why this is so. As regards St. James's, the buildings are certainly not externally majestic; nor does one who walks within its courts become immediately conscious of ancient associations and the atmosphere of Court Functions. Yet nearly all the Court Functions were held there for a hundred and fifty years. Again, there are personal associations, if one looks for them, clinging to St. James's, as there were at Whitehall; but either we do not look for them, or they do not awaken any enthusiasm. Pilgrims do not journey to the Palace to visit its haunted chambers, as they do to Holyrood or to Windsor. Queen Mary, for instance, died in the Palace—Froude has told us in what mournful manner and in which room. Does any one ever ask or care for the room in which the most unhappy of all English Queens or Princesses breathed her last? King Charles spent his last night in this Palace. The Royal martyr has still admirers, but they do not flock to St. James's to weep over the unspeakable sadness of that night. The elder Pretender was born here, but we have almost forgotten his life, to say nothing of his birth, in spite of the romantic warming-pan. There are stories of love and intrigue, of jealousy, of ambition and disappointment, connected with St. James's; yet, with all this wealth of material, it is not a palace of romance: at Whitehall, when we think of that vanished House, the face, the eyes, the voice of Louise de Querouaille light up the courts; the Count de Grammont fills the rooms for us with lovely ladies and gallant courtiers; outside, from her windows looking into the Park, fair Nelly greets the King with mirthful eyes and saucy tongue as he crosses from Whitehall. Well, Miss Brett was perhaps quite as beautiful as Nelly or Louise, but we do not in the least desire to read about her. The book of the French courtier treats entirely of the world, the

h, and the devil,—we read it with rapture; the ronicles of St. James's might be written so as to treat exactly the same subjects,—yet we turn from them. y? Because it is impossible to throw over the rges the luminous halo of romance. George the st, the Second, and the son of the Second, were haps as immoral as Charles and James; yet between m all they could not produce a single romance. The t romantic episode in the history of the house of nover is that simple little legend of Hannah Lightfoot. haps another reason why St. James's has never ome to the imagination a successor to Whitehall Westminster is that from the year 1714 to the r 1837 the old kind of loyalty to the sovereign no ger existed. Compare the personal loyalty dis-ved to Henry V., to Henry VIII., to Elizabeth, n that felt for William III., who saved the country n Catholic rule, and for George I., who carried on Protestant succession. The country accepted these gs, not because they had any personal love for them, because they enabled the nation to have what it ted. The new kings did not try to become person-popular; but they were ready to lead the people in for religious freedom, and they represented a ciple. But as for personal loyalty of the ancient l, that no longer existed.

For exactly a similar reason Kensington has never n a palace in which the world is interested. William chose the house for his residence; he died here. excellent king, a most useful king, but hardly essed of the nation's love. George II. died here; Duke of Sussex died here; yet there is no curiosity nthusiasm about the place.

With Whitehall the case is quite different. It was Palace of Henry VIII., of Elizabeth, of the Tudors the Stuarts; the Palace of sovereigns who ruled as as reigned, who were English and not Germans, lived in the open light and air for all to behold; ney did not hide their vices, they openly displayed r virtues: there is more interest attaching to the

Whitehall of Charles II. alone than there is to the S James's of all those who came after him. Since, th we can here consider one palace only out of the remaini four, let us turn to the Palace of Whitehall.

We have seen that, of all the buildings which o clustered round the Painted Chamber and formed t King's House of Westminster, there now remain nothi more than a single hall much changed, a crypt mu restored, a cloister, and a tower. But this is autum opulence compared with the Palace of Whitehall. that broad, rambling place, as taken over and enlarg by Henry VIII., there now remains nothing at all not a single chamber, not a tower, not a gateway, r a fragment; everything is gone: even the dispositi of its courts and lanes, generally the last thing to lost, can no longer be traced. And of the Stuart Whi hall which succeeded there remains but one chamb the Banqueting Hall of Inigo Jones. Perhaps no ro palace of recent times, in any country, has been lost and forgotten as that of the Tudor Whiteh Even the Ivory House of Ahab, or the Golden House Nero, has not been more completely swept away. wonder how many living men—even of the few w have seriously studied the Westminster of the past could draw from memory a plan of Whitehall Palace, describe in general terms its courts and buildin Yet it was a very great house; certainly not veneral or picturesque, such as that which stood beside t Abbey: there were no sculptured fronts, no tall gable no tourelles, no gray walls, no narrow windows, r carved cloisters; there was hardly any suggestion a fortress; it was a modern house from the first, th house of an ecclesiastic, built, like all the older house in a succession of courts. One who wishes to unde stand Whitehall must visit Hampton, and walk abo the courts of St. James's.

The first mention of the House is in the ye 1221, when it was bequeathed by Hubert de Burgh Henry III.'s Justiciary, to the Dominicans of his founda tion. The original home of the Black Friars in London wa

Holborn, exactly north of Lincoln's Inn ; whence, fifty ars later, they removed to the corner where the Fleet ns into the Thames, just outside the ancient City wall. ere their name still survives. The monks kept ubert's house till 1276, when they sold it to the Arch- shop of York. For two hundred and fifty years it as the town house of the Archbishop. Wolsey, the st Archbishop who held it, greatly enlarged and autified the house. Concerning the magnificence th which he lived here—such magnificence as sur- ssed that of the King his master, such splendour as king of England, not even Richard II., had ever own at his court—we are informed by his biographer, vendish. Wolsey's following of eight hundred men, cluding ten peers of the realm and fifteen knights who ere not too proud to enter the service of the Cardinal, as greater even than that of Warwick, the King- aker of the preceding century.

When one reads of the entertainments, the banquet- gs, the mumming, the music, the gold and silver plate, e cloth of gold, the blaze of colour everywhere—in the ngings, in the coats of arms, in the costumes, in the appings of the horses—we must remember that this agnificence was not in those days regarded as ostenta- n. So to speak of it betrays nineteenth-century ejudice. It is only in this present century that the h man has been expected to live, to travel, to dress, entertain, very much like the men who are not so h. Dives now drives in a carriage little better than at of the physician who attends him. He gives mers little better than those of the lawyer who con- cts his affairs. If he lives in a great house, it is in the untry, unseen. To parade and flaunt and exhibit ur wealth is, as we now understand things, bad form. the time of Cardinal Wolsey it was not bad form : it s the right and proper use of wealth to entertain yally ; it was the part of a rich man to dress splendidly, have a troop of gentlemen and valets in his service, to hibit tables covered with gold and silver plate, to ng the walls with beautiful and costly arras. All

this was right and proper. In this way the succ
man showed his success to the world; he invite
world to judge how successful he was—how rich,
powerful. A great deal of Wolsey's authority and
depended upon this outward and visible show. Pe
he overdid the splendour and created jealousies.
kings delighted in seeing the splendour of their sub
Had the Divorce business gone on smoothly, the
might have continued to rejoice in possessing a su
so great and powerful. We have ceased so long
open splendour that we find it difficult to understa
Imagination refuses to restore the glory of York H
when its walls were hung with tapestry of many col
when, here and there, in place of tapestry, the
were hung with cloth of gold, cloth of silver and cl
tissue. Where, let me ask, can we find now a
piece of this fine cloth of gold? There were long t
spread with rich stuffs—satin, silk, velvet, dam
where can we find a table now spread with these l
things? There were sideboards set with the
splendid gold and silver plate: where now can w
gold and silver plate—save at a Lord Mayor's din
A following of eight hundred people rode with
Cardinal: what noble in the land has such a follo
now? Alas! the richest and greatest lord that we
produce has nothing but a couple of varlets behin
carriage and two or three more in his hall, with ne
knight or squire or armiger among them. As fo
Cardinal himself, when he went abroad he wa
scarlet and red and gold and silver gilt. His sa
was of crimson velvet, his shoes were set with glea
diamonds, his stirrups were silver gilt; before
rode two monks carrying silver crosses. Every da
entertained a multitude with a noble feast and
wines, with the singing of men and children and wit
music of all kinds of instruments. And after
there were masques and mummeries, and dances
noble dames and gentle damsels.

What have we to show in comparison with
magnificence? Nothing. The richest man, the

noble and the most powerful, is no more splendid than a simple gentleman. The King-maker, if he existed in the present day, would walk to his club in Pall Mall; and you would not distinguish him from the briefless barrister taking his dinner—the same dinner, mind—at the next table. The decay of magnificence accompanies the decay of rank, the decay of individual authority, and the decay of territorial power.

Wolsey fell. Great and powerful must have been that dread sovereign, that Occidental Star, that King who could overthrow by a single word so mighty a Lord as the Cardinal. And the King took over for his own use the town house of the Archbishops of York.

At this time the old Palace of Westminster was in a melancholy condition. A fire in 1512 destroyed a great part of it, including the principal offices and many of the chambers. The central part—the King's House—however, escaped, and here the King remained. Rooms for visitors were found at Baynard's Castle, Bridewell, and St. James's (which was built by Henry on the site of St. James's Hospital). Norden, who wrote in the year 1592, says that the old Palace at that time lay in ruins, but that the vaults, cellars, and walls still remaining, showed how extensive had been the buildings in former times.

In converting York House into a Palace Henry added a tennis court, a cockpit, a bowling alley and a tilt yard. He built a gateway after Holbein's designs across the main street; and besides these, according to the Act of Parliament which annexed Whitehall to the Palace of Westminster, he 'most sumptuously and curiously builded and edified many beautiful, costly, and pleasant lodgings.' He laid out the Park, and he began a collection of pictures, which Charles I. afterwards enlarged. James I. designed to erect a new and very costly Palace on the spot. He entrusted the work to Inigo Jones, but the design never got beyond the Banqueting Hall. Had the Palace been completed it would have shown a front of 1152 feet in length from north to south, and 874 feet from east to west.

The plan of the Palace, as it was in the reign Charles II., exists, and a copy may be seen in the Cr collection in the British Museum. It will there be s that the place was much less in area and contai fewer buildings than the Westminster Palace. T chief reason for these diminished proportions was separation for the first time in English history of High Courts of Justice from the King's Court, and change from the army—King Cnut's huscarles—wh the kings had always led about with them to a sm body-guard. The place was rambling, as we shou expect from the manner in which it grew.

On the south side the Palace began with t Bowling Green; next to this was the Privy Garden, large piece of ground laid out formally. The front the Palace consisted of the Banqueting Hall, the prese Whitehall, the Gate and Gate Tower—neither state nor in any way remarkable—and a row of low gable houses almost mean in appearance. The Gate opene upon a series of three courts or quadrangles. The fir and most important, called 'The Court,' had on it west side the Banqueting Hall; on the south there wa a row of offices or chambers; on the north a low covere way connected the Banqueting Hall with the othe chambers; on the east side was the Great Hall o Presence Chamber, the Chapel, and the private rooms of the King and Queen. This part of the Palace con- tained what was left of the old York House. The second court, that into which the principal gate opened, was called the 'Courtyard.' By this court was the way to the Audience and Council Chambers, the Chapel, the offices of the Palace, and the Water Gate. The Art Collections and Library were placed in the 'Stone Gallery,' which ran along the east side of the Privy Garden. A third court was called Scotland Yard; in this court was the Guard House. The old custom of having everything made in the Palace that could be made, and everything stored under responsible officers, was continued at Whitehall as it had been at West- minster. Thus we find cellars, pastry house, pantry,

yder house, spicery, bakehouse, charcoal house, calding house, chandlery, poulterers' house, master lazier's, confectionery—and the rest, each office with ts responsible officer, and each officer with his own uarters in the Palace. One long building on the ight hand of the block was the 'Small Beer Buttery.' ts length shows its importance; its situation among he offices indicates for whom it was erected. Remember that the common sort of Englishman has never t any time used water as a beverage unless there was othing else to be had; that as yet he had no tea; that is habitual beverage was small beer; and that in all reat houses small beer was to be had for the asking in he intervals of work.

Beyond the Banqueting Hall and the Gate House here is a broad street, now Parliament Street, then a ortion of the Palace. On the other side, where in King Henry's reign were the Tilt Yard and the Cockpit, are he old Horse Guards and Wallingford House, afterwards he Admiralty. Beyond these buildings is St. James's ark, with fine broad roads, which remain to the present ay; on the left is Rosamond's Pond in its setting of ees, to which reference is constantly made in the terature of the seventeenth century.

At the south end of the open space stood the beautiful ate erected by Holbein. It was removed in 1759.

The appearance of the Palace from the river has een preserved in several views, in none of which do he details all agree. One often reproduced is taken om Wilkinson's 'Londina Illustrata,' and shows the alace in the time of James II. The general aspect of he Palace is that of a great collection of chambers and fices built as they were required, for convenience and mfort, rather than for beauty or picturesqueness. here are no towers, cloisters, gables, or carved work. is essentially—like St. James's, like Hampton—a alace of brick.

The greater part of Whitehall Palace was destroyed y fire in 1691 and 1697. After the deposition of ames II. it ceased to be a royal residence. Then the

site of the Palace was gradually built over by privat persons. The Banqueting Hall was for a long time Chapel Royal; it has now become the house for th collections of the United Service Institute. One coul wish that some of the Palace had been preserved: fro the marriage of Anne Boleyn to the deposition James II. is a period which contains a great many event of interest and importance, all of which are associate with this Palace. The destruction of the ancient Faith the dissolution of the Religious Houses, the re-birth Classical learning, the vast developments of trade, th widening of the world, the beginning of the Empir *outre mer*, the humbling of Spain, the successful resist ance of the nation against the king, the growth of most glorious literature, the revival of the nationa spirit,—all these things belong to Whitehall Palace. Other memories it had, not so pleasing: the self-will o Henry, the misery of his elder daughter, the executio of Charles I., the licentious Court of Charles II.—one wishes that the place had been spared.

There are many copies of the plan of the Palace. It is, however, impossible to fill in these plans with the innumerable offices, private rooms, galleries, and chambers mentioned by one writer and another. We must be content to know that it was a vast nest of chambers and offices; there were hundreds of them; the courts were crowded with people; there was a common thoroughfare through the middle of the Palace from Charing Cross to Westminster: so many funerals, for instance, were conducted along this road to St. Margaret's that Henry VIII. constructed a new burial-ground at St. Martin's. The Palace was accessible to all; the Guard stood at the gate, but everybody was admitted as to a town; the King moved freely about the Courts, in the Mall, in the Park, sometimes unattended. The people drove their pack-horses or their waggons up and down the road, and hardly noticed the swarthy-faced man who stood under the shade of a tree watching the players along the Mall. This easy and fearless familiarity vanished with the Stuarts.

etween this Palace and that of Westminster there certain important points of difference. One, the ıce of the law courts, has already been noticed. Vhitehall there was a Guard House; it stood, as been said, in Scotland Yard: no doubt the Gate guarded; in 1641 the old 'Horse Guards' was built he Gentlemen Pensioners who formed the Guard; there was no wall round the Palace, there was no estion of a fortress, there was no suggestion of a). Next, the Palace of Westminster was always, as been intended by Edward the Confessor, connected the Abbey. It had, to be sure, its own chapel— of St. Stephen's; but it was connected by historical iations of every kind with the Abbey. The ringing e Abbey bells, the rolling of the organ, the chanting e monks could be heard by day and by night above nusic and the minstrelsy, the blare of trumpet and clash of arms. At Whitehall there was a chapel, the Abbey was out of hearing. When Henry ved his Palace from Thorney Island to York e, it was a warning or a sign that he would shortly ve himself from the domination of the Church.

s for the Court in the reigns of Elizabeth and s, we have full details. The Yeomen of the Guard, were the body-guard, wore red cloth roses on back breast. When the Court moved from Whitehall to nwich or to Theobalds, a vast quantity of baggage with it. Three hundred carts were required to all that was wanted. What did these carts con- ? Not furniture, certainly. Table-linen, gold and plate, wine and stores of all kinds, tapestry, es and bedding, kitchen vessels. As for furniture, were as yet no tables such as we now use, but ds on trestles, which were put up for every meal; were chairs and stools; there was tapestry on the ; there were beds; there were cabinets and side ds; except in the Presence Chamber or the Ban- ing Hall there were no carpets. All who write of and at this time speak with admiration of the ıbers strewn with sweet herbs, the crushing of

which by the feet brought out their fragrance; the nose-gays of flowers placed in the bedrooms; and the parlours trimmed with vine leaves, green boughs and fresh herbs. It is a pleasant picture.

Of treasures such as exist at the present day in Buckingham Palace, Windsor and other royal residences, there were few. Hentzner, a traveller in the year 1598, found a library in Whitehall well stored with Greek, Latin, Italian and French books; he says nothing of English books. They were all bound in red velvet, with clasps of gold and silver; some had pearls and precious stones in the bindings. He also found some pictures, including portraits of 'Henry, Richard and Edward.' There were a few other curious things: a cabinet of silver, daintily worked, in which the Queen kept letter-paper; a jewel box set with pearls; toys and curiosities in clockwork. A few years later, in 1613, the pictures in Whitehall are enumerated. There were then portraits of Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of Scots. There were also portraits of French and Spanish kings and queens, and of the great Court ladies. It is curious to remark that no portrait then existed in Whitehall either of Mary or of Philip. The list includes the portraits in the other palaces. There is not one of Mary.

Let us assist at a royal banquet. It is an entertainment offered to Juan Fernandez de Velasco, Duke de Frias, Constable of Castile, on Sunday, August 10th, 1604, in which the King opened his mind without reserve as to peace with Spain. The Audience Chamber was furnished with a buffet of several stages, filled with gold and silver plate. People were freely admitted to look on, but a railing was put up on either side of the room to keep them from crowding or pressing. The table was fifteen feet long and three feet broad. The dishes were brought in by the King's gentlemen and servants, accompanied by the Lord Chamberlain. The Earls of Pembroke and Southampton were gentlemen-ushers. The King and Queen, with Prince Henry, entered after the arrival of the Constable and his suite.

ter washing of hands,—the Lord Treasurer handing e bowl to the King and the Lord High Admiral to the ueen—grace was said, and they took their seats. The ing and Queen occupied thrones at the head of the table ıder a canopy of state on chairs of brocade, with shions. On the Queen's side sat the Constable on a bouret of brocade, and on the King's side sat the ince. The other guests were four gentlemen forming ırt of the Ambassador's suite. There was also at the ble, says the historian, a large company of the principal blemen in the realm. He enumerates twenty-one, ıd says there were others. How they were all placed a table fifteen feet long and three feet broad he does t explain. Perhaps there was a second table. A nd of instruments discoursed music during the nquet. The speeches and toasts went on during the urse of the dinner. First the King rose, and, taking his crown, he drank to the health of their Spanish ajesties. Next the Constable drank to the Health the Queen 'out of the lid of a cup of agate of extra-dinary beauty.' He then passed the cup to the King, king him to drink out of it; and then to the Prince. e then directed that the cup should remain on His ajesty's buffet. At this point the people present outed out, 'Peace! peace! peace! God save the ing! God save the King!'

The banquet, thus cheered by compliments, toasts, ıd the shouts of the onlookers, lasted three hours. t its conclusion, which would be about three o'clock the afternoon, a singular ceremony took place. The table was placed upon the ground, and their ajesties, standing upon it, proceeded to wash their ınds.' The King and Queen then retired to their own partments, while the Spanish guests were taken to the icture gallery. In an hour's time they returned to ıe Audience Chamber, where dancing had begun.

Fifty ladies-of-honour were present, 'richly dressed ıd extremely beautiful.' Prince Henry danced a *lliard*; the Queen, with the Earl of Southampton, anced a *brando*; the Prince danced another *galliard*—

'con algunas cabriolas,' with certain capers another *brando* was performed; the Queen with of Southampton, and Prince Henry with anotl of the Court, danced a *correnta*. This ended t They then all took their places at the windows looked out upon a court of the Palace. The had the pleasure of seeing the King's bears fig greyhounds, and there was very fine baiting of t Then followed tumblers and rope-dancers. Wit performances ended the entertainment and tl The Lord Chamberlain accompanied the Const the farthest room; the Earl of Devonshire an gentlemen went with them to their coaches, a halberdiers escorted them on their way hon torches. On the morrow, one is pained to re Constable had an attack of lumbago.

There are other notes on the Court which o in the descriptions of foreign travellers. Th King was served on one knee; while he drank l bearer remained on one knee; he habitually Frontignac, a sweet, rich French wine; when Elizabeth passed through the street men fell o knees (this practice seems to have been discontii her death); servants carried their masters' arms left sleeve; the people, within or without the Cou noisy and overbearing (all travellers agree c point); they hated foreigners, and laughed at they were magnificent in dress; they allowed thei the greatest liberty, and spent all they could upon their dresses; the greatest pleasure the w the citizens had was to sit in their doorways dre their best for the passers-by to admire; they accustomed to eat a great quantity of meat; they sweet things, pouring honey over mutton and sugar with their wine; they ardently pursued bi bear baiting, hunting, fishing, and sport of all they ate saffron cakes to bring out the flavour of they spent great sums of money in tobacco, whi then 18*s.* a pound, equal to more than 6*l.* of our n their great highway was the river, which was c

with boats of all kinds plying up and down the stream, and was also covered with thousands of swans. The river, indeed, maintained, as watermen, fishermen, lightermen, stevedores, etc., as many as forty thousand men. When we read of James kissing his favourites—a practice nauseous to the modern Englishman—we must remember that it was then not an uncommon thing, but quite the contrary, for friends to kiss each other. In France and Germany men have always greeted each other with a kiss. On entering a room a visitor kissed all the ladies present. Thus it was reckoned unusual when the Duchess of Richmond (1625) admitted the Duke of Brunswick to Ely House on the proviso that he must not kiss her. He did not, but he kissed all her ladies twice over in a quarter of an hour. And the Constable of Castile, the day before the great banquet, kissed all the Queen's ladies-of-honour. Erasmus remarks that the English have a custom 'never to be sufficiently commended. Wherever you go, you are received with a kiss from all; when you take your leave, you are dismissed with kisses; you return—kisses are repeated; they come to visit you—kisses again.'

Those who read—and trust—the gossiping and scandalous memoirs of the day acquire a very imperfect idea of King James's Court. The physical defects and weaknesses of the King are exaggerated; we are told that his legs were weak, and that he rolled in his gait; the foreign ambassadors, however, speak of him as a man of great strength and strong constitution: we are told that he spoke thickly; there is nothing said of this defect in the letters written by these visitors. That he lived privately, and went not abroad, as Queen Elizabeth had done, is acknowledged; that his Court was in any way ridiculous does not appear, except in such a writer as Anthony Welldon. In this place, happily, we have not to consider his foreign or domestic policy, or his lofty ideas on Divine Right; but only his Court. In the fierce light which beats upon a throne every weakness is made visible and appears out of proportion. We must remember, however, that the

blemishes are not visible to him who only occasionally visits the Court, or witnesses a Court function. We, for instance, are only outsiders : we know nothing of the whispers which run round the inner circle. Those who are about the person of the sovereign must experience, one would think, something of degradation when they make the inevitable discovery that the King's most excellent Majesty, whom they have been wont to serve on bended knee, is afflicted, like the meanest of his servants, with human infirmities, and with weaknesses physical and mental. There are, however, two kings : the one as he appears to the outer world, which only sees him at Court functions ; the other as he appears to his servants and those about his person. If one of these servants reveals to the world that the sovereign in hours of privacy was wont to relax from the cares of state in the company of persons little better than buffoons, we may acknowledge that the dignity maintained by the King in public and before the eyes of the world was greater than James could always sustain. He relaxed, therefore, too much in the opposite direction. Why parade the fact ? When one of his servants describes a drunken orgy at the Palace, we remark that James was king for more than twenty years, that there is no mention of any other drunken orgy, and that this deplorable evening was in honour of the Queen's brother, King of Denmark, who probably thought that general excess of wine was part of the honour paid to him. When we are told that James was afraid of a drawn sword, and turned his eyes away when he knighted a certain person, we remark that this outward and visible sign of fear is only recorded of him once and by one writer, that no one else speaks of it, and that there is no proof whatever that on this occasion he turned his head in sign of fear. That he loved hunting excessively is only saying that he joined in the sports of his time, and that he was always pleased to escape the cares and fatigues of his place. That saint whom English Catholics still revere, Edward the Confessor, was also excessively fond of hunting. When all this is said we may add

that this King, who loved buffoonery so much, was a good scholar and a diligent student, a lover of literature and of scholars, a writer of considerable power, a disputant of no mean order. King James wrote the *Doron Basilikon*; he wrote a book on Dæmonology (who can expect a king to be in advance of his age?); he wrote against the use of tobacco; he translated many of the Psalms; he was constantly saying things witty, unexpected, shrewd and epigrammatic; he was as tolerant as could be expected in matters of religion.

Lastly, James made the Court of Whitehall magnificent during the whole of his reign, by the splendour of the Masques.

When we think of this vanished Palace our thoughts turn to the Masques, which belong especially to Whitehall,—there were none at Westminster and none at St. James's. The Masque is of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was a play performed on one night only; not by professional actors, but by lords and ladies of the Court. The jewels worn were real jewels; the dresses were of velvet and silk, embroidered with gold and pearls; the scenery was costly and elaborate; the music was new and composed for the occasion; the dances were newly invented for that night only; the scene-painter and stage manager was the greatest architect of the day; the words were written by the poet who, in his lifetime, was esteemed by many the first of living poets. The Masque was a costly, splendid thing—a thing of courtly pomp—a fit plaything for queen and princess; a form of drama perfected by Ben Jonson, not disdained by Milton, put upon the stage by Inigo Jones. As for the play itself, the *motif* was always simple, sometimes allegorical, generally grave; the treatment was classical. The Masques of Ben Jonson would be wearisome for the length of the speeches and the slowness of the movement, did we not keep before our eyes the scenery and the grouping of the figures. Their tedium in the reading is also retrieved by the lovely verses and songs scattered freely over the piece: the acting, the music, the scenes, the singing, the

dancing kept up the life and action and interest
piece. There was an immense amount of stage m
ment, stage machinery and decorations. Shake
and his actors at the Globe and the Fortune could
afford these splendours, nor did they attempt
distant imitation of them. When the King
manded a play, it was put on the stage with none
accessories which belonged to the Masque. At
hall, as at Bankside, the back of the stage represe
wall, a palace or a castle ; the hangings—black or
showed whether it was night or day. But the M
was not a show for the people : it is certain th
' groundlings ' of the Globe would not have unde
the classical allusions with which it was cra
At the present day a masque would be only e
as a spectacle for the picturesque grouping, the
of the actresses, the splendour of the dresses, th
fection of the dancing, the lovely songs, and t
mirable skill and discipline of the company. Wh
principal actress was no other than the Queen
who led off a dance, followed by ladies repres
mythological characters perfectly well understoo
Court of scholars, when the scenery, new and bea
was changed again and again, even though the fab
no great thing the entertainment was delightful.

The general care of these and other show
entrusted to the Master of Revels. This of
described in an official book compiled by Ed
Tylney, a Master of Revels 1579–1610. He
' The office of ye Revels consisteth of a Wardrop
other several Roomes, for Artificers to worke in
Taylors, Imbrotherers, Property-makers, Pa
Wyer drawers and Carpenters, togeather with
venient place for ye rehearsals and setting for
Playes and other Showes for those Services.'

The first Master of Revels was Sir Thomas Caw
appointed in 1546. He was followed by Sir T
Benger, Edmund Tylney, Sir George Busk, Sir
Astley, and Sir Henry Herbert. With him the i
ance of the post ceased ; the office, however, w

continued. It survives—or lingers—in the Licenser of plays.

So few read Ben Jonson's Masques that I ask no excuse for presenting one. We will take the masque called *The Hue and Cry after Cupid*. It was written as a wedding entertainment.

The scene represented a high, steep red cliff mounting to the sky—a red cliff because the occasion was the wedding of one of the Radcliffs. The cliff was also 'a note of height, greatness, and antiquity.' Before the cliff on the two sides were two pilasters charged with spoils and trophies of Venus and Cupid: hearts transfixed, hearts burning, young men and maidens buried with roses, garlands, arrows, and so forth—all of burnished gold. Over the pillars hovered the figures of Triumph and Victory, twice the size of life, completing the arch and holding a garland of myrtle for the key.

Beyond the cliff, cloud and obscurity.

Then music began; the clouds vanished; two doves followed by two swans drew forth a triumphant chariot, in which sat Venus crowned with her star, and beneath her the three Graces, 'all attired according to their antique figures'—which is obscure and doubtful.

Venus descends from the chariot, and is followed by the Graces:

> It is no common cause, you will conceive,
> My lovely Graces, makes your goddess leave
> Her state in Heaven to-night, to visit earth.
> Love late is fled away, my eldest birth,
> Cupid, whom I did joy to call my son;
> And whom long absent, Venus is undone.
> Spy, if you can, his footsteps on the green;
> For here, as I am told, he late hath been.
> . . . . .
> Find ye no track of his stray'd feet?
> *1st G.* Not I.
> *2nd G.* Not I.
> *3rd G.* Not I.
> *Venus.* Stay, nymphs; we then will try
> A nearer way. Look all these ladies' eyes,
> And see if there he not concealèd lies.

Perchance he hath some simple heart to hide
His subtle shape in. . . .

. . . . . .

Begin, soft Graces, and proclaim reward
To her that brings him in. Speak to be heard.

Then the Graces begin, and one after the other for nine verses sing the 'Hue and Cry for Cupid' :—

1st G. Beauties, have ye seen this toy
Callèd Love, a little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blind;
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say?
He is Venus' runaway.

. . . . . .

2nd G. Trust him not; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit;
Any gift it is a bait;
Not a kiss but poison bears,
And most treason in his tears.

. . . . . .

1st G. If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.
2nd G. Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.
3rd G. Since you hear his falser play,
And that he's Venus' runaway.

After this Cupid himself comes running out from behind the trophies: he is armed; he is followed by twelve boys 'most antickly' attired, representing the Sports and pretty Lightnesses that accompany Love under the titles of *Joci* and *Risus*.

Cupid. Come, my little jocund sports,
Come away; the time now sorts
With your pastime; this same night
Is Cupid's day. Advance your light,
With your revel fill the room,
That our triumphs be not dumb.

Then the boys 'fall into a subtle, capricious' dance, bearing torches with ridiculous gestures. Venus all

the time stands on one side, the Graces grouped around her. Can we realise what a pretty picture this would make? When the dance is over, Venus and her maidens surround Cupid and apprehend him. What has he been doing?—

> Have you shot Minerva or the Thespian dames?
> Heat agèd Ops again with youthful flames?
> Or have you made the colder Moon to visit,
> Once more, a sheepcote? Say what conquest is it
> Can make you hope such a renown to win?
> Is there a second Hercules brought to spin?
> Or, for some new disguise, leaves Jove his thunder?

At this point Hymen entered, and the manner of his entry was thus. He wore a saffron-coloured robe, his under-vesture white, his socks yellow, a yellow veil of silk on his left arm, his head crowned with roses and marjoram, in his right hand a torch of pine tree. After him came a youth in white, bearing another torch of white thorn; behind him two others in white, the one bearing a distaff and the other a spindle. Then followed the Auspices, those who 'handfasted' the pair and wished them luck—*i.e.*, prayed for them. Then one who bore water and another who bore fire; and lastly musicians.

Cupid at sight of Hymen breaks off—

> Hymen's presence bids away;
> 'Tis already at his night:
> He can give you further light.
> You, my Sports, may here abide,
> Till I call to light the bride.

Hymen addresses Venus, paying the most charming compliments to King James under the name of Æneas. He tells her that he is come to grace the marriage of a noble virgin styled the Maid of the Redcliffe, and that Vulcan with the Cyclopes are at that moment forging something strange and curious to grace the nuptials; and indeed, at that moment Vulcan himself, dressed like the blacksmith that he is, comes upon the stage. He has completed the work:

> Cleave, solid rock, and bring the wonder forth!

Then, with a burst of music, the cliff falls open an
closes 'an illustrious concave filled with an ampl
glistering light in which an artificial sphere was
of silver, eighteen feet in diameter, that turned
petually; the *coluri* were heightened wtih gold; so
the arctic and the antarctic circles, the tropics
equinoctial, the meridian and horizon; only the z
was of pure gold, in which the masquers unde
characters of the twelve signs were placed, answ
them in number.'

This is the description. The system of the z
seems a strange thing to present as part of a we
entertainment; but such a thing was not then p
school work, and when Vulcan called out at the mas
Aries the Ram, Taurus the Bull, Gemini the Twins
the rest, explaining how they apply to the cor
condition, no doubt there was much delight.
done, Venus, Vulcan, Hymen and their trains s
stood while the masquers, assisted by the Cyc
alternately sang and danced. There are seven
to the song, and there were four dances. The d
were invented by Master Thomas Giles and M
Hieronymus Herne; the tunes were composed by M
Alphonso Ferrabosco; the scenes by Master Inigo J
and the verse, with the invention of the whole, by
Jonson himself. 'The attire,' says the poet, 'o
masquers throughout was most graceful and n
partaking of the best both ancient and later fi
The colours, carnation and silver, enriched with
broidery and lace. The dressing of their heads, fea
and jewels.' The names of the masquers were
Duke of Lenox, the Earls of Arundell, Pembroke,
Montgomery, Lords D'Aubigny, Walden, Hay
Sankre, Sir Robert Rothe, Sir Joseph Kennethir,
Master Erskine. Here are two of the verses:—

What joy or honours can compare
With holy nuptials when they are
Made out of equal parts
Of years, of states, of hands, of hearts!
When in the happy choice
The spouse and spousèd have the foremost vice!

Such, glad of Hymen's war,
Live what they are
And long perfection see :
And such ours be—
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wishèd star !

Love's common wealth consists of toys :
His council are those antic boys.
Games, laughter, sports, delights,
That triumph with him on these nights,
To whom we must give way,
For now their reign begins and lasts till day.
They sweeten Hymen's war,
And, in that jar,
Make all, that married be,
Perfection see.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wishèd star !

The Masque was short-lived. It was stately and ified ; it was courtly ; it was classical ; it was serious : ody laughed much, except perhaps at the 'antic' es which were sometimes introduced. It required if not the finest poetic work. It could not be quately presented without lavish expenditure. It anded the performance of amateurs. When the bles of the next reign began there was little desire uch entertainments, and no money to spare for the luction of a Masque on the old scale of splendour. n Charles II. returned all the world wanted to laugh to sing ; the Masque, slow and stately, was out shion. Charles made an attempt to revive it, but out success. It was quite forgotten : the old pro- ies were stowed away and mouldered in the cellars he Fire came and burned them all. And the stage ts, the sudden changes of scene, the clouds and the s and streams were all forgotten, until they were ved in the nineteenth century.

There are many memories of Whitehall on which we it enlarge : scenes in the later life of Henry VIII. ; es in the Court of Queen Mary ; tilts, feasts and rtainments by Queen Elizabeth ; the death of les ; the occupation by Cromwell ; the mistresses

of Charles the Deplorable—with a great many more. These, however, belong to the things already narrated. I have endeavoured to recall certain associations which have hitherto belonged to the book of the things left out; and among them there are none so pleasing and so characteristic as the Masque in the reign of James I.

Now there is nothing left of Elizabeth's Palace at all; of Charles's Palace, only the latest and last construction, the Banqueting Hall. When the fires of 1691 and 1697 swept all away except this building, there perished a collection of courts and houses for the most part dingy, without the picturesque appearance of the old Palace, which, if it was crowded and huddled together, was full of lovely mediæval towers, gables, and carved work. Whitehall as a building was without dignity and without nobility. Yet one wishes that it had remained to the present day. Hampton Court, as I have said above, remains to show the world what Whitehall Palace was like.

William III. talked of rebuilding the place; but he died. Queen Anne took up her residence in St. James's. And Whitehall Palace vanished.

CHAPTER IX

THE CITY

THE Houses of Parliament,—their history, their buildings, their constitution—belong to the history of the Empire. They happen to stand in the City of Westminster; but their history does not form part of the City history. The House of Commons has been called to Westminster almost without interruption for six hundred years. It sat for three hundred years in the Chapter House of the Abbey; then for three hundred years more in the Chapel of St. Stephen; when that was burned down the site was preserved and set apart for the New House which arose when the ashes of the old had been cleared

. That site must not be considered a part of minster; it is part of the Island—part of the re.

ı a certain special sense, however, the House of nons did belong to the City of Westminster for a time. A great many of the country members d in the narrow streets round the Abbey. The n is plain: there were no streets or houses in the lows lying north and west of the Houses of Parlia- ; either the members must lodge in the City of on and take boat for St. Stephen's, or they must in Westminster itself. It is stated by a writer of ıst century that the principal means of support for people of Westminster were the lodging and the tainment of the members. The monks were gone; tuary was gone; the Court was gone; but the bers remained, and so the taverns remained too, the ancient reputation of Westminster as a thirsty was happily uninjured.

ı another way Westminster created for itself a distinction. As a borough it became notorious he turbulence and the violence of the elections. entral position, the King's House always lying n its boundaries, the City of London its near bour, naturally caused an election at Westminster tract more attention than an election at Oxford, or Winchester. Again, the electors of Westminster not, probably, fiercer partisans than those of other place, nor were their candidates always of er importance; yet it is certain that for downright geon rowdiness and riot, the rabble at Westminster, it turned out at election time, was equalled by few s and surpassed by none.

et us observe one point, which is instructive: the le had no votes; the butchers, those patriotic ers, who paraded the streets with clubs to the c of marrow-bones and cleavers; the chairmen, l patriots of opposite convictions, who marched e Way of War and the breaking of heads with their —formidable as pike or spear; the jolly sailors,

convinced as to the foundations of order, who
along with bludgeons, thirsting for the display of
political principles,—none of these brave fellows
any vote. Yet the share they took, the part they pl
the influence they exercised in every election, c
be disputed. The vote, you see, about which
days we make such a fuss, is by no means e
thing: in those days one stout fellow with a cud
the bottom of the steps of the hustings might be
to his party fifty votes a day: he might rep
as many voters sent home discouraged, or even
suaded by a broken head, to a radical change of po
principles.

In the year 1710, Swift says that the rabbl
rounded his coach, and he was afraid of having
cats thrown in at the window, or getting his
broken. The part played by the dead cat
eighteenth-century functions, elections, pillories
outdoor speeches, was quite remarkable. In tim
peace and quiet we hear of no dead cats. The stree
not then, and do not now, provide a supply of dead c
meet all demands. It would seem as if all the cats
the slums were slaughtered for the occasion. Thr
out the last century the elections of Westm
became more and more riotous; there were riot
ructions in 1711 and in 1721; in 1741 these were
surpassed by the contested election in which
Sundon and Sir Charles Wager were candidates o
one side—the Court side—and Admiral Vernon
Mr. Charles Edwin on the other. Lord Sundon, a
created Irish peer, took upon himself to close th
by the help of a detachment of Guards before i
finished. One vote an hour was supposed to kee
poll open. The returning officer, however, disrega
this convention, and by Lord Sundon's order, de
the poll closed and Lord Sundon with Sir C
Wager duly elected. There was indignation, ther
a question, which led to a debate in the House
finally the election was declared illegal. The vi
thus obtained by the populace against the Court

was celebrated long afterwards by an annual dinn
of the 'Independent Electors.' It marks the char
in our management of these things that there shou
have been a Court party, and that the Court shou
think it consistent with its dignity to take an acti
part in any election. That the king should oper
side with this or that candidate shows that the soverei
a hundred and fifty years ago stood on a much lov
level than the sovereign of to-day.

The longest and fiercest contest, the one with t
most doubtful issues, the most violent of all the We
minster elections, was that of the year 1784. Of t
election there was published a most careful record fr
day to day. I suppose there is no other election
record of which such a daily diary has been preserv
It appeared towards the end of the same year, and w
published by Debrett, a Piccadilly bookseller. T
anonymous authors, who modestly call themselv
'Lovers of Truth and Justice,' begin the work with
narrative of the events which led to the Dissolution
March 25th, 1784; they then proceed to set down t
story of the Westminster election from day to da
they have reproduced many of the caricatures, roug
coarse, and vigorous, with which Rowlandson illustrat
the contest; they have published all the speeches; th
have collected the whole of the Election literatu
with the poems, squibs, epigrams, attacks, and eulogi
which appeared on either side. Not only is there
other record, so far as I know, of any election so co
plete as this; but there has never been any other electio
so far as I know, where the fight was fiercer, mo
determined, more unscrupulous, and of longer duratio
The volume is, I believe, somewhat scarce and diffic
to procure. Its full title is 'The History of the We
minster Election, containing every Material Occurren
from its Commencement, on the First of April, to t
Final Close of the Poll, on 17th of May, to which
Prefixed a Summary Account of the Proceedings of t
Late Parliament, so far as they appear Connected wi
the East India Business and the Dismission of t

Portland Administration, with other Select a
ing Occurrences at the Westminster Meetin
to its Dissolution on the 25th Day of March

This long title-page promises no mor
volume performs. It is proposed, therefor
duce in these pages, with the assistance of t
of Truth and Justice,' the history of an el
was conducted a hundred years ago.

The Dissolution of March 1784, and the c
led to it, belong to the history of the countr
life of Charles James Fox. Let us accept t
a General Election was held in April; that
dates for Westminster were Admiral Lord
Sir Cecil Wray on the Ministerial side, and
Opposition. The former was also the Cou
candidates on that side were called the Kin
the King himself took the keenest interest
progress of the poll; he peremptorily orde
Court servants, the Court tradesmen and
dependents to vote for Hood and Wray; and
sent a body of two hundred and eighty
vote on that side. No king, in fact, eve
with an election more openly, more active
less dignity. The struggle, remember, c
Commons was not completed when Willian
succeeded James. The lesson taught by t
of the seventeenth century was most
grasped by King George III. On the othe
Prince of Wales, with the filial loyalty wh
terised him as well as his grandfather, use
fluence on the side of Fox.

The temper of the City of Westminster, and
prospect of a stormy time, was shown two mo
the Dissolution, when a document purport
humble address to the King from the Dea
Steward and the Burgesses assembled at th
Westminster, was passed about for signatu
accepted for what it pretended to be, and wa
2,800 people, among whom were a great ma
Lastly, it was presented by Sir Cecil Wray
members, as from the Dean and High Stewa

A few days later, a meeting of the electors was called at the Shakespeare Tavern, Covent Garden, at which this document was very severely handled. It was affirmed that the Dean and the High Steward actually knew nothing of the address, and that their names had been most improperly affixed without their sanction. This was the beginning of a great cataract of lies. Whether the names had been used with or without sanction, mattered little: the allegation presented an excuse for a resolution of confidence in Fox which was passed with acclamation.

On February 10th another meeting, with Sir Cecil Wray in the chair, adopted an address to his Majesty expressing confidence in the Ministry. This meeting was, of course, described by one side as 'very numerous and most respectable,' and by the other as exactly the reverse: 'Never was there, perhaps in the annals of all the meetings ever held in England, so motley a group, so noisy an assembly, or one less respectable for its company.'

Then followed handbills for distribution. The struggle, it must be remembered, was one which could hardly occur in these days: it was, in fact, nothing short of a declaration of confidence in the King or the opposite—for or against secret influence—for or against Court direction, and the extension of prerogative. Here is a specimen of what was written at the outset:—

'Of all the features which mark the political character of the English nation the most striking and remarkable is a perpetual jealousy of prerogative. . . . Ask an Englishman what sort of Judge, Crown Lawyer, or Minister, he most dreads: his uniform answer is a *prerogative* Judge, a *prerogative* Lawyer, a *prerogative* Minister. Is then a *prerogative* King of so little danger to us that we are all at once to forget these jealousies, which seem to have been twisted with our existence, and to fall into a miraculous fondness for that prerogative which our ancestors have shed their dearest blood to check and limit? Let the people of England once confederate with the Crown and the Lords in *such* a

conflict, and who is the man that will answer for one hour of legal liberty afterwards ?

'Can the people confide in His Majesty's secret advisers ? I say NO. And I demand one instance, in the twenty-three years of this wretched reign, when a regard to the liberty of the people can be traced in any measure to the *secret system*.'

This document, which went on in a similar strain to a great length, was handed about from house to house: no doubt a copy was given to the King.

A general meeting of all the electors was called on March 14th, in Westminster Hall. This assemblage proved everything that could be desired ; the hall was completely packed with an uproarious mob, chiefly on the King's side ; the hustings were made a battlefield for the possession of the chair, which was pulled to pieces in the struggle ; then the hustings broke down, and a good many on either side were trampled upon and injured. Nobody could be heard ; when it was understood that the meeting was asked to express an opinion on the Address to the King, nearly all the hands went up : Fox tried to speak ; a bag of assafœtida was thrown in his face ; his friends carried him out on their shoulders ; finally he addressed the crowd from the bow-window of the King's Head Tavern, in Palace Yard. After the speech they took the horses from his carriage and dragged him all the way to Devonshire House, in Piccadilly, with shouts and cheers.

A so-called report of the meeting was then drawn up by Fox's friends, stating that the chair had been taken by Fox and that a new Address to the King had been unanimously adopted. At the outset, therefore, neither side was in the least degree desirous to present the bald, bare, cold, unsatisfying truth.

On March 19th the Friends of Liberty held a great banquet at Willis's Rooms. They numbered five hundred ; the dinner was fixed for half-past five, but such was the ardour of the company, so great their determination to do justice to the feast, that they began to assemble at half-past three.

It is pleasant to read of civic and electioneerin banquets—to see pictures of the patriots enjoying som of the rewards of virtue. The dinner was spread on si tables; and, in order to prevent confusion, everythin was put on the table at once, so that when the covers— if there were any covers—were removed, the compan 'saw their dinner.' Then friends and neighbour helped each other with loving zeal from the dishe before them; the waiters looked to the bottles, whil the guests handed the plates to each other. Only t think of this dinner makes one hear the clatter of knive and forks, the buzz of talk—serious talk, because th average elector of Westminster in 1784 was not a perso who laughed much—indeed, one imagines that, after th humiliations and disgraces of the American war, ther could be very little laughter left in the country at all even among the young and the lighthearted. Musi there was, however—music to uplift the hearts of th despondent—violins and a 'cello, with perhaps flute and horns. Singing there was, also, after dinne During the banquet there was not much drinking: i would be sinful, with the whole night before one, t destroy a generous thirst at the outset. Men of tha age were very powerful performers at the table; w neither eat nor drink with the noble, copious an indiscriminate voracity of our ancestors: without an scientific observance of order these Friends of Libert tackled all that stood before them—beef and mutton fish and apple pie, turkey, tongue, ham, chicken, sou and jelly—'plentifully dispersed and fashionably se out.' Faces grew shiny with long-continued exercise those who wore wigs pushed them back, those who wor powder found it slipping from their hair on thei shoulders; bones—the succulent bones of duck an chicken—were freely gnawed and sucked, as was stil the custom even in circles much higher than that whic these Friends of Liberty adorned.

At last the dishes were removed, and the busines of the evening, with the drinking, began. It is no stated, unfortunately, whether the Friends of Libert

port or punch. Contemporary pictures incline one our the theory of punch.

e of too degenerate age are wont to complain of after-dinner speech. Which of us could now sit the speeches and the toasts at this banquet, and ive? Even the speaker would recoil in terror at prospect of such a night.

They did not drink the health of the King. His ne was purposely omitted—a thing astonishing to who cannot remember personal hostility to the vereign. Fox, who was in the chair, began with e 'Independent Electors of the City of Westminster'; followed with 'The Majesty of the People of England, The Cause of Freedom all over the World,' 'The lorious and Immortal Memory of King William the Third.' Twenty-seven toasts are enumerated at length, with the ominous words at the end, 'Several other toasts were given.' Songs were sung by Captain Morris of Anacreontic fame, Mr. Bannister, and others of the tuneful choir.

In the midst of this growing excitement it was learned that the Great Seal of England, which was in the custody of the Lord Chancellor, had been stolen Men looked at each other in amazement and dismay What did this thing portend? Who had caused it to be done? What did it mean? Was it ordered by the King, or by Pitt, or by Fox? What deep-laid plot the burglary conceal? Nobody could tell. The Ki rising to the occasion, ordered a new seal to be m without delay. The robbery, which had no poli significance, was forgotten, and the mind of the pu returned to the General Election.

On March 25th the House of Commons was disso and the candidates made haste to issue their addr to the 'Worthy and Independent Electors of the C Westminster.' The Committee of Hood and Wra at Wood's Hotel, and that of Fox at the Shake Tavern, both in Covent Garden. The Westm hustings were at that time put up in front of St. Covent Garden. If I remember aright, the h

f the election of 1868 were erected in Trafalgar Square ; nd I think they were the last. Then, pending the pening of the poll, the merry game of abuse and mis- epresentation began, and was carried on with the reatest vigour on both sides. Against Hood nothing t all could be alleged by the most rancorous opponent : e was an Irish peer, newly created, and a victorious dmiral. Against Sir Cecil Wray, however, there were wo or three unfortunate circumstances.

Thus, he had been put into his seat by the recom- iendation and influence of Fox, whom he now deserted. f course, therefore, he was Judas, Judas Iscariot, raitor, Monster of Ingratitude. That was the first iarge : in default of anything else it was a good solid iarge, to which his enemies could always return. lain ingratitude, however, has always failed to com- iand popular indignation. What can one expect ? Vhat does everybody's experience teach ? ' Gratitude, r,' says the disappointed man of Virtue, ' no one :pects ; but . . .' I do not suppose that the charge ingratitude lost Sir Cecil Wray one single vote, any ore than unexpected inconsistency or a sudden change front or a sudden change of principle in these days fects the seat of a modern politician. The electors, ierefore, heard with unmoved faces that Sir Cecil as worse than Judas Iscariot as regards treachery id ingratitude : what had the Election to do with ivate gratitude ? They therefore proceeded to vote r him.

There was, however, another weapon—and one far ore effective. He had once called the attention of the ouse to the lavish expenditure of Chelsea Hospital, iich maintained the old soldiers of the country at an nual cost of 51*l.* apiece. And on that occasion he clared that, rather than continue this prodigality, would like to see the abolition of the Hospital ! ie abolition of Chelsea Hospital ! And Chelsea ospital was in Westminster Borough ! And that a estminster member should say this monstrous thing ! id, after he had said it, should dare to become a

candidate again! Here, indeed, seemed a chance for the other side! Would the electors—the patriotic, enlightened electors of Westminster—return one who would actually abolish, because it cost a little money, the old soldiers' hospital?

And there was a third weapon. Sir Cecil Wray had even proposed a tax on housemaids! Horrible! Wicked! This Monster would actually drive out of their places all the housemaids in the country! What would become of these poor girls? What would they do? Must they be thrown, weeping and reluctant, into the arms of Vice? Eloquence was exhausted, tears were shed, wrath was aroused by the mere description of what would have happened to these poor girls had this tax been passed. In vain did Sir Cecil explain away his words. There they were! In vain did he say that it would be cheaper and better to give every man a pension of twenty pounds a year, with permission to live where he wished: he had wounded the popular sentiment—he said he would willingly abolish Chelsea Hospital. As regards the housemaids, it was quite useless to explain that the master would pay the tax, not the maid: the average elector did not want to pay any more taxes; rather than pay this tax he would go without his maidservant—then what was the poor girl to do? With such excellent weapons as these, the caricaturist, the lampooner, the writer of squibs and the poet were amply provided.

First, by way of catechism:—

Who, in his advertisement, professes to be the protector of the fair sex?
Sir Cecil Wray.
Who proposed a tax on the poorest of the fair sex?
Sir Cecil Wray.
Who calls himself a soldier and a man of humanity?
Sir Cecil Wray.
Who proposed to pull down Chelsea Hospital?
Sir Cecil Wray.
Who has forfeited the good opinion of every man of honour humanity, and consistency?
Sir Cecil Wray.

Next, which is always a sure method of creating a laugh, and is moreover very easy to manage, a leaflet in the Biblical style :—

And it came to pass that there were dissensions amongst the rulers of the nation.

And the Counsellors of the Back Stairs said, 'Let us take advantage, and yoke the people, even as oxen, and rule them with a rod of iron.

'And let us break up the Assembly of Privileges, and get a new one of Prerogatives, and let us hire false prophets to deceive the people.' And they did so.

Then Judas Iscariot went among the citizens, saying, 'Choose me one of your elders, and I will tax your innocent damsels, and I will take their bread from the helpless, lame and blind,' etc. etc. etc.

Or by way of posters, as the following :—

To be sold by Auction
By
JUDAS ISCARIOT,
At the Prerogative Arms, Westminster,
CHELSEA HOSPITAL,
With all the live and dead Stock,

In which is included the Cloaks, Crutches, Fire Arms, etc., of the poor worn-out Veterans, who have bled in their Country's Cause, their existence being declared a Public Nuisance.

Likewise the Virtue, Innocence, and Modesty of the harmless, inoffensive Servant Maids.

The Sale of this last lot was intended by Judas for the purpose of raising the supplies for the Tax on Maid Servants.

JUDAS ISCARIOT
is extremely sorry he cannot put up for Sale
PUBLIC INGRATITUDE,
Having Reserved that Article for Himself.

N.B.—To be disposed of, A large Quantity of Patent Dark Lanterns, and the best Price will be given for a set of Fellows who will go through thick and thin for a rotten back staircase.

Huzza for Prerogative ! A Fig for the Constitution !

It was then discovered—or alleged, which came to the same thing—that Sir Cecil had married his own housemaid. The following not very brilliant epigram is written 'on Sir Cecil proposing a tax on Maid Servants after having married his own' :—

When Cecil first the plan laid down,
Poor servant girls to curse,
He looked at home, and took his own
For better and for worse.

The Chelsea business provoked a more worthy effusion :—

And will you turn us out of doors,
In age, to want a prey—
When cold winds blow and tempest roars?
Oh! Hard Sir Cecil Wray!

This house our haven is, and port
After a stormy sea :
Then shall it be cast down in sport,
By hard Sir Cecil Wray?

'Twill break our heart these scenes to leave,
But soldiers must obey ;
Yet in my conscience I believe
You're mad, Sir Cecil Wray.

For who will see us, poor and lame,
Exposed on the highway,
And not with curses load the name
Of thee, Sir Cecil Wray?

These walls can talk of Minden's plain,
Of England's proudest day ;
I think I hear these walls complain
Of thee, Sir Cecil Wray.

If thou art bent the poor to harm,
Attack the young and gay :
Girls both in health and beauty warm,—
But we are old, Sir Wray.

But Sir Cecil Wray had once published a volume of poems. Perhaps the cruelest stroke of all—if the poor

man had the sensitive nature of most poets—must have been certain parodies of these verses. Here are some. The notes are, of course, part of the parody.

ON CELIA KILLING A FLEA

Thou great epitome of little death, all hail!
How blest thy fate beneath my Celia's lovely nail!
No more thou'lt skip from sheet to sheet alive and well,
The furious nail and finger toll'd thy passing bell.

N.B.—The allusion to the noise made by the animal's sudden death is beautifully descriptive of a passing bell.

ON A BLACK SOW WITH A LITTER OF THIRTEEN PIGS

To the head of that sow, what a back, chine,[1] and tail![2]
Here, John, bring to Porkey[3] some milk and some meal.
Desire your mistress and Patty[4] my cousin
Come look at the mother and her baker's dozen.[5]

How sweet is the smell of the straw in her stye![6]
It's a mixture of oaten, and wheaten, and rye.
What an eye has this fat little creature, indeed!
But no wonder at that, 'tis the true Chinese Breed.[7]

. . . . .

The thirteenth my dear wife has told me she means
To dress here at home, with sage[8] chopped in the brains:
And the belly,[9] she says, shall be stuffed with sweet things
With prunes and with currants—a Dish fit for Kings:

[1] The chine is always considered the nicest part of the pork, either roasted or boiled, and is monstrous fine eating when the Norfolk Turkies are in season.

[2] The tail of a little roasted pig is a nice morsel.

[3] Porkey was the Sow's name.

[4] Patty is an abbreviation of the Christian name Martha. Patty contains five letters—Martha has six.

[5] A baker's dozen is thirteen.

[6] Stye is the name of a place where hogs, pigs, and sows are usually kept.

[7] China is a great place in the Eastern world, where I have never been in. But I have cups and saucers, and tea, and a mandarin, and two fire screens that were actually made there.

[8] Sage chopped in the brains is very common, and if the little tongue is put among them, it makes the dish better.

[9] The place which contains the entrails, and when stuffed with sweet things is delicious.

And egg sauce[1] we will have, and potatoes,[2] and butter,
And will eat till neither one word more can we utter.

The Election took place during the time of dismal depression following the humiliation of the American War. There was one branch of the service, and only one, which the country could regard with pride or even satisfaction. This was the Navy; and of all the brave men who, in that disastrous war, endeavoured to uphold the honour of the British flag, Lord Hood was the popular favourite. He was at this time in his fiftieth year, and in the middle of his career. It is evident, from the silence with which the writers on the other side treated him, that it was not considered safe to attack him. Even the malignity of electioneering warfare was compelled to spare the name of Hood. He was returned, of course, and he continued to represent Westminster until the long war begun in 1793.

As regards Sir Cecil Wray, the attacks made upon him, of which we have seen some, were villainous enough to meet the case of the greatest monster or the most brazen turn-coat: they were also powerless, for the simple reason that the real foundation for attack was so extremely weak. One can already perceive, behind this onslaught of combined bludgeon and rapier, a harmless man of blameless private character; cultivated; probably rather weak; who was ill-advised when he opposed his old friend Fox, and when he brought forward Hood, a man enormously superior to himself. That he obtained so many votes and nearly defeated his opponent was due to the influence of the Court.

As for Fox, he was at this time forty-five years of age, and in the midst of his unbounded activity. At the age of nineteen he was returned for Midhurst. Before the age of twenty-five he had become a power in the House of Commons; he had run racehorses;

[1] Egg sauce is common in Ireland with pigs.

[2] Potatoes—a vegetable something like a turnip, but more like an apple. They are sold in Covent Garden, and the Irish are fond of them.

He was a notorious gambler; and had incurred debts to the total of 240,000*l.*; he was regarded as an enemy of the King and a friend of the people. We shall see what the other side could rake up against him.

First there were questions suggested—'Did you not' say, or do this or that?—abuse Lord North and then join him—promise great things and perform nothing—buy up all the usual scribblers in the City—cringe to the electors? Then there were sarcastic reasons why Fox should be supported: the admirable economy with which he conducted his own affairs—his general consistency—his great landed estates—his hatred of gambling.

Another set of questions insinuated that he was a private friend of one Tyrle, executed for high treason in sending information to France. Virtuous indignation, of course, and not political expediency, compelled the plain and honest 'Father' to ask whether the electors would vote for the 'high priest of drunkenness, gaming, and every species of debauchery that can contaminate the principles we should wish to inculcate in our offspring.'

They called him Carlo Khan, and Cogdie Shufflecard Reynardine, and they made the most infamous attacks on the Duchess of Devonshire and the other ladies who canvassed for him. Most of them are not to be quoted: the following extracts are the most decent:—

Hail, Duchess, first of womankind!
Far, far you leave your sex behind;
With you none can compare:
For who but you, from street to street,
Would run about, a vote to get,
Thrice, thrice bewitching fair!

Each day you visit every shop,
Into the house your head you pop,
Nor do you act the prude:
For every man salutes your Grace;
Some kiss your hand and some your face,
And some are rather rude.

The girl condemned to walk the streets
And pick each blackguard up she meets,
And get him in her clutches,
Has lost her trade ; for they despise
Her wanton airs, her leering eyes,
Now they can kiss a Duchess !

The following lyrics are the commencemen
short satiric poem, compelled, like the remonstra
the ' Father,' by the indignant heart of the poet :

See modest Duchesses, no longer nice,
In Virtue's honour haunt the sinks of Vice :
In Freedom's cause the guilty bribe convey,
And perjured wretches piously betray.

In a lighter strain the following :—

Her mien like Cytherea's dove,
Her lips like Hybla's honey :
Who would not give a vote for love,
Unless he wanted money ?

Alas ! To reputation blind !
I wonder some folks bore it :
You've lost your fame, and those that find
Can ne'er again restore it.

On the other side there was one capable of p
the Duchess in a more amiable light :—

Arrayed in matchless beauty, Devon's fair,
In Fox's favour takes a zealous part :
But, oh ! where'er the pilferer comes, beware—
She supplicates a vote and steals a heart.

All the ladies were not on the side of Fox :
Buckinghamshire came into the field for Hoo
Wray. Unfortunately she was inferior to the D
in personal charms, and the friends of Fox, one
to say, had the bad taste to call her Madame Bl
They made at least one song about her, of whi
can quote the first two stanzas :—

A certain lady I won't name
Must take an active part, sir,
To show that Devon's beauteous dame
Should not engage each heart, sir.
She canvassed all—both great and small,
And thundered at each door, sir;
She rummaged every shop and stall,
The Duchess was still before, sir.

Sam Marrowbones had shut his shop,
And just had lit his pipe, sir,
When in the lady needs must pop,
Exceeding plump and ripe, sir.
'Gad zounds!' said he, 'how late you be!
For votes you come to bore me,—
But let us feel, are you beef or veal?
The Duchess has been before ye.'

Thursday, April 1st, the polling began. The gs were put up in Covent Garden, and at A.M. the candidates appeared before an enormous Fox's address was drowned in clamours and and curses, and by the delectable music of w-bones and cleavers. The show of hands was ed in favour of Hood and Wray: a poll was ıded, and was opened immediately.

e polling went on, day after day, for more than eeks. It was not until Monday, May 17th, that s finally closed. During the whole of that time ninster was the scene of continual fighting, feasting rinking. Lord Hood, about whose return there to have been no doubt from the beginning, thought essary to protect his voters by a body of sailors ıt from Wapping. These gallant fellows were ıed in front of the hustings, displaying the King's s, and actually commanded by naval officers. ns incredible that such a thing should have been ed. But it was a hundred years ago. The assaulted and knocked down the voters on the side. When complaints were made, Hood's ittee refused to send them away.

On Saturday, April 3rd, a body of Guards, ne three hundred strong, were marched to Covent Gar under orders to vote for Hood and Wray.

On April 5th the sailors met their match, for chairmen, all stout and sturdy Irishmen, came d to Covent Garden in a body, and after a battle v cudgels and chair-poles in the fine old eighteer century fashion—a form of fight which gave ev possible advantage to the valiant, and every op tunity for personal distinction—they drove the sa from the field and remained in possession. The ro sailors made for St. James's Street, proposing to des the chairs; but they were followed by the chairn resolute to preserve their property. Again the sa were driven from the field. The rioting contin more or less, during the whole of the Election. For most part it was carried on in Covent Garden, out Wood's Hotel, which was the headquarters of Hood Wray; and outside the Shakespeare Tavern, where Fox's Committee. For instance, one day a cer party of amiable and honest butchers marched Covent Garden wearing Fox's colours. Of cours was quite accidental that this procession, with its b of marrow-bones and cleavers, should strike up inspiriting strain, accompanied by derisive cheers front of Wood's Hotel, and of course they did not ex what followed—the appearance on the scene of sailors armed with bludgeons and cutlasses. A f followed, in which the sailors were driven back; s one from the hotel windows fired into the mob, u which the windows were broken. The arrival of Guards prevented fresh hostilities. A good many v wounded in this affair; happily, no one was killed.

A more serious riot took place on May 11th. It supposed that the polling would conclude on that d the Westminster magistrates, apprehending a called together a large number of special consta and sent them to Covent Garden to keep the pe The polling went on quietly until three o'clock, whe closed for the day. Then the fighting began betw

the butchers and the constables. Who provoked it? The constables were sent, it was said, in order to get up a riot. The butchers, it was said, began. Fox himself was knocked down. The constables were defeated, one man being killed; and the soldiers were called in.

Mr. John Hunter, surgeon, gave evidence in the inquest that followed. The man was killed by injuries inflicted by some blunt weapon, presumably a bludgeon. The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown. The funeral of the unfortunate man was carefully conducted so as to throw the odium of his death on Fox's side. He was buried, though a Whitechapel man, in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. The other people declared that he was really buried at Whitechapel, and that the coffin placed in St. Paul's was empty. The funeral was conducted, of course, very slowly past the Shakespeare Tavern and before the hustings. The widow followed in a mourning coach, crying out of the window 'Blood for Blood!' The procession was admirably arranged in order to provoke another riot, which would certainly have happened, had not Fox's Committee caused the polling to be stopped at two instead of three o'clock, so that when the funeral arrived Covent Garden was comparatively quiet. The last day of the struggle was on May 17th, after forty-seven days of polling. The result was :—

Lord Hood	6,694
Charles James Fox	6,234
Sir Cecil Wray	5,998

Sir Cecil Wray demanded a scrutiny, to which Fox objected. The reason of his objection appeared later on, when the subject was discussed in the House, and it appeared that a scrutiny would probably last five years and would cost 30,000*l.*, which would have to be paid by the candidates. It was therefore abandoned.

But the fun was not yet finished. A Triumphal Procession was formed, and the successful candidate

was escorted on his way to Devonshire House. The following was the order of the Procession :—

Heralds on Horseback.
Twenty-four marrow-bones and cleavers.
The Arms of Westminster.
Thirty Firemen of Westminster.
Martial Music.
Committees of the seven Parishes, with white Wands, following their respective banners and attended by numberless gentlemen of the several Districts.
Squadron of Gentlemen on Horseback in Buff and Blue.
Trumpets.
Flag—The Rights of the Commons.
Grand Band of Music.
Flag—The Men of the People.
Marshals on Foot.
Triumphal Chair
Decorated with Laurels, in which was seated
The Right Hon. Charles James Fox.
Trumpets.
Flag—The Whig Cause.
Second Squadron of Horse.
Liberty Boys of Newport Market.
Mr. Fox's Carriage crowned with Laurels.
Banner Sacred to Female Patriotism.
Blue Standard. Inscribed
Independence !
State carriages of the Duchess of Portland and the Duchess of Devonshire, drawn by six horses superbly caparisoned, with six running footmen attending on each.
Gentlemen's Servants closing the Procession—two and two.

The Procession over, they all adjourned—Marrow-bones, Cleavers, Liberty Boys and all, to Willis's Rooms, where they made a glorious night of it.

The Prince of Wales gave a *déjeuner* in honour of the occasion to six hundred 'of the first persons of fashion.' They danced all night and till six in the morning, and they all met again in the evening at Mrs. Crewe's Ball. Captain Morris took the chair after supper, and sang the 'Baby and Nurse.' He then proposed a toast, 'Bluff and Blue and Mrs. Crewe!' to which the fair hostess responded, wittily and grace-

fully, with 'Buff and Blue and all for you!' Then Captain Morris gave them a succession of songs 'with a spirit that made every fair eye in the room dance with delight.' At four o'clock they went back to the dancing and kept it up till six or seven.

So ended the fiercest contest and the longest of which any history remains. It is also, to repeat what has been already advanced, the only election of which there has been preserved so complete a record. Page after page, in the volume from which I have quoted, is filled with paragraphs cut from the papers of the day, in which the most astonishing ingenuity is devoted to the invention of new libels, the distortion of old speeches, and the perversion of facts. We have seen that against Sir Cecil Wray absolutely nothing of the least importance could be alleged, because it was absurd to suppose that he was to be Fox's henchman for life. Fox had certainly introduced Wray to the Westminster electors, and that was the only service he had rendered him. Against Fox himself very little of importance could be alleged, because, even if he was a prodigal, a gambler and of doubtful virtue, the average Briton has always loved a sportsman, and has never—at least, not until quite recently—thought that a man's gifts and powers as a statesman depend upon his private morals. All the abuse, all the libels, all the monstrous lies hurled about on either side, were absolutely useless: I do not believe that they influenced a single elector. Were the gentlemen who played so beautifully with the marrow-bones and cleavers influenced? Were the Liberty Boys of Newport Market influenced? Were the residents of Peter Street, Orchard Street, the Almonry influenced? They were not voters. The voting qualification of 1784 was the burgage holding, the tenant who paid scot and lot, and the potwaller. Did the presence of the sailors assist the Court party? Did the valiant chairman prove of any real help to Fox? I think not. All these things amused the mob: none of these things moved the elector. The one thing that damaged Fox was his late coalition with Lord North, the man most

heartily and thoroughly detested in all the length
breadth of the country—the man universally rega
as the chief cause of the national disasters and hum
tions. And I think that what hurt Sir Cecil Wray
was the marching of the three hundred Guards
body to vote as they were ordered, and the interfer
of the Court in commanding every person conne
with the Household to vote against Fox. And for
own part, had I been able to vote at that election,
should have had a plumper from me if only to win
of the Duchess's smiles; and if any other reason
wanting, I should have voted for Fox because, o
the men of that most disagreeable period, Fox, to
mind, with all his faults, stands out as the bravest,
most genial, and the most patriotic.

CHAPTER X

THE STREETS AND THE PEOPLE

AFTER the Palace and the Monastery, the City
Refuge, the Sign of the Red Pale, and the Boroug
Election-time, we turn to the City streets and
people.

Now, if we include that part of the City lying
and north of Charing Cross and Pall Mall, the part w
has been built and occupied since the seventee
century, we are face to face with nothing less than
history of the British aristocracy during the last
centuries. This history has never been written
is a work which cannot even be touched upon in t
pages: to consider any part of it in a single cha
would be absurd. It belongs, like the history of
House of Commons, to the City of Westminster bec
most of its events took place, and most of the pe
concerned lived, within the limits of that City.
like the House of Commons, the quarter where
aristocracy have had their town houses for two hun

years belongs to the national history, and must be treated independently of the City.

The British aristocracy was never so much a Caste apart as during the hundred and fifty years ending about the middle of this century. Their younger sons had quite abandoned the ancient practice of entering the City and going into trade: every kind of money-making, except the collection of rents from land, had become unworthy of a gentleman. No one could buy or sell and continue to call himself a gentleman. There was a noble Caste and a trading Caste, quite separate and apart. The noble Caste possessed everything worth having: the whole of the land was theirs; all the great offices of state, all the lesser offices worth having, were theirs; the commands in the army and the navy were theirs—not only the command of armies and fleets, but also of regiments and men-o'-war; the rich preferments of the Church,—the deaneries, canonries and bishoprics,—were theirs; the House of Commons belonged to them (even the popular or radical members belonged to the Caste: in the election which was treated in the last chapter, Fox, the Friend of Liberty, the Chosen of the Independent Electors, belonged to the Caste as much as his opponents, Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray). Everything was theirs, except the right to trade: they must not trade. To be a banker was to be in trade; the richest merchant was a tradesman as much as the grocer who sold sugar and treacle.

The materials for this history are abundant: there are memoirs, letters, biographies, autobiographies, recollections, in profusion. The life of the Caste during this period of a hundred and fifty years can be fully written. The historian, if we were able to exercise the art of selection, would present a series of highly dramatic chapters: there would be found in them love, jealousy and intrigue; there would be ambition and cabal; there would be back-stairs interest; there would be Court gossip and scandal and whisperings; there would be gaming, racing, coursing, prizefighting,

drinking; there would be young Mohocks and
profligates; there would be ruined rakes and splen
adventurers,—in a word, there would be the whole l
of pleasure and the whole life of ambition. It would b
worthily treated, a noble work.

This Caste, which enjoyed all the fruits of the eart
for which the rest of the nation toiled with the pio
contentment enjoined by the Church, created for it
own separate use a society which was at the same tim
free and unrestrained, yet courtly and stately. N
one not born and bred in the Caste could attain it
manners; if an outsider by any accident found himsel
in this circle he thought he had got into the wron
paradise, and asked leave to exchange. Again, amon
the Caste, which, with a few brilliant exceptions, wa
without learning and without taste, were found all th
patrons of art, poetry and *Belles Lettres*. Still mor
remarkable, while the Caste had no religion, it owned th
patronage of all the best livings in the Church. And
while it enjoyed an immunity never before claimed b
any class of men from morality, principle, and self
restraint, the Caste was the encouraging and fosterin
patron of every useful and admirable virtue, such a
thrift, fidelity, temperance, industry, perseverance
frugality and contentment. A wonderful history
indeed—and all of it connected with Westminster!

Of course another side presents itself: the Caste
was brave—its courage was undoubted; it was never
without ability of the very highest kind, though a great
deal of its ability was allowed to lie waste for want of
stimulus: it was proud; if the occasion had arrived—it
was very near arriving—the Caste would have faced
the mob as dauntlessly as its cousin in France, whom
the mob might kill, but could neither terrify nor
degrade.

Again, there is the literary side. With the exception
of a few names belonging to Fleet Street and a few
belonging to Grub Street, most of our literary history
belongs to the quarter lying west of Temple Bar—in
other words, to Westminster. One might go from

street to street pointing out the residence of Byron here and of Moore there, of Swift, of Pope, of Addison. And in this way one could compile a chapter as interesting as a catalogue.

In the same way, the connection of street and noble residents might be carefully noted down, with the same result. This, indeed, has been already done by Jesse. If you read one or two of his chapters, taken almost at random, you will presently feel that your wits are wandering. For instance, here is a passage concerning one of the least distinguished streets in Westminster :—

'In Cannon Row stood the magnificent residence of Anne Stanhope, the scorned and turbulent wife of the great Protector, Duke of Somerset. Here, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was the inn or palace of the Stanleys, Earls of Derby. Close by was the mansion of Henry, second Earl of Lincoln, who sat in judgment on Mary Queen of Scots, and who was one of the peers deputed by Queen Elizabeth to arrest the Earl of Essex in his house. Here, in the reign of James I., the Sackvilles, Earls of Dorset, had their town residence ; and here, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, was the mansion of the great family of the Cliffords, Earls of Cumberland.'

How much, gentle reader, are you likely to remember of such information as this after reading twenty pages of it ? How much, indeed, is it desirable to remember ? Why cumber the brain with names and titles which are meaningless to your mind, and can restore for you no more of the past life and the bygone actors than a handful of Helen's dust could restore her beauty ?

There is, however, another part of Westminster—a part which concerns us more than Caste Land. It is the part which lies around the ancient precincts of the Abbey. Here we touch Westminster ; here we are not on land that belongs to the country, nor among people who belong to the country : we are in Westminster proper—in the streets which cannot even now, when all the former spaces of separation are covered up and

built over, be called a part of London or a suburb London. They are Westminster.

These streets possessed, until quite recently, t picturesqueness that belongs to the aged vagrom m He hardly exists in these days; but one rememb him. He was old—age had lent no touch of reverer or dignity; he was clad in many-coloured rags a fluttering duds; he leaned upon a stick; his white loc were the only part of him that presented any appearan of cleanliness; his face was lined and puckered, l features were weatherbeaten and prominent, his ey were wolfish. He was admirable—in a picture. Su were the streets, such the houses, of Westminster that part of the City lying round about the Abbe Those on the west and south of the Abbey are cor paratively new streets. In the excellent map l Richard Newcourt showing London and Westminst in the year 1658 we find Tothill Street complete built; Rochester Row does not exist; Great Pet Street has a few houses, Great College Street none St. Anne's Street has houses with gardens. The crowde part of Westminster in the seventeenth century was tha narrow area north of New Palace Yard of which Kin Street was the most important thoroughfare. When we consider that this place was a great centre of trad long before and long after the building of London Bridge; that for six hundred years it was close to the King's House, with all his followers,—huscarles, archers, or body-guard,—we are not surprised that there has always been about these streets the flavour of the tavern—always the smell of casks and pint pots, of stale beer and yesterday's wine. Where there are soldiers there are taverns; there also are the minstrels and the music and the girls. It may also be concluded beyond a doubt that the Sanctuary was a thirsty place. Long after Court and Camp and Sanctuary had left the place the name and fame of Westminster for its taverns and its dens remained. These streets were a byword and a reproach well into the present century. One or two streets there were that claimed for a generation

or so a kind of respectability. They were the streets lying between New Palace Yard and Whitehall, such as King Street and Cannon Row, with one or two of later growth—of seventeenth and eighteenth century respectability—such as Petty France, Cowley Street and College Street.

King Street, especially, if one may brave the reproach of cataloguing, is full of history. Here lived Oliver Cromwell: his house is said to have stood on the north side of the Blue Boar's Head, of which the court still remains. Sir Henry Wootton lived here; one of Caxton's successors set up his press in this street. It was formerly, as we have already seen, a picturesque and beautiful street, with its gate at either end, its overhanging gables, and its signs. Half a dozen taverns stood in this street—the Swan, the Dog, the Bell, the Blue Boar's Head, etc. This little street, now so insignificant, was formerly, we are always, by every writer, called upon to observe, the 'highway' between London and Westminster. But then nobody went by road who could go by river. The Thames was the highway—not King Street—between London and Westminster: by the Thames the Port of London sent its goods to the Court of Westminster or Whitehall; by the river came down country produce for Court and Abbey. There was doubtless some traffic which found its way along King Street; but for communication between Westminster and all other parts of the country except the City and the Strand, we must remember that there was not only the river, but the old, old road, that which formerly ran down from the North to the marsh at St. James's Park, and began again on the other side of the river; the marsh was now drained, and the road, no longer a ford, ran across it and formed the most direct entrance to the Court or the Abbey from the North. We must remember, again, that nobody walked who could ride; and that nobody rode who could take boat; walking along streets unpaved, foul with every kind of refuse, muddy after rain, stinking in dry weather, was never pleasant; therefore no one

went afoot who could go any other way. The
which contained shops, such as Cheapside, wer
clean and protected by posts ; but King Street w
one of these. Men who rode into Westminster
either by King Street or by Tothill Street ;
one came afoot if they could come by boat.

In King Street died Spenser 'for lack of
said Ben Jonson. But he goes on to add that the
poet refused money sent him by the Earl of
The story has been accepted without question by
every one who writes upon Spenser. Yet it is inc
on the face of it, when one begins to consider,
simple reason that starving men never do refus
even at the last gasp. There is no doubt that
Irish Rebellion Spenser lost one child, who p
in the flames of the burning house. He escape
said, with his wife. That he was desperately
this juncture we need not doubt ; that he was w
is also without doubt ; that he died in misery w
not doubt ; but if the Earl of Essex sent him mo
would certainly have taken it if he was starv
his wife was with him he would have taken it
sake if he was dying.

As a matter of fact he was not suffering from
money : and since the death of an infant does no
kill the child's father, we need not suppose that
of heartbreak. Nor is it probable that he die
broken heart over the loss of MSS. He was
of Cork : he had his estate, which was not lost, al
the rebels burned his house—they burned his
because he was Sheriff : he had, beside the estate,
pension : he had still his wife and his childre
his friends : he was only forty-six years of age,
when the world is still lying fair and far stretc
before the pilgrim. None the less he died—of
Of fever caused by the excitement and the troubl
rebellion : by exposure : by this or by that—h
He was buried in the Abbey near the resting-p
Chaucer : all the poets wrote elegies and threw
together with the pens that wrote them, into th

of ' the little man who wore short hair.' And his widow married again and quarrelled with her eldest son about the estate: and there were descendants of Edmund Spenser in Ireland until a hundred years ago, when the last one died.

Queen Square, which is now Queen Anne's Gate, and Petty France, now York Street, represent the respectable side of Old Westminster. Peg Woffington lived in Queen Square; so did Bentham. In Petty France Milton lived when he gave up his chambers in Whitehall Palace. His house was taken down a year or two ago. Hazlitt occupied Milton's house for some years.

Another respectable quarter was the group of streets at the back of Dean's Yard, known as Great College Street, Barton Street, and Cowley Street. There is not anywhere in and about the cities of London and Westminster a more secluded, peaceful retreat than can be found in these three streets. The first, whose upper windows look out upon the broad lawns and noble trees, formerly the garden of the Infirmary, now the garden of the Canons, might be a street in Amsterdam if its ground-floor windows were only higher; under this street still flows the stream which once helped to separate the Isle of Bramble from the marshes and the meadows; half-way down, hidden by stables, stands the old Jewel House of the King's House of Westminster; at the west end is the modern gateway, still preserving some semblance of its former appearance, the last that is left of the four gateways of the Abbey. It leads into Dean's Yard, the quietest of squares, and, under ancient gates, into ancient cloisters and covered ways, and the relics and fragments of the Benedictine Abbey. Behind Great College Street stand Barton Street and Cowley Street. And for quiet and solitude these should belong to a city of the dead; or, better still, they should be what they pretend to be. For the houses among themselves pretend to be the Cathedral Close; they whisper to the stray traveller: ' Seek no farther. This, and none other, is the Close of the

Cathedral or Collegiate Church of St. Peter. In
quiet retreat live, we assure you, the canons and
minor canons. Step lightly, lest you disturb
meditations.' There are many such spots a
London which thus pretend, and so carry thems
with pride: one such, for instance, is in Bermon
affected by the memory of the Abbey and the pre
of the Parish Church; and another there is at Hamps
and in most country towns there is such a quiet, dig
street; one such street, so quiet, so dignified, stan
Albany, New York State; and one in Boston,
sachusetts.

Once there was a tavern in Barton Street, kno
all men by its sign, as The Salutation. The excel
of the painting is proved by the fact that in the Com
wealth the same sign without alteration served
new name—viz., The Soldier and Citizen. Afte
Restoration the Soldier once more became an
and the Citizen returned to the Virgin Mary. I
think that the tavern languished. Cowley S
was not named after the poet, as one would li
believe, but after the village of Cowley, in Midd
by Mr. Booth Barton, who built the two streets.
are other associations about these streets: the
of Keats is mentioned. But they belong to the
logue. It is enough for us to recall the babbling
which once ran along the roadway here—on this
of the grey stone wall which still stands, the w
the Monastery. It ran then through the be
reeds and the tall grasses of the marsh, and so ou
the silver Thames; the swans came sailing up
brook, and made nests in the low bank of the
The Abbot's barge was moored close by the gatew
which a modern successor still stands; and there
drawn up on the bank the boats in which the Al
fishermen went out to catch salmon and sturge
the river. Later on they built these quiet h
along one side, something after the Dutch style
they hung up before their fronts a curtain of
Virginia creeper, but not to hide from the windo

view of the broad lawns, the flower-beds and the walnut trees of the garden behind the wall.

This part of Westminster has always been full of taverns; first for the solace of the men-at-arms, afterwards for that of the Members of Parliament. The tavern has always been the national place of recreation and rest: for a time, it is true, the coffee-house displaced it, but only for a time,—the tavern came back again to favour. The signs of these inns show the date of their erection. There was the White Hart of Richard II.; the Brown Bear of Warwick; the White Swan of Henry V.; the Old Rose of Henry VII. And there were the more common signs: the Blue Boar, the Salutation, the George, the Green Dragon, the Barley Mow. the Heaven tavern, the Fleece. One of the oldest of these taverns, the Cock, remained with its open court and its galleries till about 1875, when it was pulled down to make room for the Royal Aquarium. The rafters and timbers of this tavern were of cedar, and the interior was also adorned with many curious carvings.

More remarkable than the taverns, which we have with us everywhere, were the Almshouses of Westminster. Until they were destroyed they were remarkable for their number, for their endowments, and for the quaint pleasantness and beauty of their appearance. You may now look in vain for the old buildings: they are gone; in their place we have the consolidated almshouses and the consolidated schools.

There were almshouses—eight of them—in the Woolstaple, which is now Cannon Row: they looked out upon the river, and the bedesmen turned an honest penny by letting them in lodgings for Parliament men. There were other almshouses founded by Henry VII. outside the Gate-house in Tothill Street. There was an almshouse for women founded by Lady Margaret in the Almonry. But these were ancient things. Perhaps they disappeared with the Dissolution; perhaps they were 'consolidated' the other day. Of the modern almshouses with schools attached, the most important

was Emanuel College, a lovely House of Refuge, which stood until recently in James Street, on the way from Buckingham Gate to Victoria. After leaving the great mansions near the Park one came suddenly upon the low red-brick quadrangle open on one side, with its chapel in the middle and its broad smooth lawn and flower-beds in front—as peaceful a spot as could be found anywhere. It made one glad to think that Dives had really remembered Lazarus; it made one reflect that perhaps money can be put to no better use than to consecrate it to the maintenance of age. And now that College is taken down: only that the site may be covered with residential flats, and Lazarus retire to his place upon the doorstep. Lazarus is old and worn out in the service of Dives: he ought to be in an almshouse; he has got rheumatism in all his joints; he wants a warm place and a quiet place to lie down and rest in. While this venerable Hospital stood, the world—the world of fashion, the world of pleasure—was reminded of Lazarus. It has disappeared: this means that Lazarus is shoved aside, put out of sight, forgotten; he spends his strength and his skill in the service of the rich man, who knows and thinks nothing about him, and when his strength and his skill fail there is nothing to remind his master that thus and thus should he deal with his old and faithful servant.

All the romance of Westminster City lay in its almshouses and schools. The City of London was fighting the battle of civic freedom; the City of London was finding money to fill the King's Treasury; the City of London was sending its sails out to the uttermost parts of the earth. This other City, which was not really a city, but only a collection of houses, under the rule of Abbot and of Dean—which had no trade, which had no municipality, which was a gathering of riffraff and Sanctuary rabble—presented a continual spectacle of poverty, misery, and crime, lying at the very gate of Abbey and of King's House. Lazarus, actual or prospective, lived in every house. The Dean and Chapter had the poor always with them, as their tenants. They

had not only the impotent and the worn-out, but also the vicious and the mischievous—the people who would not work. They had but to step outside their gates in order to obtain illustrations for their sermons on the extreme misery which, even in this world, follows such a life. The general wretchedness moved the hearts of many. London itself once had admirable almshouses; but those of Westminster, considering the difference in population, are much more important. The City contained an unparalleled collection of almshouses and free schools. But I do not find any that were founded by the landlords of the City, the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral.

If you walk down Rochester Row, you will find on the west side a large modern building, with a hall and offices on one side of a quadrangle and red-brick houses of pleasing appearance on the other side. These are the consolidated or United Westminster Charities. They pulled down the old almshouses, which were so picturesque and so lovely of aspect: they destroyed the individual character belonging to every one, they rolled them all together, and with the lump sum, subtracting the leakage that went to conveyancers and architects, they built this pile.

Yes, it is very well: the pile is perhaps handsome; but I doubt if there are so many bedesmen in the United Charity as there were in the separate charities. And it is no longer the same thing. Each House formerly had its own garden, in which the almsmen took the air; and its own chapel, in which those on the foundation could remember the founder—Lady Dacre, to wit; or Cornelius Van Dun, Yeoman of the Guard to Henry VIII., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth (his house stood near the present Town Hall); or Emery Hill, or George Whicher, or Judith Kifford, or Nicholas Butler Palmer. Busts and tablets outside the new buildings commemorate these worthies, but where are their buildings gone? The Almshouses of Westminster are all destroyed, and with them have perished the sentiment and the romance of the streets.

Something still remains ; for, with the most laudable desire to destroy whatever can teach or suggest or soften manners or point to heaven, the Charity Commissioners have not been able to destroy one or two of the schools. There were formerly the Grey Coat Schools, the Green Coat School, the Blue Coat School, and the Black Coat School. The Grey Coat School has become a school for nearly four hundred girls : their old house still remains for them—a most beautiful monument, built in the seventeenth century for a poor-house. The great hall in which the paupers formerly lived is now the school hall ; above it ran the old low dormitory, now thrown open to the roof ; there are panelled old rooms for board rooms ; there are broad passages and corridors ; there are schoolrooms of later date ; and at the back, still uninjured, lie the broad gardens that belong to the time when every house in Westminster had its garden.

In any map of London except those of the actual present—say, in Crutchley's of 1838—there is laid down in its place, just north of Rochester Row (which is now Artillery Place), St. Margaret's Hospital, otherwise called the Green Coat School. This part of Westminster was once called Palmer's Village ; the Hospital was founded by the parish for the benefit of orphans. Charles II. endowed it ; the Duchess of Somerset gave the school a thousand pounds ; other benefactions flowed in. Many years ago the place was thus described by a writer who is not often eloquent in praise (Walcott's ' Westminster ') :—

' The Hospital of St. Margaret consists of a large quadrangle. Upon the east side are the schoolroom, lavatory, and dormitories. The Master's house fronts the entrance—a detached building ornamented with a bust of the kingly founder, and the Royal arms painted in colours widely carved and gilded, which were, according to tradition, only preserved from the destructive hands of the Puritans by a thick coating of plaster laid over the obnoxious remembrancers of the rightful dynasty. The south side is formed by the refectory

board room, wainscoted—once, it is said, with old tions of the woodwork which stood in St. Margaret's ncel—to a considerable height, in large panels, upon ch are hung full-length paintings of King Charles II. Sir Peter Lely, and Emery Hill, an ancient bene- :or to the institution, in the manner of the same ster. Over the mantelpiece is a beautiful portrait King Charles I. by Vandyke. The windows command iew of the Hospital Garden, with its fragrant flower- s and grassy plots—a pleasant relief to the eye ıried with the interminable brick buildings of the er street, and well attesting the constant care towed upon it.

'Upon this foundation are maintained twenty-nine 's, who wear a long green skirt, bound round with a girdle, similar in form to that worn by the boys of ist's Hospital.'

Where is this lovely place now? It is gone. On its are some branches of the Army and Navy Stores. nk what a city loses by the destruction of such a ce! The daily object-lesson in our duty to the ndless and the helpless; the memory of bygone thies; the sentiment of brotherhood. That is one y of considering the loss. Another way is to think t as a place of singular beauty, of such beauty as we not possibly reproduce. And we have wilfully and dlessly destroyed it! It is a national disaster of gravest, the most irreparable kind, that such monu- nts as old almshouses, old City churches, old schools, gates, old foundations of any kind, should be given r to any body of men, with permission to tear down l destroy at their will, and under pretence of bene- ng the parish. Can one benefit a man by destroying memory? Can one improve a parish by cutting off connection with the past?

There is one other endowed school not yet destroyed. s the Blue Coat School, first opened in 1688 for boys. the year 1709 the present school buildings were cted. They consist of a charming red-brick hall with figure of a scholar over the porch; a little garden full

of greenery is at the back; at one side is the ma residence, a two-storied house covered all over w curtain of Virginia creeper; another little garden of such flowers as will grow in the London air, is b this house. But master and boys, when they around them, begin to tremble, for their place is it is beautiful, it adorns the street, it is sacred t memory of two hundred years of Boy—thirty genera of Boy: it is still most useful—therefore one feels ce that it is doomed; it must soon go, to make roo residential flats and mansions fifteen stories hig must, we have no doubt, follow the other monume the Past, and be absorbed into Consolidated Sc If there were any other reason wanted for destruction of the School, it is the tradition that built it.

To my mind Westminster possesses, apart fro Abbey, but one Church—that of St. Margaret's. modern churches there are, but one does not heed t they are things of to-day—even St. John's an Martin's are but of yesterday: St. Margaret's is hundred years old; if not built by the Confessor, i built—that is to say, the first church on this site built—soon after his death. The history of St. garet's Church must be told by an ecclesiastic; we only remember that Caxton lies buried here; th a tablet to his memory put up in 1820 by the burgh Club. Raleigh is buried here—within chancel. James Harrington, author of 'Ocean buried here. John Skelton, with whom we have versed in Sanctuary, is buried here. Here Milto married to Katharine Woodcock, who died in birth a year later:

> Methought I saw my late espousèd saint
> Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave.
> Mine, such as yet once more I trust to have
> Full sight of her in heaven, without restraint,
> Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
> Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight
> Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined.

n the churchyard of St. Margaret's were interred remains of those persons who were turned out of Abbey at the Restoration : the mother of Cromwell ; laughter ; Admiral Blake, whose remains ought to been taken back again long ago ; and in this church, is churchyard, have been buried a crowd of persons trious and of high degree in their generation, whose s have not survived them and whose memory is kept alive by the monuments on the walls and ing else. It is a church filled with monuments : it nds one of such a church as the Grey Friars' in the , which was crowded with tombs of the illustrious otten.

Not far from the church is the old-new Burial nd, in the Horseferry Road. It is now a public en, and a pleasant garden, with seats and asphalted s and beds of grass and flowers. Against the wall anged the tombstones of the obscure Forgotten. I ose it makes very little difference to a man whether as a headstone provided for him against the wall of blic garden, or a tablet—nay, a monument—against wall of St. Margaret's Church, as soon as he is erly and completely forgotten.

St. Margaret's, then, is the only church of which one ks in connection with Westminster. There is one e, one little drama, enacted or partly enacted in this ch, which perhaps may belong to the pen of the nan. It is the famous case brought before a Court Chivalry in the year 1387 to decide the dispute veen Sir Richard le Scrope and Sir Robert Grosvenor ecting the right of either party to a certain coat-of- s. This was no common case : it was the alleged ation of a family possession, a family distinction. case was considered so important that more than e hundred witnesses were called. They are nearly shadows and empty names now ; but one there is stands out prominent : his name is Geoffrey Chaucer. The following is the evidence given by the poet in great heraldic case :—

'Geoffrey Chaucer, Esquire, forty years of age and

more, having borne arms for twenty-eight years, produced for the side of Sir Richard le Scrope, sworn and examined. Asked if the arms Azure with a bend Or belonged or ought to belong to the said Richard of right and inheritance, said, " Yes " ; for he had seen him thus armed in France before the city of Retters, and Sir Henry le Scrope with the same arms with a white label and a banner, and the said Sir Richard with the complete arms—Azure and a bend Or ; and thus had he seen them armed during the whole time that the said Geoffrey was present. Asked why he knew that the said arms belonged to the said Sir Richard, said that he had heard speech of old knights and squires, and that they had always continued their possession of the said arms, and for all his time reputed for these arms in common fame and public ways. And also he said that he had seen the same arms on banners, on windows, on paintings, on robes, commonly called the arms of Le Scrope. Asked if he had ever heard who was the first ancestor of the said Sir Richard, who first bore the said arms, said " No " ; but that he had never heard of any, but that they had come of an old stock and of old gentlefolk, and had held the same arms. Asked if he had ever heard of any interruption or challenge made by Sir Robert Grosvenor, or by his ancestors, or by any one in his name, to the said Sir Richard or to any of his ancestors, said " No " ; but that he was once in Friday Street in London, and as he went along the street he saw hanging out a new sign made of the said arms, and he asked what house was this that had hung out the arms of Scrope ; and one other replied, and said, " Not so : and they are not hung out for the arms of Scrope, nor painted for those arms, but they are painted and put up there for a knight of the County of Chester, a man named Robert Grosvenor " ; and that this was the first time that ever he heard tell of Sir Robert Grosvenor or his ancestors or anybody bearing the name of Grosvenor.'

The case, at which between three and four hundred witnesses were heard, was finally decided by ' Thomas

Fitz au Roy, Duc de Gloucestre, Counte de Bukyngham et Dessex, Constable Dengleterre,' who, after due care and deliberation, and the weighing of all the evidence, and consultation with wise and discreet persons, finally adjudged 'les dites armes d'azure ove une bend dor avoir esté et estre les armes du dit Richard Lescrop.' And so ended this great case, which somehow puts the poet before us more clearly than even his 'Canterbury Pilgrims.'

And so we come back to the streets proper of Westminster—i.e. the slums on the west and south of the Monastery.

There have always been slums here, even before the Sanctuary rabble and after. The streets lying about Tothill Lane, however, which were slums from the beginning, only began in the sixteenth century. The map of Anthony Van den Wyngeerde (A.D. 1543) shows only a few houses standing round about the Sanctuary in the north-west corner of the enclosure; there is a crowd of houses between King Street and the river, and on the west there is nothing but open country: that part of the City which contained the most infamous dens and the vilest ruffians, which was called the 'Desert' of Westminster, lying to the south of Tothill Fields, grew up and ran to waste and seed in the course of the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth we reaped the harvest of that seed; at the end of the nineteenth we were still pulling up the weeds and planting new flowers and sowing better seed.

The 'Desert' was bounded on the north by Tothill Street, Broadway, and Petty France, all with their courts—their sweet and desirable courts; its southern boundary was the Horseferry Road; the Abbey lay along the east; and the western marsh was the fringe of Tothill Fields, now marked by Rochester Row, or perhaps Francis Street. A little remains—here a court, there a bit of street—to mark what the place was like.

Hear what was written about Westminster so late the year 1839 (Bardsley on 'Westminster Improve-

ments'): 'Thorney Island consisted chiefly of narrow, dirty streets lined with wretched dwellings, and of numerous miserable courts and alleys, situate in the environs of the Palace and Abbey, where in the olden time the many lawless characters claiming sanctuary found shelter; and so great had been the force of long custom that the houses continued to be rebuilt, century after century, in a miserable manner for the reception of similar degraded outcasts. The inhabitants of these courts and alleys are stated in the reign of Queen Elizabeth "to be the most part of no trade or mystery, to be poor, and many of them wholly given to vice and idleness." And in James I.'s time "almost every fourth house is an alehouse, harbouring all sorts of lewde and badde people." And again: "In these narrow streets, and in their close and insalubrious lanes, courts and alleys, where squalid misery and poverty struggle with filth and wretchedness, where vice reigns unchecked, and in the atmosphere of which the worst diseases are generated and diffused."'

In the little space of a thousand feet by twelve hundred the courts were sometimes so narrow that the people could shake hands across; the tenements were sometimes built of boards nailed together; there were no sanitary arrangements at all; there was no drainage; typhus always held possession; and actually under the very shadow of the Cathedral were gathered together the most dangerous and most villainous wretches in the whole country. Old Pye Street, Orchard Street, Duck Lane, the Almonry and St. Anne's Street were the homes of the professional street beggar and the professional thief. No respectable person could venture with safety into these streets.

They are now quite safe; the people are rough to look at, but they are no longer thieves and cut-throats by calling. Let us take a short, a very short walk about the Desert. Alas! its glories are gone; the place is not even picturesque: Vice, we know, is sometimes picturesque, even in its most hideous mien. In 1900 Orchard Street had one side pulled down, and the other

sented a dilapidated appearance in grey brick; it ce a fit entrance for the most wicked part of . The streets into which it leads—Great St. Street, Pye Street, Peter Street, Duck Lane (now thew Street) are all transformed. Huge barracks ng-houses stand where were once dark and mal- courts; the place is now no doubt tolerably s, but the artist turns from it with a shudder. was a time when these streets were country aving few houses and no courts; at this time leasant, ingenious and interesting persons lived quarter. For example, Herrick the poet and the musician lived in St. Anne's Street. But we ready condemned the catalogue of connections. o seriously studies the streets learns the asso- as he goes along.

side these streets stretched Tothill Fields and elds. These fields were to Westminster much as eld and Moorfields were to the City of London. ig out of the common could be done in Tothill To begin with, they were a pleasant place for ; in the spring they were full of flowers—the flower, the marsh mallow, the spurge, the willow ie wild parsley, are enumerated; they contained nd streams; in the streams grew watercress, a favourite 'sallet' to the people; in the ponds ere ducks—the Westminster boys used to hire worry the ducks—it is not stated who paid for ucks. On the north side of the Fields was St. Park, with its decoy and Rosamond's Pond, igular pool lying across what is now Birdcage opposite the Wellington Barracks. Later on, gardens were laid out in these low-lying meadows. rnaments were held in the Fields—not the y exercises or displays of the tilt yard, but the occasions, as in 1226 at the coronation of Queen . Here, in the same reign, but later, the Prior erley entertained the Kings and Queens of l and Scotland, the King's son, and many great tents erected on the field.

Executions were carried out in the Fields, as when wa taken Margaret Gourdemains, 'a witch of Eye besid Westminster'—was it Battersea ('Peter's Ey')? o was it Chelsea ('Shingle Ey')?—'whose sorcerie an witchcraft Dame Eleanour Cobham had long time used and by her medicines and drinks enforced the Duke o Gloucester to love her and after to wed her.' Necro mancers were punished here. In the reign of Edward III a man was taken practising magic with a dead man' hand, and carried to Tothill, where his dead man' hand was burned before his face.

Here was held the ordeal of battle. Stow relate one such trial. The dispute was about a manor in th Isle of Harty. The plaintiffs, two in number, ap pointed their champion, and the defendant his. Th latter was a 'Master of Defence,' which does not seem quite fair upon the other, who was only a 'big, broad strong set fellow.' Before the day appointed for th fight an agreement was arrived at between the parties only, 'for the defendant's assurance,' the order for th fight should be observed, the plaintiffs not putting in an appearance, so that the case should be judge against them in default. The lists were twenty-ou yards square, set with scaffolds crowded with people—for who would not go out to see two men trying t kill each other? The Master of Defence, to whom the proceedings were an excellent advertisement, rod through London at seven in the morning in splendi attire, having the gauntlet borne before him; he entere Westminster Hall, but made no long stay there, goin back to King Street, and so through the Sanctuar and Tothill Street to the lists, where he waited for th Judge. At ten the Court of Common Pleas remove to the lists. Then the combatants stood face to fac bare-footed, bare-legged, bare-headed, with their double sleeves turned back—ready for the fight; and all heart beat faster, and the ladies caught their breath an gasped, and their colour came and went. Then th Judge gave order that every person must keep hi place and give no help or encouragement by word o

y weapon to the combatants. Next—this was the ist of the tedious preliminaries: when would they egin?—each champion took oath—'This hear you ustices, that I this day neither eate, drunk, nor have pon me neither bone, stone, nor glasse, or any enchant- ient, sorcerie, or witchcraft, where-through the power f the word of God might be increased or diminished nd the devil's power increased; and that my appeal s true, so help me God, and His saints, and by this ooke.'

Alas! instead of giving the word to fight it out, he Lord Chief Justice remarked that the plaintiffs were ot present; that there could be no fight without them; nd that the estate consequently went to the defendant. 'hen with sad faces and heavy hearts the company ispersed. No fight, after all—nobody killed! To be ure, the Master of Defence invited the 'big broad trong set fellow' to play with him half a score blows; ut the latter refused, saying he had come to fight and ot to play.

A great Fair was held in these Fields on St. Ed- ard's Day (October 12) and for fifteen days after- ards. It was instituted by Henry III., in the hope f doing some mischief to the City of London. The 'air continued, but after the first year it seems to have one no harm to the trade of London. It continued, in act, into the nineteenth century, when it was an ordinary air of booths and shows, with Richardson's Theatre— ike Greenwich Fair or Portsdown Fair. All these 'airs were alike. The two latter I can remember. Jnfortunately my visits to these renowned Fairs took lace in the afternoon; the real Fun of the Fair, I elieve, took place in the evening. I remember a great rowd pushing and fighting and springing rattles on ach other; and I remember the performers outside Richardson's marching about in magnificent costumes; he band playing; the clown tumbling; the columbine, true fairy if ever there was one, gracefully pirouetting; hen all forming into line for a dance; and after the lance the play in the tent behind. Such a Fair was

that of Tothill Fields, at night the resort of all the ruffians of Westminster and Lambeth and half London. At least, however, while they were at the Fair they were out of other mischief. The exact site on which this Fair was held does not appear; but since it continued for the first quarter of this century at least, we may look for the place which was the last to be built upon. In Crutchley's map of 1834 there are fields between the Vauxhall Bridge Road and James Street—that is, north-west of Rochester Row. There are also fields south of Vauxhall Bridge Road towards Chelsea. The former site seems the more probable.

Of course so fine a situation as Tothill Fields for the favourite diversions of a sporting people could not be neglected. Hither resorted all the lovers of those old English games, cock-fighting, bear-baiting, bull-baiting, cock-throwing, dog-fighting, and prize-fighting. There were horse-races. These sports were continued well into this century. The Earl of Albemarle in his 'Recollections' speaks of these sports. The Westminster boys of his time haunted the houses called the Seven Chimneys or the Five Houses—they were the old pest-houses—which were the resort of the bull-baiters, the dog-fanciers, and other gentry of cognate pursuits. Among them was the unfortunate Heberfield, commonly known as 'Slender Billy,' who seems to have been a good-tempered, easy-going person, without the least tincture of morals. The following is the strange and shameful story of his end:—

He got into trouble for assisting the escape of a certain French general who was on parole: took him probably to the south coast—Lyme Regis, Rousdon, or Charmouth—and introduced him to a smuggler who ran him across. He was caught, tried, and sentenced to imprisonment in Newgate. Unhappily for him, the Bank of England was just then suffering heavy losses from forgeries. They badly wanted to hang somebody—no matter who—somebody in order to deter others from forging notes. The story is quite amazing, as Lord Albemarle tells it. Can we conceive the Governing

Body of the Bank of England meeting together and resolving to entrap some miserable wretch into passing the forged notes, so that by getting him hanged others would be deterred? This is what Lord Albemarle says they did :—

'The Solicitors of the Bank accordingly took into their pay a confederate of Heberfield's named Barry. Through this man's agency Heberfield was easily inveigled into passing forged notes provided by the Solicitors of the Bank themselves. On the evidence of Barry, Heberfield was found guilty and sentenced to death. He was hanged at Newgate for forgery on January 12, 1812.'

The saddest of all the memories connected with Tothill Fields is that of the triumphal entry of Cromwell into London after the 'crowning mercy' of Worcester. He brought with him the miserable prisoners he had taken on that field. There were four thousand of them in all. They camped at Mile End Green when Cromwell drove into London; the next day they were marched right through the City and along the Strand to Westminster, and so to Tothill Fields. On the way they received alms, oatmeal and biscuit, from any who were moved of their pity to bestow something upon them. So they lay in the marshy fields, where many died, until they were sold as slaves to the merchants of Guinea. In Mr. J. E. Smith's 'History of the Church of St. John the Evangelist' there is an entry which tells its own story. It is from the Churchwardens' Accounts of 1652–53 :—

'Paid to Thomas Wright for 67 load of soyle laid on the graves in Tothill Fields, wherein 1200 Scotch prisoners, taken at the ffight at Worcester, were buried, and for other paines taken with his teame of horsse about amending the Sanctuary Highway when General Ireton was buried. xxxs.'

How many of the remaining two thousand eight hundred ever got home again? Chance once threw into my hands a tract which showed the hard treatment and the barbarities to which Monmouth's convicts in

Barbadoes were subjected: most of these were men of respectable family, to whom money might be sent for their exemption from work in the fields, or even for their redemption. But these other poor fellows were absolutely friendless and penniless. And they were going to the Guinea Coast, the Gold Coast, the white man's grave! One hopes that the mortality on their arrival was swifter and more extensive than even the mortality in Tothill Fields, because death was certainly the best thing that could happen to them.

When these papers first appeared I received a letter of expostulation from a reader. He said that the streets of Westminster were not all so disreputable as I seemed to think. He said:—

'Westminster only became a slum within this hundred years. The old Westminster workhouse had been the mansion of Sir John Pye. Sir Francis Burdett was born in Orchard Street, and Admiral Kempenfeldt who went down in the "Royal George" had his house there, and not so very long ago a pear tree bloomed annually in his garden. The father of Henry Boys, organist of St. John's, about 1830 to 1840, was a bullion worker and carried on his business for many years and up to the thirties in Great St. Anne's Lane. My grandmother was born 1770 in Peter Street, at the corner of Duck Lane. She told me that all that neighbourhood was very respectable in her girlhood, Duck Lane being the only exception. She attributed the downfall of the locality to the cheap houses that were built at that time in New Peter Street. Towards the end of the century there was only one shop in Strutton Ground: all the rest being public-houses. My mother was born in 1802 in Marlborough House, Peter Street: then the premises of the Cudbear Company. She used to recall Brown's Gardens in her young days, that were between St. Peter Street and the Horseferry Road. They were nursery gardens. Palmer's village was a collection of houses for workmen, built about the beginning of this century or the end of last, between Emanuel Hospital

and Brewer's Green, and accessible through an archwa leading from the latter.'

I am glad to print this protest. I have, howeve given my authorities for what I have stated. It i quite possible that respectable streets and good house existed side by side with the slums. There are alway respectable streets and great houses in every neigh bourhood, just as among associations of the greates villains there are always some with redeeming trait Among the residents of Westminster our friend migh have mentioned Lord Grey of Wilton, Cornelius Va Dun, Yeoman of the Guard to four sovereigns, Olive Cromwell, John Milton and Dick Turpin.

Hear, however, further from Mr. William Bardwel writing in 1839 :—

'Another of the peculiarities which this district pr sents is the number of middle-men it contains : thes generally possess themselves of a house or houses, wit gardens, large or small as it may happen ; here the erect, in open defiance of all building or sewers' act a number of tenements of the most wretched descri tion, and to which the only access is by a passag through one of the front houses ; in process of tim these become lanes, or courts, or alleys, or places, buildings, or yards. These tenements are divided int separate rooms, and let weekly by the middle-ma who subsists upon his beneficial interest in the co cern ; and so numerous are the houses of this descri tion in the district, that considerably more than o half of the number proposed to be removed are let weekly lodgers ; but these places, most of them ol and very slightly built, frequently with boards he together by iron hoops, are so utterly destitute of eve convenience, that the heretofore pleasant gardens Tothill are most terrible nuisances.

'It is in these narrow streets, and in these clo and insalubrious lanes, courts, and alleys, where squal misery and poverty struggle with filth and wretche ness, where vice reigns unchecked, and in the atm sphere of which the worst diseases are generated a

diffused. That uncleanness and impurity are an un erring index, pointing out the situation where th malignancy of epidemics more or less exists, is a trut known and admitted from the earliest ages.

'Dr. Wright, the assiduous and highly-intelligen medical officer to the parish, stated before the sam Committee, "that fever is exceedingly prevalent, an had been very general in the months of April an May." The Doctor had upwards of thirty cases typhus fever in one court containing four houses most of which cases it is probable would have terminate fatally had the sufferers not been removed from th locality; "That fever is propagated and continued these miserable courts long after the ravages of epidemi have ceased in more open parts."

'Mr. Cubitt also has stated, that "the groun between the Almonry and the western end of Palmer village is occupied by the worst possible description inhabitants. The land is exceedingly badly draine or rather not drained; and there being no prop outlets for the water, a great deal of bad air must pa off by evaporation from the quantity of stagnant wat upon the surface and in the cesspools."'

Here we make an end: it is not a Survey of Wes minster to which you have been invited; it is but th side and that side of the many-sided life of this r markable City, which is, as was pointed out at t beginning, unlike any other city in the world, in havi no citizens, but only residents or tenants; no municip life; which welcomed all the scum, riffraff and *ribauder* of the country, and gave them harbour; which h always belonged to the Church, yet has never bee expected to have any morals; always its streets an courts have been crammed with thieves and drab gamesters, sporting men, cheats and bullies; and besid the streets always stood the stately Monastery, th quiet cloister, the noble Church, the splendid Cour the gallant following of king and noble, and the gathe ing of grave and responsible knights and burgesse assembled to carry on the affairs of the country.

have invited you to restore Thorney as it was lon ago, the stepping-stone and halting-place of all th trade of the island, busy and noisy; the life of th Benedictine in his monastery; the consecration of th Anchorite; the strange life of the mediæval Sanctuary the Palace of the Plantagenets; the Palace of th Stuarts; the Masques of James I.; the Parliamentar side of the last century; and the streets and slums A great many things have been purposely omitte from these pages which belong to Westminster an have taken place there. For instance, there is th School with its long line of scholars, afterwards famous Nothing has been said about the School. There is again, the Abbey Church. Very little has been sai about the buildings; the additions, alterations, restora tions: nothing at all has been said about the monu ments which crowd its aisles and transepts. There i Westminster Hall: very little, indeed, has been sai here of the things done within its walls: the Coronatio Banquets; the Trials; the Receptions. Nothing ha been said concerning the executions and the tourna ments which have taken place in Palace Yard, Old an New. Nothing has been said about the New Houses o Parliament. These things, and a great many mor which the reader can remember for himself, have bee omitted from these pages, partly because they belon to the history of this country and may be found in a Histories; they happened in Westminster and the belong to Great Britain: partly because they hav already been so well treated that it is unnecessary an would be even presumptuous for me to attempt them and partly because the space at my disposal is limited though the materials are practically inexhaustible These chapters are not to be considered as a History o Westminster, or a Survey: they are pictures of th City with its Palace, its Abbey, its Sanctuary, and it slums, from a time when London did not exist unti the present day.

APPENDIX

THE COURT OF CHARLES II

THE popular imagination pictures the Court of Charles the Second as a place of no ceremony or state or dignity whatever ; where the King strolled about the courts and where there was singing of boys, laughter of women, tinkling of guitars, playing of cards, making merriment without stint or restraint, a Bohemia of Courts. We have been taught to think thus of King Charles's Court by the historian who has seized on one or two scenes and episodes—for instance, the last Sunday evening of Charles's life ; by the writer of romance ; by the chronicler of scandal ; by the Restoration poets and the Restoration dramatists.

This view of Whitehall after the Restoration is, to say the least, incomplete. Charles had a Court, like every other sovereign : he had a Court with officers many and distinguished : there were Court ceremonies which he had to go through : that part of his private life which is now paraded as if it was his public life was conducted with some regard to public opinion. What his Court really was, may be learned from a little book by Thomas de Laune, Gentleman, called ' The Present State of London,' published in the year 1681, for George Lurkin, Enoch Prosser, and John How, at the *Rose and Crown*. Since we have seen what were the chief offices of the Confessor's Court and of Richard the Second's Court, it may be useful to learn, from this book, the offices and management of a Stuart's Court.

I. *Its Government, Ecclesiastical, Civil and Military*

1. *Ecclesiastical.*—The Dean of the King's Chapel was generally a Bishop. The Chapel itself is a Royal Peculiar,

exempt from episcopal visitation. The Dean chose the Sub-Dean or *Precentor Capellæ*; thirty-six gentlemen of the Chapel, of whom twelve were priests and twenty-four singing clerks, twelve children, three organists, four vergers, a sergeant, two yeomen, and a Groom of the Chapel. The King had his private oratory where every day one of the chaplains read the service of the day. Twelve times a year the King, attended by his principal nobility, offered a sum of money in gold, called the Byzantine gift, because it was formerly coined at Byzantium, in recognition of the Grace of God which made him King. James the First used a coin with the legend—on one side—'Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus quæ retribuit mihi?'—and on the other side—'Cor contritum et humiliatum non despiciet Deus.'

In addition there were forty-eight Chaplains in Ordinary, of whom four every month waited at Court.

The Lord High Almoner, usually the Bishop of London, disposed of the King's alms: he received all *deodands* and *bona felonum de se* to be applied to that purpose: Under him were a Sub-Almoner, two Yeomen and two Grooms of the Almonry. There was also a Clerk of the Closet whose duty was to resolve doubts on spiritual matters. In the reign of good King Charles the duties of this officer were probably light.

II. *The Civil Government*

The chief officer was the Lord Steward. He had authority over all the officers of the Court except those of the Chapel, the Chamber, and the Stable. He was Judge of all offences committed within the precincts of the Court and within the Verge. In the King's Presence the Lord Steward carried a white staff: when he went abroad the White Staff was borne before him by a footman bareheaded. His salary was 100*l.* a year with sixteen Dishes Daily and allowances of wine, beer, &c. The Lord Chamberlain had the supervision of all officers belonging to the King's Chamber, such as the officers of the wardrobe, of the Revels, of the music, of the plays, of the Hunt; the messengers, Trumpeters, Heralds, Poursuivants, Apothecaries, Chyrurgeons, Barbers, Chaplains, &c.

The third great officer was the Master of the Horse. His duties are signified by his title, which was formerly *comes stabuli* or Constable.

Under these principal officers were the Treasurer of the

Household, the Comptroller, the Cofferer, the Master of the Household, the two Clerks of the Green Cloth, the sergeants, messengers, &c.

In the Compting House was held the Court of Green Cloth, which sat every day with authority to maintain the Peace within a circle of twelve miles radius. It was so called from the colour of the cloth spread upon the table.

The chief Clerk was an official of great power and dignity: he received the King's guests; kept the accounts; looked after the provisions and had charge of the Pantry, Buttery and Cellar. There were clerks under him. The Knight Harbinger with three Gentlemen Harbingers and seven Yeomen Harbingers provided lodgings for the King's Guests, Ambassadors, officers and servants.

The Knight Marshal was Judge in all cases in which a servant of the King was concerned: he was also one of the Judges in the Court of the Marshalsea. He had six Provost Marshals or Vergers in scarlet coats to wait upon him.

The Servants in ordinary were the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, and the Groom of the Stole, the Vice-Chamberlain, the Keeper of the Privy Purse, the Treasurer of the Chamber, the Master of the Robes, the twelve Grooms of the Bedchamber, the six Pages of the Bedchamber, the four Gentlemen Ushers of the Privy Chamber, the forty-eight Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, the six Grooms of the Privy Chamber, the Library Keeper, Black Rod, the eight Gentlemen Ushers of the Presence Chamber, the fourteen Grooms of the Great Chamber, six gentlemen waiters, four cupbearers, four carvers, four servers, four esquires of the Body, the eight servers of the Chamber, the Groom Porter, sixteen sergeants at arms, four other sergeants at arms who attended on the Speaker and on the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. There were four Physicians in Ordinary, a Master and Treasurer of the Jewel House, three Yeomen of the Jewel House, a Master of the Ceremonies with an assistant and a marshal; three Kings at Arms, six Heralds, and four Poursuivants at Arms; a Geographer, a Historiographer, a Hydrographer, a Cosmographer, a Poet Laureate, and a Notary.

These were the officers of the Wardrobe: the Great Wardrobe, the standing wardrobes at Hampton, Windsor and other places, and the Removing Wardrobe which was carried about with the King. For the wardrobes were one Yeoman, two Grooms, and three Pages.

For the Office of Tents and Pavilions were two Masters, four Yeomen, one Groom, one Clerk Comptroller and one Clerk of the Tents. The Master of the Revels ordered the plays and masques &c. He had one Yeoman and one Groom. Attached to the Master of the Robes were workmen, each in his own craft. The Royal Falconer had thirty-three officers under him. The Master of Buckhounds had thirty-four assistants: the Master of the otter hounds had five under him. So had the Master of the Harriers. The Master of the Ordnance had a Lieutenant, a master Armourer and seventeen under officers. There were forty-two messengers of the Chamber. There were sixty-four Musicians in ordinary; fifteen trumpeters and kettle drummers; seven drummers and fifes; two Apothecaries; two Chyrurgeons; two Barbers; three Printers; one Printer of Oriental tongues. There were bookseller, stationer, bookbinder, silkman, woollen draper, postmaster, and a Master of Cock-fighting.

There were two Embroiderers, one Serjeant Skinner, two Keepers of the Privy Lodging, two Gentlemen, and two Yeomen of the Bows; one Cross-bow maker; one Fletcher; one Cormorant keeper; one Hand-gun maker; one master and marker of Tennis; one Mistress Semstress, and one Laundress; one Perspective-maker, one Master-Fencer, one Haberdasher of Hats, one Combmaker, one Sergeant Painter, one Painter, one Limner, one Picture-Drawer, one Silver-Smith, one Goldsmith, one Jeweller, one Peruque-maker, one Keeper of Pheasants and Turkies, Joyner, Copier of Pictures, Watch-maker, Cabinet-maker, Lock-Smith, of each one. Game of Bears and Bulls, one Master, one Sergeant, one Yeoman. Two Operators for the Teeth. Two Coffer-bearers for the Back-stairs, one Yeoman of the Leash, fifty-five Watermen. Upholsterer, Letter Carrier, Foreign Post, Coffee Maker, of each one.

Ten officers belonging to Gardens, Bowling-Greens, Tennis-Court, Pall-Mall, Keeper of the Theatre at Whitehall. Cutler, Spurrier, Girdler, Corn-Cutter, Button-maker, Embosser, Enameler of each one. Writer, Flourisher, and Embellisher, Scenographer, or Designer of Prospects, Letter-Founder, of each one. Comedians, Seventeen Men, and Eight Women, Actors.

Gunner, Gilder, Cleaner of Pictures, Scene Keeper, Coffer-maker, Wax-Chandler, of each one. Keeper of Birds and Fowl in St. James's-Park, one. Keeper of the Volery, Coffee-club-maker, Sergeant-Painter, of each one; with

divers other officers and servants under the Lord Chamber lain to serve his Majesty upon occasion.

As to the Officers under the Master of the Horse, ther are Twelve Querries so called of the French Escayer, derive from Escury, a Stable. Their office is to attend the Kin on Hunting or Progress, or on any occasion of Ridin Abroad, to help His Majesty up and down from his Hors &c. Four of these are called Querries of the Crown-Stabl and the others are called Querries of the Hunting-Stabl The Fee to each of these is only 20*l.* yearly, according to th Ancient Custom ; but they have allowance for Diet, to eac 100*l.* yearly, besides Lodgings, and two Horse-Liveries.

Next is the Chief Avener, from Avena, Oats, whos yearly Fee is 40*l.* There is, moreover, one Clerk of th Stable, four Yeomen-Riders, four Child-Riders, Yeome of the Stirrup, Sergeant-Marshal, and Yeomen-Farrier four Groom-Farriers, Sergeants of the Carriage, thre Surveyors, a Squire and Yeomen-Saddlers, four Yeomen Granators, four Yeomen-Purveyors, a Yeomen-Pickmar a Yeoman-Bitmaker, four Coach-men, eight Litter-me a Yeoman of the Close Wagon, sixty-four Grooms of th Stable, whereof thirty are called Grooms of the Crow Stable, and thirty-four of the Hunting and Pad-Stabl Twenty-six Footmen in their Liveries, to run by the King Horse. All these Places are in the Gift of the Masters of th Horse.

There is besides these an antient Officer, called Cler of the Market, who within the Verge of the King's House hold, is to keep a Standard of all Weights and Measure and to burn all that are false. From the Pattern of thi Standard, all the Weights and Measures of the Kingdor are to be taken.

There are divers other considerable Officers, not Sub ordinate to the Three Great Officers, as the Master of th Great Wardrobe, Post-Master, Master of the Ordinance Warden of the Mint, &c.

Upon the King are also attending in his Court the Lord of the Privy Council, Secretaries of State, the Judges, th College of Civilians, the King's Council at Law, the King' Serjeants at Law, the Masters of Requests, Clerks of th Signet, Clerks of the Council, Keeper of the Paper-Office or Papers of State, &c.

There is always a Military Force to preserve the King' Person, which are His Guards of Horse and Foot. Th Guards of Horse are in Number 600 Men, well armed an

equipped ; who are generally Young Gentlemen of con siderable Families, who are there made fit for Militar Commands. They are divided into Three Troops, viz. the Kings Troop, distinguished by their Blew Ribbon and Carbine Belts, their Red Hooses, and Houlster-Cap Embroidered with His Majesties Cypher and Crown. Th Queens Troops by Green Ribbons, Carbine Belts, covere with Green Velvet, and Gold Lace, also Green Hooses an Houlster Caps, Embroidered with the same Cypher an Crown. And the Dukes Troop by Yellow Ribbons, an Carbine Belts, and Yellow Hooses, Embroidered as th others. In which Troops, are 200 Gentlemen, beside Officers. Each of these Three Troops is divided into Fou Squadrons or Divisions, two of which consisting of on hundred Gentlemen, and Commanded by one Princip Commissioned Officer, two Brigadiers, and two Sub-Briga diers, with two Trumpets mount the Guards one day in si and are Relieved in their turns. Their Duty is always b Parties from the Guard, to attend the Person of the Kin the Queen, the Duke, and the Duchess, wheresoever the go near home, but if out of town, they are attended b Detachments of the said Three Troops.

Besides these, there is a more strict Duty and Attendanc Weekly on the King's Person on Foot, wheresoever h walks, from His Rising to His going to Bed, by one of th Three Captains, who always waits immediately next th King's Own Person, before all others, carrying in his han an Ebony-staff or Truncheon, with a Gold head, Engrave with his Majesty's Cypher and Crown. Near him als attends a Principal Commissioned Officer, with an Ebony staff, and Silver head, who is ready to Relieve the Captai on occasion ; and at the same time also, two Brigadier having also Ebony-staves, headed with Ivory, and Engrave as the others.

There is added a Troop of Grenadiers to each Troop o Guards, one Division of which mounts with a Division o the Troop to which they belong ; they never go out on sma Parties from the Guard, only perform Centry-Duty on Foo and attend the King also on Foot when he walks abroad but always March with great Detachments. The King Troop consists of a Captain, two Lieutenants, three Se geants, three Corporals, two Drums, two Hautbois, an eighty private Souldiers mounted. The Queens Troop of a Captain, two Lieutenants, two Sergeants, two Co

porals, two Hautbois, and sixty private Souldiers mounted. The Dukes Troop consists of the like number with the Queens.

The Captains of His Majesties Guards always Command as Eldest Colonels of Horse ; the Lieutenants as Eldest Lieutenant-Colonels of Horse ; the Cornets and Guidons, as Eldest Majors of Horse ; the Quartermasters, as Youngest Captains of Horse ; the Brigadiers as Eldest Lieutenants of Horse ; and amongst themselves every Officer, according to the Date of His Commission, takes precedency, when on Detachments, but not when the Three Troops march with their Colours, for then the Officer of the Eldest Troop, commands those of equal Rank with him in the others, though their Commission be of Elder Date.

Next immediately after the Three Troops of Guards, His Majestys Regiment of Horse, Commanded by the Earl of Oxford takes place, and the Colonel of it is to have precedency, after the Captains of the Guards, and before all other Colonels of Horse, whatsoever change may be of the Colonel ; and all the Officers thereof, in their proper Degree, are to take place according to the Dates of their Commissions. As to the Foot, the King's Regiment, Commanded by the Honorable Colonel John Russel, takes place of all other Regiments, and the Colonel thereof is always to precede as the first Colonel. The Colestream Regiment, Commanded by the Earl of Craven, takes the next ; the Duke of Yorks Regiment next, then His Majestys Holland Regiment, Commanded by the Earl of Mulgrave, and all other Colonels, according to the Dates of their Commissions. All other Regiments of Horse and Foot, not of the Guards, take place according to their Respective Seniority, from the time they were first Raised, and no Regiment loses its precedency by the Death of its Colonel.

At the Kings House, there is a guard for his Person, both above and below stairs. In the Presence Chamber, the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners wait, instituted by King Henry the VII., and chosen out of the best and antientest Families in England, to be a Guard to His Majesties Person, and also to be a Nursery to breed up hopeful Gentlemen, and fit them for Employments, Civil and Military, as well abroad as at home ; as Deputies of Ireland, Embassadors in Foreign Parts, Counsellors of State, Captains of the Guard, Governors of Places, Commanders in the Wars,

both by Sea and Land, of all which these have been Example They are to attend the King's Person to and from H Chappel, only as far as the Privy Chamber : also in all oth Solemnity, as Coronations, publick Audience of Embass dors, &c. They are 40 in number, over whom there is Captain, usually some Peer of the Realm, a Lieutenan a Standard-Bearer, and a Clerk of the Check. They wa half at a time quarterly. Those in quarter wait daily fi at a time upon the King in the House, and when He wall abroad. Upon extraordinary occasions, all of them a Summoned. Their ordinary Arms are Gilt Pole-Axe Their Arms on Horse-back in time of War, are Cuirassie Arms, with Sword and Pistol. These are only under the own Officers, and are always Sworn by the Clerk of t Check, who is to take notice of such as are absent when the should be upon their duty. Their Standard in time of wa is a Cross Gules in a Field Argent, also 4 bends.

In the first Room above Stairs, called the Guard-Chan ber, attend the Yeomen of the Guard of His Majesties body whereof there were wont to be 250 Men of the best qualit under Gentry, and of larger Stature than ordinary (for ever one was to be Six Foot high) there are at present 10 Yeomen in dayly waiting, and 70 more not in waiting, an as any of the 100 die, his place is filled up out of the 7 These wear Scarlet Coats Down to the Knee, and Scarl Breeches, both richly guarded with black Velvet, and ric Badges upon their Coats both before and behind, moreove black Velvet round broad Crown'd Caps, with Ribbons the King's Colour ; one half of them of late bear in the hands Harquebuzes, and the other half Partizans, wit large Swords by their Sides ; they have Wages and Di allowed them. Their office is to wait upon the King in H standing Houses, 40 by Day, and 20 to Watch by Night about the City to wait upon the Kings Person abroad b Water or Land.

The Kings Palace Royal (*ratione Regiæ dignitatis*) i exempted from all Jurisdiction of any Court, Civil, or Eccles astick, but only to the Lord Steward, and in his absence to the Treasurer and Comptroller of the Kings Household with the Steward of the Marshalsea, who by vertue of thei Office, without Commission, may Hear and Determin a Treasons, Fellonies, Breaches of the Peace, Committe within the Kings Court or Palace. The Orders and Rule for the Demeanor of all Officers and Servants, are hun

upon Tables in several Rooms at the Court, and Signed with the Kings own hand, worthy to be read of all Strangers.

The Court or House where the King resides, is accounted a Place so Sacred, that if any Man presume to strike another there, and only draw Blood, his Right Hand shall be cut off, and he committed to perpetual Imprisonment, and Fined. All occasions of striking are also there forbidden.

The Court of England, for Magnificence, Order, Number and Quality of Officers, rich Furniture, Entertainment and Civility to Strangers, and for plentiful Tables, might compare with the best in Christendom, and far excels most Courts abroad. It hath for a long time been a Pattern of Hospitality and Charity, to the Nobility and Gentry of England. All Noblemen or Gentlemen, Subjects or Strangers, were freely entertained at the plentiful Tables of His Majesties Officers. Divers Dishes were provided every day extraordinary for the King's Honour. Two hundred and fourty Gallons of Beer a day, were allowed at the Buttery-Bar for the Poor, besides all the broken Meat, Bread, &c., gathered into Baskets, and given to the Poor, at the Court-Gates, by Two Grooms, and Two Yeomen of the Almonry, who have Salaries of His Majesty for that Service. The Lord Almoner hath the Privilege to give the Kings Dish, to whatsoever Poor Man he pleases; that is, the first Dish at Dinner which is set upon the Kings Table, or in stead thereof fourpence a day (which anciently was equivalent to four Shillings now); next he distributes to 24 poor men, named by the Parishioners of the Parish adjacent to the Kings Place of Residence, to each of them fourpence in money, a Two-penny Loaf, and a Gallon of Beer, or instead thereof three pence in Money, equally to be divided among them every Morning at seven of the Clock at the Court-Gate. The Sub-Almoner is to Scatter new-coined Two-pences in the Towns and Places where the King passes through in his Progresses, to a certain Sum by the Year. Besides, there are many poor Pensioners, either because so old that they are unfit for Service, or the Widows of any of the Kings Servants that dyed poor, who have a Competency duly paid them: Besides, there are distributed among the Poor the larger Offerings which the King gives in Collar Days.

The magnificent and abundant plenty of the King's Tables, hath caused amazement in Foreigners. In the

Reign of King Charles I. there were daily in his Court
Tables well furnished each Meal, whereof the Kings Tabl
had 28 Dishes, the Queens 24, 4 other Tables 16 Dishes eac
3 other 10 Dishes, 12 other 7 Dishes, 17 other 5 Dishe
3 other 4, 32 had 3, and 13 had each two : in all about 5
Dishes each Meal, with Bread, Beer, Wine, and all oth
things necessary. There was spent yearly in the Kin
House of gross Meat 1500 Oxen, 7000 Sheep, 1200 Veal
300 Porkers, 400 Sturks or young Beefs, 6800 Lamb
300 Flitches of Bacon, and 26 Boars. Also 140 dozen
Geese, 250 dozen of Capons, 470 dozen of Hens, 750 doze
of Pullets, 1470 dozen of Chickens, for Bread 36400 Bushe
of Wheat, and for Drink 600 Tun of Wine, and 1700 Tu
of Beer. Moreover, of Butter 46,640, together with th
Fish, and Fowl, Venison, Fruit, Spice proportionabl
This prodigious plenty in the Kings Court caused Foreigne
to put a higher value upon the King, and was much for th
Honour of the Kingdom. The King's Servants being Me
of Quality, by His Majestys special Order went to Wes
minster-Hall in Term Time, to invite Gentlemen, to ea
of the King's Acates or Viands, and in Parliament-tim
to invite the Parliament-men thereto.

On the Thursday before Easter, called Maundy Thursday
the King, or his Lord Almoner, was wont to wash the Fe
of as many poor Men, as His Majesty had reigned year
and then to wipe them with a Towel (according to th
Pattern of our Saviour), and then to give everyone of the
two Yards and a half of Woollen Cloth, to make a Suit
Cloaths ; also Linnen Cloth for two Shirts, and a pair
Stockings, and a pair of Shoes, three Dishes of Fish i
Wooden Platters, one of Salt Salmon, a second of Gree
Fish or Cod, a third of Pickle-Herrings, Red Herring
and Red Sprats, a Gallon of Beer, a Quart Pottle of Win
and four six-penny Loaves of Bread, also a Red-Leathe
Purse with as many single Pence as the King is years old
and in fact another Purse as many Shillings as the King hat
reigned Years. The Queen doth the like to divers poo
Women.

The Form of Government is by the wisdom of man
Ages, so contrived and regulated, that it is almost impos
sible to mend it. The Account (which is of so man
Natures, and is therefore very difficult, must pass throug
many hands, and is therefore very exact) is so wisel
contrived and methodized, that without the Combinatio

of everyone of these following Officers, viz., the Cofferer, a Clerk of the Green-Cloth, a Clerk Comptroller, a Clerk of the Kitchin, of the Spicery, or Avery, or a particular Clerk, together with the conjunction of a Purveyor and Waiter in the Office, it is impossible to defraud the King of a Loaf of Bread, of a Pint of Wine, a Quart of Beer, or Joint of Meat, or Money, or anything else.

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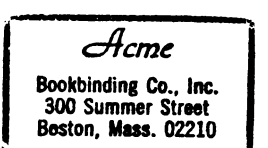
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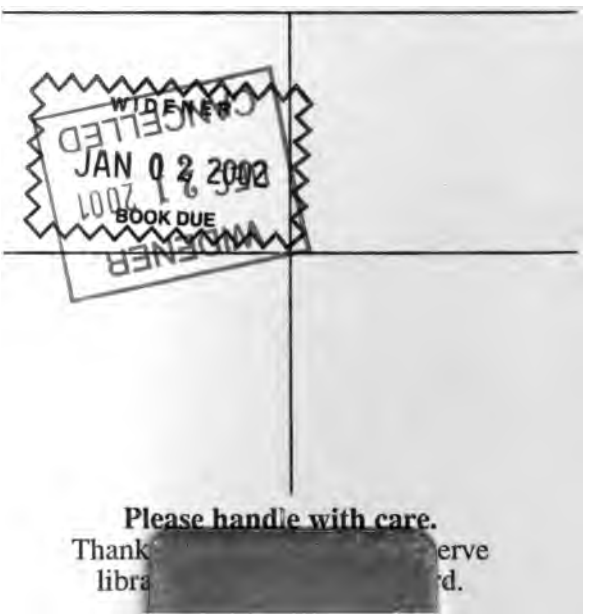
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